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No. CCCLXV.

ART. I.—1. *Der Thontafelfund von el Amarna.* Von HUGO WINCKLER. Berlin: 1890.

2. *The Tell el Amarna Tablets in the British Museum.* Printed by order of the Trustees. 1892.

3. *The Tell Amarna Tablets.* Translated by Major C. R. CONDER, LL.D., M.R.A.S., R.E. London: 1893.

THE latter half of the nineteenth century will be remembered as a period during which many important additions have been made to historical knowledge, and especially to the history of the earliest civilised people, through the recovery of contemporary records, monumental or literary; but the discovery made in 1887 by a peasant woman of Middle Egypt may be described as the most important of all contributions to the early political history of Western Asia. We have become possessed of a correspondence, dating from the fifteenth century B.C., which was carried on during the reigns of three Egyptian kings, with the rulers of Babylon, Assyria, Armenia, Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine, during a period of great activity, when revolutions which affected the whole history of the east shore lands of the Mediterranean were in progress; and we find in these tablets a contemporary picture of the civilisation of the age, which is invaluable to those who seek to understand ancient social conditions and events, and to compare the records of other nations with those of the Hebrews as preserved in the Bible.

The object of the present account is not to enter into any of those questions of detail as to which controversy may be expected among specialists for many years to come, but to draw attention rather to the broad features of the subject,

concerning which there is general agreement among scholars, and to point out some of the obvious results and lessons that may be derived from this important discovery, which, like so many others of the more famous finds of antiquity, has been made, not by the trained European explorer, but by peasants who have become aware of the market value of ancient remains, which a century ago they would perhaps have destroyed as memorials of 'pagans,' whose deeds and works should be regarded with horror by the followers of the Prophet. Indirectly, though often not directly, such discoveries are the fruit of civilised zeal for the study of the past, because it is from the explorer that the Oriental peasant has learned the value of the '*antikas*' of his country; but it is curious to reflect that many of the most important records recovered have been accidentally found by natives ignorant of their value, and have sometimes only been saved from destruction by hurried intervention on the part of the Turkish or the Egyptian Government.

The Tell Amarna tablets represent a literature equal in bulk to about half the Pentateuch, and concerned almost exclusively with political affairs. They are clay tablets, varying from two inches to a foot in length, with a few as large as eighteen inches, covered with cuneiform writing generally on both sides, and often on the edges as well. The peasantry unearthed nearly the complete collection, including some 320 pieces in all; and explorers afterwards digging on the site have added only a few additional fragments. The greater number were bought for the Berlin Museum, while eighty-two were acquired for England, and the rest remain either in the Boulak Museum at Cairo, or, in a few instances, in the hands of private collectors.

The clay of which they are composed differed greatly in different regions. Dr. Bezold says:—

'In colour the tablets vary from a light to a dark dust tint, and from a flesh colour to dark brick-red. The nature of the clay of which they are made sometimes indicates the countries from which they come. No 1, a draft of a letter from Amenophis III. to Kallimmasin, is made of finely kneaded Nile mud; (others) are of the dark red clay which is met with in the north of Syria; five of Ribadda's letters are written on the yellow clay which is common on the Syrian coast. The tablets from Shubandi, Widya, and Shuardata contain fragments of flint.'

Of the shape of the tablets he says:—

'The greater number are rectangular, and a few are oval, and they differ in shape from any other cuneiform documents known to us.

Some are flat on both sides, some are convex on both sides, and some are pillow-shaped. Compare the name given to such tablets by the Arabs, *Mekhadid* or "pillows."

The tablet having been kneaded into shape was inscribed while the clay was damp, by the use of a wooden stylus; and the obverse having been written, the tablet was supported by some means while the back was in use. In the case of some cuneiform tablets holes are found in the corners, which were made by pins of wood, on which they rested, so as to prevent the written surface from being obliterated while the reverse was being inscribed; but these pinholes do not seem to occur in the present collection. Some of the letters are divided into paragraphs by ruled lines, which are, however, not always truly horizontal. The royal letters, which are the most carefully written, have well-shaped symbols in true horizontal lines; but many of the tablets from Syria seem to have been hastily written, and are often very crooked. The care, however, that was taken by the scribe is evidenced by the corrections which he has introduced of unfinished words, to which a syllable or more is added by insertions between the lines, while in other cases words, or even a whole line, have been erased by smoothing out the writing, other signs having been substituted, or in some cases the space has been left blank. When, therefore, translators, who have found difficulty in understanding what was written, have supposed that the fault lay with the carelessness of the original scribe, we can only regard such a supposition as indicating the self-sufficiency which is a common fault among a certain class of modern scholars, who are convinced that if there be any error it cannot be their own.

The character employed resembles the cuneiform of Babylonia of the same age, rather than that of Assyria. The emblems represent syllables—not letters—with signs attached (called determinatives by scholars) to distinguish proper names, and other words—a method which, like our own use of capital letters and other determinative signs, gives certainty as to a very important class of words, namely those which represent the names of persons, countries, and cities, for each of which, as also for the names of women, there are special signs. The peculiarities of the handwriting of the different scribes distinguish their work, and show that the letters were written for, and not by, the correspondents concerned. Thus in the course of some six or seven years Ribadda, the chief of the great city of Gebal in Phœnicia, made use of the services of four or five different scribes.

Some of these writers were much more careful than others. Some sketched the symbols with the fewest strokes allowable ; others give the fullest forms, and repeat them exactly each time. Some ruled lines, others did not take that trouble. Some added additional symbols, to secure the right reading of the word ; others dispensed with such extra labour. It follows that the reading of some of the letters is easier and more certain than that of others.

Those who are familiar with such texts know that they can only safely be transcribed from the original, and that great care and long practice are required to give accurate results. Such care and practice have been found to characterise the work of those who have made the transcripts at Berlin and in London, and there is but one opinion of the faithful manner in which the work has been done. The method adopted by Dr. Winckler, of publishing the transcript by facsimile, is preferable to the British Museum method of using printed type ; but the addition of excellent photographs of the tablets, in the volume published at home, gives additional value to the work, and far exceeds anything done in that direction at Berlin, for although such tablets cannot be read from photographs, they are useful in other respects to the student. Some of the earlier transcripts made at Boulak by Dr. Sayce—who, not recognising the archaic character of the script, began by attributing the collection to the time of Nebuchadnezzar, a thousand years too late—have proved to be very faulty, and the translations which resulted have consequently been swept away. There are still great differences of opinion as to the rendering of the more difficult passages ; but as to the date and general contents there is now complete accord among all those who have a right to speak on the subject. The translations published differ greatly in merit. Some of Dr. Bezold's abstracts (for he has not attempted complete renderings of those in London) have been called in question already ; but as regards the royal letters he appears to have been often very successful ; and he was the first to indicate the true topography of the Hittite attack on Damascus.

Some of the letters have been treated by the Rev. J. A. Delattre, S.J., in the 'Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology' for 1891-2, where also Dr. Sayce's first attempts were published—for those tablets which remain at Boulak ; and a summary of others (without regular translation) has been given in a few cases by Mr. E. A. W. Budge. The bibliography of the subject is fully treated by Dr.

Bezold in his preface, but it consists of scattered papers in magazines and transactions. No attempt to translate the whole collection had been made, according to his statement of the literature, last autumn. The first complete translation appeared in England, in February last, being the result of two years' labour by Major Conder, R.E. The letters for the first time are arranged in something like historical order in his work, quoted at the head of this article, and an exhaustive study of the geography, leading to the production of original maps, makes it far easier than before to understand the course of events. In his preface Major Conder says:—

‘In dealing with inscriptions, the interpretation of which is acknowledged by scholars to present many difficulties, I do not presume to suppose that my translations are beyond criticism, or always final; but I believe that such criticism, which will no doubt lead to improvements, must be confined to details, and will not affect the general result, or the historical value of these most important texts; I may at least claim that the language in which they are written is the mother tongue of that Syrian dialect which became known to me by speaking it daily for seven years.’

The criterion of acceptable translation lies in the result making good sense, and giving a continuous argument to the epistle; and it is only by treating the letters as a whole, and by obtaining meanings for words and signs which are applicable to all recurrences of the same, that certainty is obtained. The study of a single letter may often lead to results which do not stand the test of translating the remainder of those which treat of the same subject. As for renderings which do not follow the rules of common sense and good grammar, they can only be compared to the famous school translation, *Triste lupus stabulis*, ‘The sorrowful wolf in the stable.’ A very flagrant instance occurs in a passage of which Dr. Sayce has offered what has been called a ‘tentative’ translation,\* as follows:—

‘If thou art a servant of the king in verity, why dost thou not eat his stomach before thy king?’

As regards this rendering it is natural to ask—first, was it a custom of the ancients in civilised countries to eat the stomachs of other ruling men in the royal presence? second, how was this operation performed? third, what was its object? fourth, was the viand eaten raw, or if not, how was it cooked? The real meaning of the passage is, according

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\* Records of the Past, New Series, vol. v. p. 92. London: 1892.

to Major Conder, 'Wherefore is his cutting off lawful 'in the sight of the king thy lord?' The right of the former translator to speak with authority may perhaps, therefore, be regarded as doubtful; and translators who think that the ancient kings of Asia and of Egypt quarrelled over a few pounds, and demanded presents of each other, can know little of the courtesies of Oriental life, and leave out of account the friendly humility, and the etiquette of the salutations which these monarchs, like others in later ages, used in addressing each other.\*

It has also been asserted that the script and language employed in this correspondence were the 'official' means of communication, just as French is now in great measure the official language of the Levant. It is certain that in writing to the King of Babylon Amenophis III. employed a scribe who could indite a letter in the Babylonian characters and dialect; but a very valuable discovery made by Mr. Bliss, when excavating the site of Lachish for the Palestine Exploration Fund, has overthrown this theory. He discovered a tablet of the same age, and written in the same language and characters used by the Tell Amarna correspondents, yet this was not addressed to any king of a foreign country, but only by the chief of a neighbouring town to the ruler of Lachish named Zimridi, who is one of those who wrote to Egypt in the time of Amenophis III. or his son. This remarkable letter—the first of its kind found in Palestine itself—shows us that the internal correspondence of the country was conducted in the same Aramaic dialect used for foreign letters; and it is only natural to suppose that this was the speech of the natives of Palestine before the Hebrew invasion under Joshua. This discovery throws a valuable light on the language of the Bible, and on that of the Moabite Stone, which is remarkable for its grammatical

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\* From the bibliographical lists given by Dr. Bezold it appears that more has been done in England than in Germany towards translation. There has been a great deal of talking round the subject, but no exhaustive study has yet been published abroad. In Germany have appeared Jensen's '*Vorstudien*' (38 pp.) and a few notes by Winckler, and Zimmern's '*Uebersetzung*' (24 pp.); while Halévy's translations of some of the royal letters have been called in question by the Rev. A. J. Delattre, S.J., whose renderings of a few letters have appeared in England, and are among the best yet given. Mr. Budge of the British Museum has given abstracts of a few letters, and Dr. Bezold has suggested the contents of 82 which are in London; but these renderings are often very doubtful indeed.

connexion with the Aramaic dialects. Those who, having no personal knowledge of such subjects, put their faith in what Noldeke wrote more than twenty years ago (in ignorance of Assyrian) as to the court language of Moab, might with advantage turn their attention to the study of the Tell Amarna letters.\*

We have become possessed, then, of certain very important indications as to the early civilisation of Palestine. Not that the knowledge so attained is altogether new, or that it conflicts with that which has been deduced from yet earlier Egyptian records. It is well known to scholars that Thothmes III., when he defeated the league of Hittites and Phœnicians at Megiddo in 1600 B.C. (a century before Amenophis III. acceded), reaped a spoil which indicates the advanced civilisation of Syria, including not only the precious metals, and chariots painted and plated, but also objects of art, having a high æsthetic value; and that he found corn, wine, and oil abundant in the country, and many hundreds of walled towns, in which there were already temples of the gods. Such evidence has, however, been slighted by those who regard the early Hebrews as savages, and who think that, though placed in the very centre of the ancient civilised world between the Egyptians and the Assyrians, they were nevertheless unacquainted with any arts, and uninfluenced by surrounding culture. The new discoveries insist on quite another understanding of their ancient history.

It is surely a lesson of humility that the modern student should learn from such discoveries. Voltaire was no doubt a writer of great originality and acumen, though, from our present standpoint, wonderfully ignorant of antiquity. He finds it hard to believe that Homer's poems could have been written down before 500 B.C., and asserts that papyrus had not been invented in Egypt in the time of Moses, though we now possess in the maxims of Ptah-hotep a manuscript as old as the pyramids. We find, on the contrary, that not only in Egypt or in Mesopotamia was the art of writing known in the time of Moses, but that the inhabitants of Palestine also could pen a brick epistle, which in the space of a few inches contained as much

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\* The language of the letters is as distinct as possible from Hebrew, being much nearer to Assyrian, or about as different as English and German. To assert the contrary is only to show want of acquaintance with either language.



information as can now be condensed into a sheet of note-paper. Such letters were neither heavy nor bulky, and could be carried in the turban or the folds of the shirt bosom just as easily as paper letters are now so carried, with the additional advantage that they were imperishable, as is witnessed by the fact that they are now being read 3,400 years after they were written.

This correspondence possesses also the merits that it is contemporary and original. The modern reader can hold in his hand the actual original, unimpaired by copyist, interpolator, or editor. 'No. 27 Berlin' does not mean a hypothetical redactor, unscrupulously tampering with the ancient writings of his forefathers: it refers to an actual letter in a correspondence so numbered. Yet it is remarkable that where the 'editor' is an impossibility, the 'commentator' already makes his appearance. The script and language were not familiar to Egyptian librarians, and for this reason they wrote in ink on the tablets, when received, docketing whereby they might recognise them in future, using their own hieratic characters instead of the cuneiform. So, for instance, one letter from the Prince of Alashiya bears, in Egyptian, the superscription, 'Correspondence of the Prince of Alosia;' and there are many other such dockets in other cases.

Tell Amarna (apparently 'the mound of the tumuli') is an important ruined site on the east bank of the Nile, about a hundred and fifty miles in a straight line south of Cairo. Its Egyptian name is said to have been *Khu-en-aten*, 'Glory of the Sun-disk,' which Dr. Brugsch asserts to have been due to the fact that the city was founded by the king so named, who is supposed to have been Amenophis IV. The later names of the place were Antinoe and Hadrianopolis. It is to be remarked that the situation is halfway between Memphis and Thebes, and that the seals not only of Amenophis IV. but also of Amenophis III. and Thothmes III. have been found in the ruins. Very little is known of the rise and early history of the great eighteenth dynasty, to which all these kings belonged, and it appears not improbable that Tell Amarna was a capital of the family, not only in the latest reign, but from the earliest times of Ahmes, the founder of the dynasty. Mr. Flinders Petrie has brought home many interesting fragments from this site, which includes the ruins of a palace with several rock-cut tombs, among the sands and loose stones at the foot of the hills. Pottery, which it is asserted is of Phœnician and Greek character,

was found, including a drawing of a hippopotamus among the lotus plants; heads, also, supposed to represent Khu en Aten himself, weights of the Roman age, and flints to be fitted to wooden sickles. The king is represented, on sandstone pillars five feet thick, adoring the sun; and on other stones he appears seated on a throne, with a queen on his knee, who dandles her children on her arm. Fragments of cuneiform texts were also found, though the peasantry had already rifled the library. These are asserted to represent dictionaries in Egyptian and Assyrian, written, however, entirely in cuneiform characters; but until such texts are published in facsimile, a final judgement as to their meaning cannot be very confidently expressed.

We may now proceed to consider in further detail the character and contents of the tablets found in this capital of the moon-worshipping kings of Egypt; and the bearing of the discovery on questions of history, geography, race, religion, civilisation, trade, and art; but in order to understand these matters aright it is necessary, first, to sketch the conditions under which such relations, between countries separated by many hundred miles of distance, became possible; and to understand what was the exact position which the Pharaohs occupied in Palestine and in Syria.

In 1700 B.C. Ahmes, the 'moon child,' expelled the mingled Semitic and Turanian immigrants from the region of Zoan, where they had become masters of the native Egyptian race, and carried his arms as far as Sharuhén (now *Tell esh Sheriîh*), near Gerar, east of Gaza. Thothmes I., in the latter part of the same century, conquered the Syrian shores, taking Ascalon, Joppa, Tyre, Sidon, and Beirut, and advanced to Kadesh, on the Orontes, to Aleppo, and to Carchemish, on the Euphrates. It is thought that the first introduction of the horse (*Sus*) and of the chariot (*Marcabah*) into Egypt dates from the days of these earliest conquests in Asia, and the Semitic names which they bear in the Egyptian records indicate Asiatic derivation. The power of the Egyptians consisted apparently in the regular discipline of their forces, both of infantry and of chariots; for, like other early races, they never rode the horse in war, but attached two or more to a very light car with a pole, in which the driver stood beside the fighting man.

The conquests of Thothmes III., about 1600 B.C., have so often been described that they will be familiar to readers interested in this subject. He marched from Gaza to Maketa (Megiddo), in Central Palestine, where he en-

countered the Hittites and Phœnicians, under the leadership of the King of Kadesh; and after the defeat of a host, which is said to have included tribes from near Egypt and from distant Mesopotamia, he besieged and took Megiddo, and marched on into Phœnicia, as far north as Simyra and Aradus. East of the Euphrates he erected two memorial pillars, which have not as yet been discovered by travellers. The famous lists of some three hundred and fifty cities which he took show clearly that he occupied not only the plains of Philistia, Sharon, and Galilee, and those of Bashan as far as Damascus, but they also indicate possession of the regions in Northern Syria which lie between Aleppo and the Taurus, along the highway to Carchemish. These conquests were still held a century later, when Amenophis III. succeeded his father, Thothmes IV., and inherited an empire which stretched from Nubia on the south to the borders of Armenia on the north.

The earliest letter in the Tell Amarna collection appears to be one written to Thothmes IV., probably not later than 1520 B.C.\* The writer's name was Rimmon Nirari; but he does not seem to have been a king, since the formula of salutation, 'I bow at my lord's feet,' though less abject than that of inferior chiefs, is not that which was used by monarchs who wrote as equals to the Pharaohs. There was an Assyrian king of this name two centuries later, and the letter, perhaps, came from Assyria; but, unfortunately, it is too much broken to give much information. That he calls the King of Egypt his 'father' does not of necessity imply any real relationship, for in these letters the word is used as a term of respect only, as it still is throughout the East. The letter appears to include a request that soldiers and chariots may be sent against the King of the Hittites, in the extreme north of Syria; and in this connexion it is to be remarked that a memorial stone of the time of Thothmes IV., now in the British Museum, speaks of his expedition to Mesopotamia; and another fragment from the temple of Amon of his 'first campaign against the Hittites.'† It appears, therefore, that they were still giving trouble during this reign.

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\* The dates given are those usually accepted and given by Brugsch, not the later dates of Mahler, founded on doubtful astronomical data, which do not accord well with that usually given for Burnaburias of Babylon.

† Brugsch, 'History of Egypt,' vol. i. p. 418.

From other letters in the collection we learn that Thothmes IV. was on friendly terms with the kings of Mitani, who were destined to play an important part in the history of the times that followed. Amenophis III. married a daughter of Suttarna, King of Mitani; and there is reason to believe that she may have been the famous Queen Thi, his chief wife, and mother of his heir, to whom two of the letters in this collection are written by the King of Mitani, her brother. Thi became queen in the tenth year of the reign of Amenophis III., and held her position for a quarter of a century, for she survived her royal husband, who ruled for thirty-six years. It is known that he himself went over the Euphrates—probably in the early part of his reign—for he slew two hundred and ten lions in Mesopotamia. It was then, perhaps, that he wedded the Armenian princess, whose portraits have been recovered. She is represented with a pale skin and dark hair, and the eye, as now preserved, has a tinge of blue; but it is easy to lay too much stress on the colouring of these very ancient pictures, for the colours are not always well preserved. In Etruscan tombs blue-haired figures have been discovered, and much of the Egyptian colouring was introduced purely for decorative effects of contrast. Whatever was the colour of her eyes, there is no doubt that Queen Thi was a foreigner from Asia, and a lady of great importance, whose influence was invoked in political and family affairs.

It should here be explained that the land of Mitani, of which she seems to have been a native, is the region called that of the Matienians by Herodotus,\* which appears to have extended from near Ararat westward to the river Halys, representing the greater part of Armenia. The letters give us more information as to the history of this region (which was an independent monarchy) than might have been expected in so early an age; and it is very remarkable that by far the longest letter in the collection is from Dusratta, King of Mitani, written in another language, which scholars agree in holding not to be Semitic.† On the other hand, Dus-

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\* Herod. i. 72, iii. 94, v. 49-52, vii. 72; cf. i. 189-202.

† See the translation published in October 1892 by Major Conder in the 'Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society,' in which the grammar and vocabulary of this language are treated in detail, and compared with Mongol and Turkish speech. No connexion has been shown to exist with the Aryan speech of tribes who existed in this region seven centuries later. The language of the Prince of Rensph (a Hittite) appears to be the same, and Dr. Winckler has recognised its affinity to Akkadian in the forms of the verb.

ratta, who wrote eleven letters in all to Amenophis III., and his son, Amenophis IV., used as a rule the Assyrian dialect, and must have had some special reason for employing the native tongue on one particular occasion. The letter in native dialect is 518 lines long, and occupies the largest of all the tablets. It refers to the marriage of his daughter, Tadukhepa, who wedded her cousin (if Thi was really Dusratta's sister), and became Queen of Egypt for a few years. Her husband, Amenophis IV., is believed to have been murdered, and was the last king of the famous family of Ahmes.

From the correspondence of Dusratta we learn that his grandfather, Sitatama, as well as his father, Suttarna, were friendly to Egypt. It appears that the latter was murdered, and the kingdom seized by Dusratta's brother, Artasumara, who in turn was overcome by Dusratta. This explains what would otherwise be difficult to understand in the history of the great Hittite and Amorite war against Phœnicia and Damascus, which is the subject of the majority of the letters. An unnamed King of Mitani, who was contemporary with Amenophis III., formed a league with the Hittites, and with other tribes of Syria and Mesopotamia, against Egypt, and appears to have driven the Egyptians out of all the country as far south as Tyre. This could hardly have been Dusratta, all of whose letters are friendly, and who appears to have been a younger man than Amenophis III., whom he certainly survived. When he acceded he attacked the Hittites, and finally became ruler of Syria, or at least of its northern regions. Probably it was his brother, Artasumara, who was the enemy of Egypt, and who formed the league which interrupted friendly relations for a time and led to a disastrous war. From another letter in the collection, written in a language which seems to be the same as that of Dusratta's great letter by Tarkhundara, the Hittite Prince of Rezeph, north of Palmyra, it would appear that the Hittites and the Armenians were of the same race, and that this race was non-Semitic. The Semitic peoples generally were friendly and submissive to the Egyptians, but the sturdy stock of pig-tailed, slant-eyed warriors who opposed the Egyptians until the time of the famous treaty with ~~the~~ <sup>Rameses II.</sup> two centuries later than the period we are now considering, and who withstood the Assyrians down to 700 B.C., has been recognised, from their portraits, by anthropologists like Sir W. Flower and Dr. Beddoe as having been a Mongolic people, and thus akin to that ancient

Mongolic race which created the earliest civilisation of Babylonia, and which is commonly known as Akkadian.\*

It was, however, not with the Armenians alone that the kings of Egypt were allied by marriage. The Tell Amarna letters include also the correspondence of Amenophis III. and Amenophis IV. with the kings of Babylon concerning royal marriages. One of the most curious letters in the collection, as rendered by Dr. Bezold, is placed first in the British Museum collection, and is either a copy or an original never sent to its destination, written by Amenophis III. to Calimmasin, King of Babylonia, who is a new figure in Asiatic history.

The King of Egypt was seeking a bride among the Babylonian princesses, but the King of Babylon seems to have been afraid to send his daughter so far, and complains that since his sister had been married (perhaps to Thothmes IV.) she had never been seen, and that it was not known whether she was alive: In reply, Amenophis III. says that any ambassador who is able to recognise her may see her, and that his own ambassadors have done so, and can bear witness that she is well and happy. Many other excuses had been made, such as that Babylonian custom obliged the princesses to marry at home, and that there were no guards or chariots to conduct the bride in safety. All these objections Amenophis answers, and sends presents of gold, silver, stuffs, and unguents, but apparently leaves the King of Babylon to select which of his daughters shall be sent.

There is also a letter from Calimmasin to Amenophis III., which stands third in the Berlin collection, in which it appears that he in return was asking for an Egyptian princess as his bride, so that the alliance was reciprocal. He promises a dowry, to be sent 'either in June or in July,' and amounting to 3,000 talents of gold. From another letter

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\* That the Akkadians were a Mongolic people was first shown by Sir H. Rawlinson, and his conclusions are adopted by Dr. Oppert, Lenormant, and nearly every later scholar except M. Halévy, whose objections are, however, not sufficiently sound to disturb the general accord on the subject. M. Halévy has recently brought forward Phœnician texts, found in North Syria, together with remains of the so-called 'Hittite' hieroglyphica, as proving that the Hittites were Semitic. His proof appears to be vague; the occurrence of a text written by a chief of the Samallî 740 B.C. giving no more evidence of the language written in another character about 1500 B.C. than would the discovery of a Greek text in Egypt prove that the Egyptians were Greeks.

(No. 1 of the Berlin collection) it appears that the name of Calimmasin's daughter was *Irtabi*, and that the negotiation lasted five years before it was finally concluded, and the princess actually sent to Egypt in the reign of Amenophis III.

The Babylonian correspondence continues also in the next reign, when Burnaburias of Babylon was the contemporary of Amenophis IV., but apparently of another family, or at least not the son of Calimmasin. These letters refer mainly to exchange of presents and salutations, but one of them (No. 2 of the British Museum collection) contains a valuable historical statement, according to which the great Canaanite revolt occurred, not, as some scholars have supposed, in the reign of Amenophis IV., but in that of his father, when assistance was asked from Babylon, but refused: the family alliance between the monarchs being, perhaps, one of the reasons which induced the King of Babylonia to remain the ally of Egypt. In this letter Burnaburias speaks of being attacked by the Assyrians.

It is remarkable that while Babylonia and Armenia play so conspicuous a part in the political history of the age, Assyria is but little noticed. In addition to Rimmon Nirari's letter, there is one from Assurubalid, King of Assyria, to Amenophis IV. (No. 9 of the British Museum collection) in which the Assyrian speaks as an equal, styling the Pharaoh his 'brother,' and calling himself the 'great king.' He refers to relations existing earlier, with Assur Nadin Akhi, who is supposed to have lived about 1550 B.C., and was thus contemporary with Amenophis II. As already explained, the Egyptian empire had been made contemporaneous with Assyria half a century earlier by Thothmes III.; but as yet the great future of Assyria was undeveloped, and the power of its kings probably extended only over the north part of Mesopotamia, being confined on the north by that of the kingdom of Mitani, and on the south by that of Babylon. Nineveh itself is mentioned by Dusratta as a sacred city of Istar, but the Assyrian independence was at this time not more than three centuries old; and Assurubalid, the contemporary of Amenophis IV., is believed to have been the first king to remove the capital to Nineveh from the old southern city of Assur, which was much nearer to Babylon. It was about this time, indeed, that the separation of Assyria from the suzerainty of Babylon seems first to have been effected, and Assurubalid had married a Babylonian princess. There was constant conflict at this time between the Semitic and the older Akkadian populations of Mesopotamia, and the

political instability seems to have been chronic; but in the reign of Burnaburias\* a boundary line was established between the dominions of Babylon and Assyria.

Such were the Egyptian relations on the north and the east. On the north-west the prince of Alashiya was also an ally; his country was not far removed from that of the Hittites, and was a maritime region, from which ambassadors were sent in ships to Egypt, and which possessed copper and silver. Probably we may understand, with Major Conder, that the south shore of Cilicia is the region in question, representing the Elishah of the Old Testament. It was not until two centuries later that Rameses II. pushed his forces as far west as Ephesus, where his cartouche still remains on the ancient statue of Mount Sipylos. To the affairs of Alashiya we must refer again in speaking of trade.

The main object of the Egyptians in holding the plains of Palestine appears to have been to maintain the great trade route to the north. The road led along the seashore from Zoan to Gaza, which was an important fortress, as was also Ascalon, which was lost during the war with the *Abiri* to be mentioned immediately, and retaken by Rameses II. before his advance to reconquer Galilee and Syria. Stations were also established at the foot of the Jerusalem and Hebron mountains, and the whole of Philistia appears to have been subject to Egypt. From Joppa the trade route passed north over a good road, through the oak glades of Sharon to the promontory of Carmel, and here the cross road to Damascus branched off eastwards, by the line which is now to be used for a railroad. All the towns round the Sea of Galilee, and in Bashan, up to the foot of Mount Hermon, appear to have been held by the Egyptians. Damascus was, no doubt, already an emporium of commerce.

From the Carmel bay, the main route, which all the armies of later days followed in attacking Palestine and Egypt, lay along the shore by Accho, Tyre, Sidon, Beirut, and Gebal, cities which had already ports and fleets, and which communicated with Egypt, Cyprus, and Asia Minor by sea. This road presented difficult sections, at points such as the promontory of the 'Ladder of Tyre,' and of the Theoprosopon between Gebal and Tripoli; but it is quite possible that the cuttings through the hills in these passes had already been made. According to the Tyrian priests consulted by

\* See paper by George Smith, *Trans. Soc. Bib. Arch.* vol. i. p. 68. London: 1872.



Herodotus (ii. 44) the foundation of Tyre was to be dated as early as 2800 B.C.—a date not impossible, since civilisation was then fully developed both in Egypt and in Babylonia. It is at least certain that by 1700 B.C. this city, which some writers suppose to have been less ancient than Sidon, was already important.

After passing from Gebal into the narrow plain near Tripoli the trade route reached the cities of Arka and Simyra, on either side of the river Eleutherus. In Southern Palestine the riches which became Egyptian spoil seem to have been mainly agricultural, and Syria generally gave in tribute wheat, barley, spelt, balsam, oil, wine, and fruit; but in the north there were riches of another kind. Thothmes III. had taken from Simyra and Aradus chariots which were painted and covered with gold and silver; and from the city of Tunep, near Arpad, north-west of Aleppo, he obtained silver and gold, bluestone and greenstone, and vessels of copper; lead, alabaster, and cedar were also found in the Lebanon regions, and battle-axes of flint are noticed in the spoil lists, with tusks of ivory. North of Simyra the shore road became difficult, and here the trade route turned inland along the valley of the Eleutherus, and reached the inland plains of Emesa and Kadesh. The whole of the valley of the Anti-Lebanon appears to have been held by forces of chariots as far as the northern slopes of Hermon, and the main highway went northwards along the river Orontes to the neighbourhood of Aleppo. North of this again Tunep (now *Tennib*) appears to have been one of the most important stations, and the road passed thence to Doliche (now *'Aintab*), which was a great city of the Hittites, where it turned east, descending a river valley to Zeugma, on the Euphrates. A more direct route led from Tennib to Carchemish, rather further south on the great river, and at these points the Egyptians struck the highways to Edessa, Harran, Nineveh, Babylon, and Armenia. To reach Babylon direct, across the Syrian and Arabian deserts, has always been impossible, and the road above described always commanded the land traffic with the far East. The total length of this road, from Zoan in Egypt to the fords of the Euphrates, is about six hundred English miles.

The royal letters from Tell Amarna, which speak of the various embassies which used to traverse this road, amount to about fifty in all; and some two hundred other letters are concerned with the details of the great revolt of the Hittites and Amorites in the north, and with the conquest of

Southern Palestine by the *Abiri* or *Habiri*. These wars must have been nearly contemporary, and certainly began, if they did not terminate, in the reign of Amenophis III.; for although the native actors are not the same in the north and in the south, the names of the Egyptian generals or agents employed—*Yankhamu* and *Suta*—occur, as Major Conder notes, in all the letters; and the disturbances, therefore, belong to the period of their active career, in the south as well as in the north. No less than fifty of the letters come from one city—the famous Phœnician town of Gebal—and from one chieftain named Ribadda, who ruled this town and the country for some twenty miles north and south of its vicinity. The Northern Lebanon was at this time (about 1480 B.C.) occupied by the *Amurri* or Amorites, a people who spoke an Aramaic language, and whose chiefs had Semitic names. The evidence of the Tell Amarna texts overthrows all the theories based on the faded colouring of Egyptian pictures, which strove to show that the Amorites were a blue-eyed people akin to the Libyans. The name Amorite is itself Semitic, meaning, according to Simonis and Gesenius, a ‘mountaineer,’ and they are found to have inhabited the mountains, both in the Northern Lebanon and also in the Hebron district, while yet another branch of the Amorites dwelt beyond Jordan in Mount Gilead, and extended northwards into Bashan. Tabor is also said (in the time of Rameses II.) to have been in the land of the Amorites of the Galilean mountains, so that it is evident that they were a very powerful and widely distributed race. They are mentioned as late as the time of the twentieth Egyptian dynasty, and are represented with black hair, long beards, and Semitic features, wearing a headdress similar to that of the Arabs of our own times. The name of the chieftain who ruled them, at the time of the great rebellion, and who lived in the Northern Lebanon, was Abd Asherah, ‘the servant of the goddess Asherah,’ a deity mentioned in the Bible, when the Authorised Version translates the word as ‘the grove.’ His son’s name was Aziru, who became the Amorite commander in the successful invasion of Phœnicia. The seat of his government appears to have been the city of Tunep, already noticed.

The war did not, however, originate with the Amorites, but, as above mentioned, it was brought about by a league between the Hittites, the Cassites, the Armenians, and other tribes in Syria and near the Euphrates. These tribes were

not Semitic, and their physiognomy, as shown on the famous basreliefs of Karnak, is quite distinct from that of the Amorites and Phœnicians. Dr. Birch was among the first to compare them with the Mongols, on account of their hairless faces, slanting eyes, and long pigtails; and this view has met with very general acceptance among scholars, and is confirmed by the linguistic indications already mentioned, as occurring in the Tell Amarna correspondence.

Aziru and Abdasherah wrote several letters to Egypt, protesting their faithfulness to the king, and complaining of the hostility of the Hittites and Armenians. Whether or not they were sincere when they wrote may be doubtful. Other correspondents warned Amenophis against them, and in the end they cast in their lot with the party which appeared, for a time at least, to be the stronger. What was occurring at home in Egypt the letters do not tell us, but it seems clear that the Egyptians were unable to send any considerable reinforcements into Asia—at all events, during the time covered by the letters. Most of them contain appeals for help, and requests that soldiers and chariots may be sent; but all that seems to have been done was to levy the native forces, in towns which remained faithful, and to send commissioners with proclamations which, as is usual when diplomatic denunciations are not supported by the presence of troops, exercised very little influence on the course of events. The native levies included chariots, for Hittites and Amorites, as well as Egyptians, had chariot forces throughout the lowlands in this age; but the power of the invaders was apparently great. Several Egyptian forces were cut in pieces, the native auxiliaries were defeated, and the tide of conquest rolled on southwards as far as Tyre.

Among the earlier operations was the attack on Damascus by Aidugama, the King of the Hittites, of Kadesh on Orontes. This important city (Kadesh) lay in the plains of Cœle-Syria, not far south of Emesa or Homs, and close to the great highway up the Eleutherus Valley. It commanded, in fact, the entry to the inland plains, and thus always played a great part in the history of Egyptian wars for the possession of the trade route. The site was identified in 1881 at the present large ruin of *Kades*. From this centre Aidugama marched southwards, occupying the plains of Baalbek, and reached Damascus by the old 'entering in,' or pass, of the river Abana. Whether the city was actually

taken is left uncertain; but the whole land of Hobah north of Hermon was ravaged, as well as the land of Ham, or Northern Bashan.

Simultaneously with this attack, and with the conquest of Northern Syria by Hittites and Armenians, the Amorites descended on the rich Phœnician cities along the shore road. Their first operation was the siege of Simyra, which they took, and either slew or expelled the Egyptian garrison. The letters of Ribadda from Gebal, with others from Beirut, Sidon, and Tyre, give all the details of their advance. Once established in Simyra, they soon conquered Arka and Tripoli in the plain to the south, and defeated the forces of Gebal at the great pass of Theouprosopon, north of Batrun (the classical Botrys), after which all the towns in this vicinity either rebelled in their favour, or were taken and destroyed. Gebal, however, held out for at least five years, as did also Batrun, both being, no doubt, provisioned from the sea. Famine, however, is often mentioned, and failure of the crops, and it would seem that provisions were sent in ships from Egypt. While the land forces were constantly engaged, sea fights were also going on. The fleet of Arvad, the most northern of the great Phœnician cities, assisted the Amorites: the ships of Sidon and Beirut came up to aid the fleet of Gebal, but apparently the victory lay with the men of Arvad, who established a blockade to cut off Egyptian reinforcements. Meantime, the Amorite forces went south, to meet the Hittites who were advancing westwards. Sidon seems to have been taken by treachery, and its ruler, Zimridi, fled. Tyre also was besieged by the fleet of Arvad and by the land forces of the rebels. Whether it was finally reduced is not to be learned from the letters of its king, Abimelech. After the taking of Sidon, the Amorites turned their attention again to Gebal, and Ribadda also was finally driven from the city, though there is no letter which describes its final capture.

Such is the outline of the great war in Syria and Phœnicia, to which must be added the attack by some unknown enemy on the mountain town of Hazor in Galilee. The Egyptians probably lost their hold on the country for a time, for a period of great weakness seems to have marked the closing days of the great eighteenth dynasty. When the new Ramessid family arose, about 1400 B.C., it would appear that the independence of the Hittites of Kadesh was acknowledged. At all events we read in the famous treaty

document of Rameses II. with Kheta Sar, the King of Kadesh, as follows : \*—

‘ In the past, and for a long time, the great King of Egypt and the prince of the Hittites (may God grant that there be no more enmity between them) were at peace, but in the time of Mautur my brother, prince of the Hittites, there was war with the great King of Egypt. . . . The just agreement that existed between Sapel, the great chief of the Hittites : also the just agreement that existed in the time of Maurasar, the great chief of the Hittites my father, I will follow.’

This incidental allusion to past history carries us back at least two generations before the time of Rameses II., or about to the date of the wars which we are now considering ; and as the later treaty was one made on equal terms with Egypt, it would seem that the great rebellion of the Hittites resulted in their independence being acknowledged, until Rameses became strong enough to effect their reconquest. In addition to this indication we find that the work of conquest had to be recommenced by the nineteenth dynasty in the south, when Seti I., about 1366 B.C., attacked the plains of Beersheba, and attempted to penetrate into the Hebron mountains. Before the discovery of the Tell Amarna tablets very little was, however, known concerning this period, and even now the final fate of Amenophis IV., and his history generally, are less known than might be supposed from the very confident assertions of certain students of Egyptian history. That his mother was a foreigner is certain no doubt, but we now learn that the marriage of Amenophis III. with an Asiatic was by no means an unusual circumstance. Dr. Brugsch has drawn a picture of the life of his son, which, after all, rests mainly on imagination ; and the term ‘ heretic king,’ which every tourist now repeats with conviction, rests on a very slight monumental basis. The Egyptians did not entirely lose their influence in Syria, since ambassadors were going to and fro in the times which immediately succeeded the Canaanite revolt, when the Pharaohs were securing their position by new alliances with Babylon and Armenia ; but in all probability they were obliged, for a time, to concede to the Hittites, Amorites, and Abiri, an autonomy which resulted from successful rebellion.

There are letters from Bashan in the Tell Amarna correspondence, but none from Gilead, Moab, or Edom, countries which no doubt lay beyond the sphere of Egyptian influence, and which could not be reached by their chariots. It is

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\* Chabas, ‘ Voyage d’un Egyptien.’ Paris : 1866. P. 334.

remarkable, however, that there are none from Central Palestine, or from any city between Joppa and Accho. Shechem might have been easily reached from the plains, and must, on account of its fine water supply and fertile lands, have been already a city of some importance; but there are no letters from Shechem. The object of the Egyptians was to guard the trade route; and the rough mountains of Samaria and Judea seem, for the most part, to have been the home of independent Amorite tribes. There is thus a gap geographically between the northern and the southern correspondents, and the only city in the southern mountains that appears to have owned the Egyptian suzerainty was Jerusalem.

Some writers appear to be surprised that the name of Jerusalem (*Urusalim*) should occur so early, but the fact that half a dozen of the southern letters were written from this city was at once recognised in Germany. It seems to be overlooked that, although the names Jebus and Jebusite occur in early books of the Bible as representing the earliest denomination of the 'City of Peace,' still in the narrative of the Book of Joshua the King of Jerusalem is mentioned, as though this name had existed as early as the time of the Hebrew conquest; and the most radical of critics are inclined to grant a comparatively early date to this narrative, as part of the so-called 'Hexateuch.' These letters are perhaps the most interesting of all that occur in the collection.

In the north we have seen that the foes of Egypt were Amorites and Hittites, whose chiefs were Abdasherah, Aziru, and Aidugama. In the south there is no allusion to any of these tribes or leaders. The enemy against whom the King of Jerusalem, and other petty kings of Gezer, Keilah, &c., ask for aid is termed the 'people of the 'Abiri,' or, as some transliterate the name, *Khabiri*. It has been sought to show that they were 'allies,' or 'Babylonians,' but they were not the allies who were about this time successful in the north; and the Babylonians, as we have seen, far from attacking Egypt, had refused most distinctly to take any part in the Canaanite revolt, while their kings were allied by marriage to both Amenophis III. and Amenophis IV. All that we really learn of the 'Abiri' is that they rebelled 'as far as the land of Seir,' so that it appears that they were a tribe who came from Mount Seir or Edom. They conquered all the country round Jerusalem, and the lands of Gezer, Ascalon, and Lachish submitted to them. They fought at Ajalon, and they made Keilah submit. They attacked the King of Jerusalem, and, apparently, made him

flee from his capital. They refused to serve the Egyptians, and it is distinctly stated that their success was due to the absence of any Egyptian forces in the country. They slew or overthrew all the rulers friendly to Egypt, and they appear to have wrecked the Amorite temples. The question to be answered is, therefore—Who were the 'Abiri? On this point Dr. Sayce informs us that

'the name of the Khabiri (more correctly 'Abiri should have been written) has been identified with that of the Hebrews, but the political circumstances. . . do not agree with those which accompanied the entrance of the Israelites into Canaan.'

It is easy to dismiss an important historical question by such an assertion. There is no linguistic objection to the identification of the Abiri with the Hebrews,\* and Dr. Sayce's grasp of the political conditions seems to be insufficient, since he is led to suppose that the Khabiri, or 'allies,' as he translates the word, were Babylonians, in spite of the distinct statement of Burnaburias, already cited, that the King of Babylon refused to take part in the Canaanite revolt. Very little is known of the political conditions of the time when the Israelites entered Canaan; but it is stated in the Bible that they came from Seir; and it would be very natural that their invasion should have coincided with a period when the Egyptians were weak, and when their forces were withdrawn from Palestine.

The real basis of the objection lies in the too facile adoption of Dr. Brugsch's speculation as to the time of the Exodus, which would make the Hebrew invasion occur shortly before the reign of Seti II.—a period of which hardly anything is monumentally known. The weakness of his position was set forth in detail in the pages of this Journal, when noticing the English edition of his 'History of Egypt.'† Yet, to the present day, travellers, and even antiquaries, who are, perhaps, little acquainted with the source of their belief, speak of Rameses II. as the 'Pharaoh of the Oppression,' and of Minepthah as the 'Pharaoh of the Exodus,' with a certitude which could only be felt if there were some monumental basis for the assertion. The fact, on the contrary, is that not a single monumental notice of the Hebrews is known in Egyptian

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\* The suggestion that the Abiri were Hebrews seems to have been first made by Major Conder in 1890 (*Quarterly Statement Palestine Exploration Fund*, 1890, pp. 326-329, as given by Dr. Bezold).

† *Edinburgh Review*, No. 307, July 1879, pp. 96-102.

records, as Dr. Brugsch has himself pointed out, and that, although he asserts the supposed date with great confidence, he brings no real evidence to bear on the matter. The land of Rameses is mentioned in the account of the Exodus,\* and it is also mentioned in the account of Jacob's descent into Egypt.† If this is to be held as showing that the events could not have occurred until after the great Rameses had given his name to the city of Zoan, then, as Major Conder remarks, not only the Exodus, but the Hebrew immigration into Egypt, should be brought down to this time, if Hebrew records are to have any weight at all. But Dr. Brugsch has cut off from the recorded chronology of the Old Testament‡ two centuries, without deigning to take any notice of the discrepancy. The only other argument which he brings forward is the account of the pursuit of two runaway slaves, to Succoth and Etham (on the route of the Exodus), in the reign of Seti II., which he considers to 'cast a remarkable 'light' on that event.' We might, with equal justice, say that the reception of Monmouth at Taunton casts a remarkable light on William of Orange's entry into Exeter. Fugitive slaves no doubt followed the highway from Egypt to Asia in many ages, before and after that of Moses; but it is very difficult to understand how Dr. Brugsch reconciles such suggestions with his own words, as to having 'recourse 'to suppositions and conjectures against the most explicit 'statements of the Biblical records.'

What is really proved by Egyptian monumental research is that, from the time of Ahmes down to that of Rameses II. —or for more than three centuries—the 'way of the Philistines' was in the hands of the Egyptians; and that the Israelites when they fled could therefore not reach Palestine by this route. If the Abiri be the Hebrews, appearing from Edom about 1480 B.C. or earlier, the forecast offered in the previous review above noticed is abundantly justified, and its numerous coincidences, pointing to the reign of Amenophis III. as that during which the Hebrew conquest took place, are shown to be better founded, on knowledge then available, than are the dicta of Dr. Brugsch, in a matter which is independent of monumental information. It is, at all events, certain that this powerful conquering tribe, or race, was not Babylonian or Amorite, because the Babylonians were at peace with Egypt, and the Amorite kinglets were the very enemies over whom, in the absence of any

\* Ex. xii. 3.

† Gen. xlvii. 117.

‡ 1 Kings vi. 1.



Egyptian garrisons in the south of Palestine, the Abiri triumphed.\*

From history and geography we may now turn to other interesting questions raised by the discovery of the Tell Amarna tablets concerning religion, civilisation, trade, and art. There are several tablets in the collection which are not historical, but which are concerned with the mythology of Babylonia and Assyria, belonging to that great system of mythical tales of gods and demigods which George Smith and Fox Talbot deciphered from the cuneiform tablets twenty years ago. With foreign wives foreign religion found its way to the Egyptian court, much as the wives of Solomon turned his heart to the worship of their native gods. This fact is not without importance for more than one investigation. The similarities between the Babylonian story of the Flood and that found in Genesis have led many modern critics to suppose that it was a legend derived from Nineveh by the Hebrews 'shortly before the captivity.' It is quite as probable that the tradition was of great antiquity throughout the East, and it appears to have been known very early to the Akkadians. The tablets now found show

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\* A few words might be added as to various doubtful statements which have appeared in a recent paper on this important collection. The writer had before him only the abstracts by Dr. Bezold of about a quarter of the collection, and the so-called 'tentative' renderings given of a few other letters by Dr. Sayce, some of which differ completely from his former proposed transcriptions and translations. The discovery of Alashiya, the identification of the Lukki, and that of the Abiri as Hebrews, are due to Major Conder, R.E. (whose work is unnoticed), with several other points. There is no reason to suppose that the name of the Hebrews is connected with that of Hebron, which comes from quite another root. The name of King Toi (spelt with 'ain) can have no connexion with that of Queen Thi. The term *pitati* cannot be derived from any known word for 'palace.' Major Conder regards it as Egyptian, and it is always applied to Egyptian troops. No 'plunderers' are mentioned as in the pay of Egypt, and the officials who write are not Egyptians, but bear native names in all cases. The Egyptian high road did not cross Mount Carmel at all. The name *Pidya* at Ascalon is clearly the same as the Philistine *Padiak* of the time of Sennacherib, and though no Philistines are mentioned, the names of princes in Ascalon compounded with that of Dagon show—as do the Karnak tablets of Thothmes III.—that the Philistines were already settled in Philistia. Finally, *Kasu* could not be Gezer, nor *Zilu* Zelah: nor does the King of Tyre refer to places in Mesopotamia, but much more probably, as Major Conder urges, to towns close to his own city.

that legends of Istar were known in Egypt long before the earliest times in which it is possible to suppose that any part of the Book of Genesis was penned. It is also remarkable that, somewhat later in the time of Rameses II., papyri were written in Egypt containing mythical tales which seem clearly to be of Asiatic origin. Thus, in the well-known story of the 'Two Brothers,' which was first published by De Rougé more than thirty-five years ago, there is a remarkable incident concerning the enchantress whose wickedness is the cause of the main tragedy.

'And the sea cried to the cedar, "O that I could seize her," and the cedar carried off one of her fragrant locks, and the sea carried it to Egypt, and laid it in the place where the washers of the king were; and the scent of the lock perfumed the clothes of the king.'

This might be regarded as a product of Egyptian fancy but for the curious fact that the incident is found also in a Hindu fairy tale,\* in which the magic princess has hair seven cubits long, a lock of which is wafted to a distant monarch; and in both versions the king sends at once to fetch the owner of the lock. Nor is this the only incident in which Egyptian fairy tales resemble those of Asia—the story of Sinbad is, for instance, found very early in Egypt. The recovery of the Tell Amarna tablets casts light on this subject by proving beyond dispute the actual importation of mythical tales. And the early dissemination of such legends, very long before the later Hebrews were led captives to Assyria, is also illustrated. It may be noticed in passing that the 'Tale of the Two Brothers' is often loosely said to resemble the story of Joseph. The latter does not contain any account of a magic princess, of a heart placed on the cedar, or of a cherub flying with the hero on his back: the only resemblance lies in an incident like that of Potiphar's wife, but the circumstances are quite different, and the story of Joseph might with equal reason be compared to that of Bellerophon and Antæa: the faithless wife is not a figure confined to mythology, and the difference between the Bible story and the myths in question lies in the fact that the former contains no marvellous element at all.

Of all the various writers Dusratta is the most prone to appeal to the gods. He invokes Ea, the chief deity of the Akkadians, and Istar of Nineveh, and Rimmon, and he fre-

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\* Folk Tales of Bengal. Rev. Lal Behari Day. London: 1893. Tale IV.

quently also invokes 'Amanu, my brother's god,' who was evidently the Egyptian deity *Amen*, the god of Thebes, 'the Lord of lords, the King of gods, the Father of fathers, the Mightiest of the mighty, the Substance which was from the beginning,' as he is termed in Egyptian hymns. Ribadda, the ruler of Gebal, also invokes his goddess Baalath, in a formula which is not found in any other letters. 'Baalath of Gebal,' he says, 'gives power to the king,' and in writing to *Amanubbi*, an Egyptian official, he says, 'Amen has given thee favour with thy lord;'\* and again, 'Amen and Baalath of Gebal give thee power in the presence of the king, thy lord.' Baalath was the chief goddess of Gebal, and is mentioned in connexion with that city not only in these letters, but also in the later papyrus of the 'Travels of an Egyptian,' and still later on the monumental stone of Jchumelek, discovered at Gebal itself. The sanctuary was apparently very venerable, for Ribadda specially mentions in one letter that the temple of Gebal was full of silver and gold, which, he fears, may fall into the hands of his foes.

Other gods besides those enumerated are mentioned, especially Dagon in Philistia, with Baal and Shamash (the Sun); but they are all familiar figures, and no new light is thrown on the religions of the age. It is remarkable, however, that the enemies against whom the southern supplicants are contending are said to have destroyed the temples. This was more than a mere difference of *cultus*, for, as we have seen, the exclusive worship of such a deity as Baalath did not preclude respect for other divinities. There must have been a much more serious difference of religious belief between the 'desert people' (who attacked Judea) and the Canaanites than any that divided the latter from the Egyptians. Even in later days we find the King of the Hittites invoking Egyptian deities side by side with Set and Istar, who were the chief divinities of his own country. It has been remarked by various translators—and first, we believe, by Dr. Sayce—that the word *Elohim*, or 'gods,' is used in these letters as a singular, and the title is often employed among the divine epithets which are applied to the King of Egypt, who is called the 'son of the sun,' and was clearly supposed (as among the Egyptians themselves) to spring from a divine origin. This use of the word *Elohim* is interesting to students of the Bible, and serves to

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\* Nos. 21, 22 of the British Museum Letters.

show how ancient might be written records in which it is used, whereas the sacred name of Jehovah (as we should naturally expect) is not found in use among the Canaanites. From its application to the King of Egypt it is clear that Elohim did not mean 'the gods,' but 'the God,' unless we are to regard it as signifying the 'Pantheon' as a whole; but any student of ancient mythology will be aware that local deities and varying names were understood to be but various manifestations of a single divine power. In the words of an Egyptian hymn, 'the One alone with many 'hands' was both Ra and Horus and 'Osiris, whom none knew, and of whom there was no true image.

The civilisation of Western Asia is abundantly manifested by the Tell Amarna letters. Government was maintained by petty kings in central towns which appear to have been fortified; and in all those regions which acknowledged the King of Egypt as master there were residents who by their names were clearly native Egyptians, whereas the various chiefs who wrote the letters were quite as clearly natives of Syria. Tribute was exacted, and was, no doubt, determined by the resident, who was supported by a force of chariots under his command. Thus all along the six hundred miles from Gaza to the confines of Assyria military posts might be found at stages of not more than ten or twenty miles, while other stations further inland protected the cross roads or guarded the mountain frontiers. The business of communication was entrusted not only to messengers and envoys, but, as is more than once stated, interpreters were sent to decipher and translate the letters which were despatched. One of these messengers from Babylonia was supplied with a kind of passport or introductory letter addressed by the 'great 'king' to all 'the kings of Canaan servants of my brother 'the King of Egypt,' which was sealed with the royal seal and which warned them not to injure the envoy.

The art of writing, though confined to the few, was common in all parts of the country, for even the chiefs of the smaller towns could find a scribe to write for them to their Egyptian master. The kings themselves, like the majority of their subjects, were very likely unable to read or write at all. At a time when the alphabet was still unknown, and when the clumsy system of the cuneiform demanded acquaintance with some three hundred different signs, it was no doubt regarded as a special study, which was confined to scribes, that a man should be able to indite a letter. In the Jerusalem correspondence, an appendix is

twice found addressed specially to the king's scribe in Egypt, exhorting him to explain the letter well. It should be remembered that this continued, in later times, to be the normal condition. The 'scribes' are mentioned in the Gospels as a distinct class, and in our own times the number of those who are able to write for themselves is still small in the East. Thus, when critics talk of 'publishing' the Hebrew Scriptures, and of their distribution as 'broad sheets,' they appear to forget the general ignorance, which rendered public reading as necessary in early times as it still is in Moslem countries, where readers of the Koran, or of the 'Thousand Nights and a Night,' have still a vocation.

On the other hand, it appears probable that there was a mutual acquaintance, between the Egyptians and their subjects, as regarded their respective languages. Thus, in one of his letters, Dusratta speaks of Khani, who was apparently an Egyptian, and calls him the *targuman*, or 'interpreter.' This ancient word is the origin of the modern term 'dragoman,' which our American cousins have fitted with a new plural when they speak of 'dragōmen.' Dusratta also sent an interpreter of his own, named Asalis, on the occasion of writing in his own language instead of the Assyrian. The term he uses is *talami*, which compares with the Turkic word *tilmes*, meaning an 'interpreter.' Throughout the correspondence Egyptian words occur, according to Major Conder, in connexion with Egyptian officials; and it appears that some at least of the Asiatics must have known Egyptian, while on the other hand the influence of Semitic speech in Egypt is manifested by the great number of foreign terms which were imported into the Egyptian language.

The respective rights of the various rulers to the possessions and persons of their subjects are also illustrated, both in these letters and later in the famous extradition treaty between Rameses II. and the Hittite King of Kadesh on the Orontes. The Prince of Alashiya writes in one instance to claim the property of one of his chiefs, who had died in Egypt. There are similar provisions in the later treaty. The 'law' of the King of Egypt is frequently mentioned, and many of the correspondents ask that inquiry be made of the residents, who will attest their fealty. It would seem that the Egyptian soldiers were rationed by the native chiefs, as part of their duty, for the supply of corn oil drink and beasts to the soldiers is mentioned more than once.

The trade which was carried on between the Phœnician cities and Egypt, partly by land and partly by sea, is also evidence of very considerable civilisation. The names of many of the articles mentioned are still doubtful, but it is clear that gold was sent from Egypt to Phœnicia, and was also sent from the East to Egypt. The notice of tin, copper, and ivory is of special interest and importance. In one of the letters from Alashiya there is a distinct notice that either 'copper' or else 'bronze' was not of common occurrence in Egypt. The sign used may have either value, and so resembles the Hebrew word rendered 'brass' in the English version. The reason is not far to seek, for bronze was not an actual invention, but rather a gradual revelation of the improvement that could be effected in copper by adding tin, so that the oldest bronze objects, both in Asia and in Egypt, have been found to have very little tin, while in later times the proportion gradually rose to ten per cent. In another letter tin is mentioned, and the Akkadians had very early learned to make bronze. The shores of Asia Minor produced copper, and its silver mines were famous; but the question of most interest is—whence was the tin obtained? In later times it came from the Scilly Isles or from Cornwall, and from India; but it was known long before these sources were discovered. It is not of common occurrence in Western Asia, though it appears to have existed in the Caucasus. The richest supply would be found in the Ural Mountains, and the question is whether we may suppose that, at so early a period, the civilised people of Asia already traded so far north. When we remember (as Miss Agnes Clerke has shown in her Homeric studies) how early amber must have been brought by Phœnician trade from the Baltic, there is perhaps no great improbability in supposing an early interchange of tin for other products between rude tribes of the Ural region and the dwellers in Armenia. Tin is mentioned in the Bible,\* and there is little doubt that it existed in small quantities in the Lebanon; but in the Book of Ezekiel it is said to have come to Tyre from Tarshish, or Tarsus in Asia Minor, with other metals.

In the same connexion the mention of ivory as an Asiatic object of commerce is very interesting. The Egyptians were already bringing both gold and ivory from the Soudan, and it is doubtful whence the ivory found in Cyprus in the time of Thothmes III. may have come. From Syria he obtained in

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\* Numbers xxxi. 22, Isaiah i. 25, Ezekiel xxii. 18, xxvii. 12.

one year twenty-six 'tusks of elephants,' and among the objects presented by the Phœnicians, in the pictures from a tomb at Thebes, one seems very clearly to be a white tusk, adorned with gold mountings. The word used to denote the elephant, in the Hebrew, Assyrian, and Egyptian languages alike, is the same that is used in Sanskrit and in Tamil; but on the other hand it is legitimate to ask whether the Asiatic elephant may not have had a much wider range in those early days than it now has. The lion, which is represented on Assyrian bas-reliefs, and which is noticed in the Lebanon as late as the fourteenth century B.C., and by Herodotus in Greece, has now become extinct in Western Asia, as has the wild bull (*Bos primigenius*), which was hunted in the Lebanon about 1100 B.C. The pictures of the Asiatic spoils of Thothmes III. include a good representation of an elephant, and on this point an inscription of the same reign perhaps throws light. The writer, an Egyptian commander, says:—

'Again I (saw) another wondrous deed which the ruler of the land did in the neighbourhood of Ni. He hunted an hundred and twenty elephants for the sake of their tusks . . . I fought the largest among them, which had attacked his holiness. I cut through its trunk (or hand). While yet alive it pursued me; and I went into the water between two rocks.'

The account of this adventure, taken with the other indications, seems to show the presence of wild elephants at Ni about 1600 B.C. The Karnak lists of towns and the Tell Amarna letters together show that Ni was a city on the Euphrates; and the deduction seems inevitable that elephants were then to be found in this vicinity, though it is of course possible that they may have been imported, as they were in the later times of Alexander, from Northern India. There can be little doubt that the ivory found in Syria at the time which we are considering was that of the Asiatic elephant, and was not imported from Egypt.

The lists of presents exchanged between the Egyptian and Asiatic kings will, no doubt, when they come to be fully understood, give further information as to the art and commerce of the age; but the reading of such lists presents special difficulties. Among these presents gold thrones are often mentioned, and precious stones, with sceptres of some hard wood specially prized, and some white stone—perhaps alabaster. Lapis lazuli is also mentioned, according to Dr. Bezold, and thrones of gold and ivory, and gold and wood. Horses and chariots were also sent, and molten silver, from Asia Minor. Our best information is, however, still derived

from Egyptian pictures of the tribute or presents brought by the Phœnicians, which show how far advanced was the art of the age in Syria itself. The vases borne by the envoys are represented as adorned with repoussé work in gold, silver, and bronze, and animal heads were already carved with great beauty as ornaments on the handles. The Hittite hieroglyphics, which are probably quite as ancient, show us how faithfully animal forms were represented even in hard basalt.

Such then, without entering into any of the controversial questions which arise in the translation of various passages, are the broad results which accrue from study of the Tell Amarna letters, in connexion with other monumental remains of the same age; the wonderful increase obtained of our knowledge concerning the history and social conditions of Western Asia about the time of Joshua's conquest of Palestine will be evident. Civilisation not only existed in these regions in the time of Moses, but it can be traced back to 1700 B.C. in Phœnicia; and in Babylonia the granite statues of Tell Loh carry back the arts of monumental writing and of sculpture to the very days of Abraham; while in Sinai and at Memphis we have also existing remains of Egyptian culture, which are equally ancient. We know for certain that, although the alphabet was still to be evolved, the art of writing was commonly practised throughout Palestine before the time of Joshua. We no longer see any anachronism in the early mention of written epistles in the Bible, or in the discovery of a Babylonian garment in the tent of Achan. We no longer wonder at the Midianite merchants, who carried spices to Egypt when Joseph was led down as a slave. We no longer doubt that chariots may have fetched Jacob to Goshen, or that the Canaanites possessed chariots of iron two centuries after the time when the Tell Amarna letters were written. The Hittite and the Amorite stand before us on the monuments, vividly portrayed with all the racial characteristics and differences of dress which distinguished their distinct nationalities. We learn the names of their chiefs, and we even perhaps read of the Hebrew conquest of Judea. We see that it would have been quite possible for Hebrew history to have been committed to writing, on tables of stone or bricks of clay, even before Moses was born; and that instead of living in some remote corner, as savages unacquainted with any useful arts, the Hebrews came in contact with an advanced civilisation, in Palestine itself, the moment they left the



deserts of Edom: that they found a country full of corn, wine, and oil, with 'cities walled to heaven,' and 'out of whose hills thou mayest dig copper.' It is not any longer a question of opinion whether the Old Testament statements on such matters are to be received with faith or to be treated with the suspicion which some thinkers regard as a mark of superior intellect; for we have the picture fully drawn by the contemporary artist, and the history told by the contemporary scribe. In future it will not be thought sufficient that a scholar should be acquainted with the language of the Old Testament, or with the critical expositions of the moderns; for unless he has personal knowledge of the dialects in which monumental notices are written, and of the characters used by the Tell Amarna scribes, he must henceforth be regarded as only half equipped for his task. The testimony of the stones pronounces in favour of the knowledge and honesty of the great writers of old, when traduced by those whose unkempt and ignorant forefathers were driving their wagons over the desolate steppes of the Volga regions, while art and poetry, commerce and literature, were already flourishing among the Chaldeans and Egyptians, the Hittites and Phœnicians, and in the plains of Southern Palestine itself.

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ART. II.—*The Land of Home Rule: An Essay on the History and Constitution of the Isle of Man.* By SPENCER WALPOLE. London: 1893.

WE must express some regret and astonishment that Mr. Walpole should have entitled his Essay on the History and Constitution of the Isle of Man 'The Land of Home Rule.' Mr. Walpole is an historical author of so much judgement, accuracy, and moderation, and this book is so marked by all these characteristics, that it is certainly surprising that he should have fallen into the error of giving it a title which, however much it may attract the attention of readers for the moment, is both troublesome and misleading. For any one who hereafter wishes to consult the latest work on the constitution and history of the Isle of Man will hardly seek for it under this particular title. Even if the title had been an accurate description of one characteristic of the country, it is not under a particular description of a place that we look for books upon it. More than one of the South American republics may well be termed

the land of repudiation, but that description would not be one which we should look for in a catalogue. We make this protest because, among the daily increasing mass of literature, it is of importance that the reader should find that the titles of books correctly indicate their contents; and if writers of the reputation of Mr. Walpole do not help us in this respect, from whom indeed can we look for guidance?

Again, if we take the term Home Rule as generally accepted in the political parlance of the day, it cannot with accuracy be said that the Isle of Man is a land of Home Rule: it is a place not as large and, if we may say so, not as important as many an English county which manages its purely local affairs; but for the higher purposes of government it is a kind of tempered autocracy: the Governor is the responsible authority, and the Imperial Government has a direct veto on all insular legislation. This is clear from the description which Mr. Walpole gives of the progress of legislation after a bill has passed the insular Legislature.

Of this Legislature it may be desirable to say a word or two. It consists of a Legislative Council composed of the Governor, the Bishop, two Deemsters, Clerk of the Rolls, the Archdeacon, the Receiver-General and the Vicar-General, which has legislative and co-ordinate authority with the Lower House or House of Keys. But it is only within modern times that the Council has grown into a purely legislative body. It was in some statutes called 'the Lord's Council,' in others the 'Officers of the Lord's Council,' and even at the end of the last century it was uncertain of whom it should consist. But it has at length become crystallised into an upper or second chamber, with a definite and ascertained number of members.

The House of Keys, of the name of which we shall speak later, consists of twenty-four members elected since 1866 by popular franchise. Originally it was, in fact, merely a jury of worthy men assembled for judicial purposes; but gradually it became a body usually summoned by the lord of the island to advise him in regard to legislative matters. Thus it was not surprising that it should in time become simply and solely a legislative chamber, elected, when democratic ideas became common, by the inhabitants of the island. To revert, then to the occurrences after a Bill has passed through the insular Legislature:—

The Bill thus passed is sent by the Governor to the Home Office for the royal assent. The practice in London is to refer it to the law officers of the Crown, who draw up a report upon it. If that report is

favourable to its passage, it is laid before her Majesty in Council, who thereupon, by and with the advice of her Council, approves thereof, and orders that the measure be confirmed, ratified, and enacted accordingly. The Act, however, does not become law till it is subsequently promulgated on the 5th July, or on some other day specially named by the Governor, at the Tynwald court annually held at St. John's in the open air.

'As a matter of fact, the law officers not unfrequently draw attention in their reports to alight technical points which they consider should be amended before a measure actually receives the royal assent, but there is not, at any rate in recent years, any precedent for the assent of the Crown being withheld from a measure on its principle. It is difficult to imagine that such a course could arise. The Governor represents the Crown in the Island; his assent is necessary to every measure before it can become law; and it may be reasonably expected that any Governor who understood his duty would ascertain from the Government their wishes in respect to any legislation which seemed likely to be regarded as objectionable; and, by refusing his own assent to it, would save her Majesty from taking the extreme course of disallowing it in Council.' (Pp. 270, 271.)

Here we have a direct power in the Home Government to stay Manx legislation if it thinks fit, though in practice, the Governor having the prior veto, the Government in London has no need to interfere. But the great powers of the Governor are again best shown by Mr. Walpole's own words.

'The Governor,' he says, 'it has been already shown, has by statute a direct veto on all expenditure, but by usage he exercises a still stronger power. Just as in Parliament no motion involving expenditure can be brought forward except on the recommendation of the Crown, so in Tynwald no motion involving expenditure may be made without the sanction of the Governor. The financial control, therefore, to a large extent rests with the Governor; he shapes the financial policy of the Island, and is responsible for its results.' (Pp. 274, 275.)

But, speaking of the functions other than financial, Mr. Walpole writes:—

'Any one who has read the preceding account with attention will have observed the unique position which is occupied in the Island by the Governor. As the representative of the Sovereign, he has succeeded to many of the functions and privileges of the old Lords; and the circumstances of the Island, which is too small for the formation of a regular Ministry, has confirmed him in the possession of these powers, and has vested in him the sole executive authority. Thus, in addition to his legislative duties as president of the Tynwald court and of the Council, he discharges many of the duties which in other countries are performed by responsible Ministers. He is his own finance minister, his own home secretary, his own president of the

Local Government Board. If taxes are imposed, they are imposed at his suggestion; if expenditure is brought forward, it is proposed on his authority; if licenses are issued for the custody of dangerous goods, they are issued under his signature; if even local authorities require to borrow fresh money, the Tynwald court has required them of recent years to lay their applications before the Governor, with such information as he may require, in order that his opinion may be pronounced on their policy. Add to this that the Governor is responsible for the preservation of order; that the police of the Island are directly under his control; that, from the chief constable to the lowest constable, they act under his commission; that the insular prison is under his supervision; and it will be seen how large is the range of his administrative duties, which steadily tend to increase with the increasing requirements of modern society.

‘But the administrative duties of the Governor form only one portion of his functions. He is not only Governor, but Chancellor. Till a few years ago he regularly presided at every sitting of the Chancery Court; he is also president of the Common Law Division of the High Court; he always presides when appeals are heard either from the superior or inferior courts of the Island; he presides at the general court of gaol delivery; he directs the examination of candidates for the Manx Bar; he regulates the terms of their admission to it; he commissions them to practise; in short, just as he is the supreme administrative authority in the Island, so the highest judicial powers are confided to him.

‘To these duties must be added those which he discharges as the representative of the Sovereign. In this capacity he summons the Legislature, he dissolves the House of Keys, he may prorogue the Legislature. The Tynwald cannot even adjourn of its own motion; it can only be adjourned by the Governor. Its members are forced to obey the Governor's precept to attend its meetings. His name may not be used to influence debate. When he speaks, he speaks sitting. The Keys at the end of each sitting send him a deputation to report their proceedings. In addition to these duties connected with the Legislature, he exercises as representative of the Sovereign the prerogative of pardon; he disposes of most of the patronage of the Island. The appointments, which are made directly by the Sovereign, are made on his recommendation, conveyed through the Secretary of State. Justices are similarly included in the Commission of the Peace on his nomination. Traces of a Manx militia still survive in the appointment of captains authorised to train the force in their respective parishes, and these officers receive their commissions from the Governor. The officers of the Isle of Man Volunteers also receive their commissions from the Governor, and not from the Crown.

‘Thus, in the Legislature, in the Judicature, and in the Executive, power is largely concentrated in the Governor; and, strangely enough, the progress of ideas, instead of limiting, tends to extend his authority. The precise influence which he may exert will necessarily depend on the character and capacity of the individual who happens to hold that office. But it will in any case be large, and in the hands of a man of

judgement it will continue to increase. Judged by the powers which have been already enumerated, the Governor appears possessed of almost autocratic authority. Responsible as he is to the Crown alone, there seems at first sight no limit to his power. But, in practice, a Governor thrown into constant communication with the people, who approach him on every kind of business, and periodically confronted, not with his Council alone, but with the two branches of the Legislature in Tynwald, necessarily learns to mould his views to the people's views, and to give shape and effect to their wishes. 'Thus, while the authority of the Governor tends to increase, its increase is regarded without jealousy. And the Legislature over which he presides, instead of restricting his functions, recognises, and even extends, his authority; and gladly sees him exerting his legitimate influence in promoting and directing the good government of the Island.' (Pp. 277-280.)

We have given some space to this account of the functions of the Governor in order that it may be clear that Home Rule so called in the Isle of Man is no precedent for the Home Rule which Mr. Gladstone desires to bestow on Ireland. The Manx are under the sway of an official closely resembling a French *préfet*, who is the trusted agent of the Home Office in London; and if this island were inhabited by a people with the temperament and the history of the Irish, there would occur a perpetual and a bitter struggle between the people of the island on the one hand and the Governor and the Imperial Government on the other. Again, if any lesson in reference to the present great political struggle is to be learned from the character of the people of the Isle of Man, it is that the Irish are unfit for Home Rule. We have already seen the position of the Governor in relation to the insular Legislature, but in Ireland, to take another point, there are two parts of the island vitally opposed, both as regards the religion and the character of their inhabitants, and in other parts there are classes strongly differing both in religion and habits. In the Isle of Man, on the contrary, all classes live in harmony, and there is so little religious difference among the inhabitants that, in Mr. Walpole's words, 'the bulk of the population may be described paradoxically as Nonconformists who conform to the Church.'

'Many of them attend the service of the church on Sunday morning and the service of the Dissenting chapel on Sunday evening, while most of them bring their children to church to be christened, and come to church themselves to be married. Nonconformity in the Island has thus never taken the aggressive form which it wears in other Celtic communities. The tithe is paid without murmuring; a

small cess is annually voted in almost every parish in the Island, and excites no remonstrance; religion rarely enters into insular politics; and Churchmen and Nonconformists are not divided, as in other places, into opposite camps.' (P. 257.)

Not only, however, are religious differences among the people of the island unknown, politics, as we understand the term, are also not to be found; in other words, the questions which raise discussions are such as on this side of the Channel might be debated in county councils or at the meetings of a local board. 'Differences of opinion,' writes Mr. Walpole (p. 28), 'of course occur, but in neither branch of the Legislature are rival views of government maintained by opposing factions. Questions affecting particular places in the island, or the rival interests of town and country, occasionally excite debate, but a struggle between Liberals and Conservatives, or between Church and Dissent, is unknown.' In other words, the Home Rule of the Isle of Man is at the most mere gas and water Home Rule.

Hence it is obvious that, for the purposes of practical politics, the so-called Home Rule of the Isle of Man is useless, as an example, when we discuss the question of Home Rule for Ireland. It is therefore better to leave the political question of the hour, and to consider Mr. Walpole's interesting work simply and solely as an essay on the Isle of Man. The writer intentionally avoids the minuteness of Train's detailed history,\* but he states with clearness and precision the main facts which are to be gathered from former writers and from independent sources. He gives us in a moderate compass, and with the skill of a trained writer, some account of a place which from its natural position has a unique history and a curious constitution, and which, until quite a recent date, was full of quaint and picturesque customs retained among a people of great individuality living in an island where mountain and sea unite to produce scenery of a wild and uncommon character.

If we endeavour to trace the history of the Isle of Man from a prehistoric age, we are soon involved in assumptions and in uncertainty. Its very name has formed the subject of much learned and not uninteresting controversy. A natural solution of the difficulty is that which Professor Rhys has proposed, that it means the island of the Picts.

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\* An Historical and Statistical Account of the Isle of Man, from the Earliest Times to the Present Date. By Joseph Train. Douglas: 1845.

These people were the earliest inhabitants of the island of whom any traces are found, 'that small, black-haired people' who were known as Iberians in Spain and as Silures in 'Wales,' and who were known as Picts in Scotland and in Ireland as Scots, and to whom the Romans applied the name Picti. In Gaelic the name would thus be the Isle of Mannan; in Welsh, of Monaw; in Latin, of Menapia and Mona. This pre-Aryan race gave way to the Celts, who in their turn were subdued by the great Scandinavian race which has left an indelible mark on the people of Western Europe. The island remained under the dominion of the Norsemen until the year 1270, when Alexander III. of Scotland, who two years before had defeated Haco of Norway at the battle of Largs, and thus put an end to the power of the Norse in the Western Hebrides, reduced the Isle of Man to an appanage of the Scottish Crown. During the centuries which preceded this event the island had many rulers, one Norse chieftain succeeded another by descent or by the right of warfare. Not a few picturesque legends have gathered round these stalwart Vikings—round the valiant Orry and Hacon, prince of seamen, who, as a vassal of Edgar of England, twice a year sailed round the narrow seas to rid them of piratical rovers.

A period of some 135 years now elapsed, during which the little island was tossed like a ball from one ruler to another—from Scotchman to Englishman, and from Englishman to Scotchman. After the death of Alexander III., Edward I. assumed the position of lord paramount, and in his turn restored the actual sovereignty of the island to Baliol. It passed after an interval to the possession of George Dunbar, Earl of March, and finally to Percy, Earl of Northumberland, after whose attainder and banishment it was, in 1405, granted to Sir John Stanley for life, and, in the following year, 'to him, his heirs and successors, to be held 'of the Crown of England.' With this date we close the second period of Manx history and stand on firmer ground; for, 'with the exception of a short interval during the rebellion, Sir John and his descendants held the sovereignty till 'it was purchased from the last of them nearly 360 years 'afterwards by the government of Great Britain.' During the break in the rule of the Stanleys in the time of the Commonwealth, the lordship of the island was vested in Thomas, Lord Fairfax. But the master of Nun Appleton does not appear ever to have visited the island, or to have been more

than a nominal ruler. This was not surprising; for no man cared less for the kind of pseudo-sovereignty and travesty of royalty which were characteristic of the lordship of this Lilliputian kingdom. But during these three and a half centuries there were in reality two dynasties—first, the Stanleys, whose lordship continued till 1736, and, secondly, the Murrays—that is to say, the dukes of Athole. This change in the lordship of the island came about in this wise. James, the tenth Earl of Derby, was childless, and on his death, in 1736, the earldom reverted to his cousin, Sir Edward Stanley, a lineal descendant of the first earl.

‘The Isle of Man did not pass with Lord Derby’s best known title and his English estates. The succession to it was governed by the conditions under which it had been re-granted to the sixth Earl by James I., and by the provisions of the Act of Parliament which affirmed the grant. By these conditions the Island reverted, on failure of heirs male to the sixth Earl, to the heirs general or right heirs of James the seventh, or great, Earl of Derby. In 1726 the right heir of the seventh Earl was Lady Harriet Ashburnham, the only daughter of Lord Ashburnham by his wife Henrietta, daughter of William, ninth Lord Derby. The Act of 1726 empowered Lady Henrietta, as well as her trustee, to treat for the sale of the Island; and, in the event of the treaty being made, to make the sale effectual notwithstanding her minority. Lady Harriet, however, died while she was a child, and the succession to the island then reverted to the Duke of Athole, whose maternal grandmother was daughter of the seventh Earl of Derby.’ (P. 209.)

The sovereignty of the Atholes ended in 1765, in consequence of what is known as the Act of Revestment, which revested the island in the Crown of England in consideration of a sum of 70,000*l.* and a pension of 2,000*l.* a year, payable out of the Irish revenues to the third duke and his duchess for their joint lives. But the Act, while it took from the duke his sovereignty in exchange for this very substantial sum,

‘left him a great manorial lord, with the land, with the minerals of the island, with large ecclesiastical patronage, and with the privilege, which no other subject possessed, of presenting to the bishopric.’ (P. 217.)

In 1805, after many previous unsuccessful attempts, the existing duke, through the influence of Mr. Pitt, obtained an annuity equal to one-fourth of the gross customs revenue of the island, and in 1829 the entire remaining interest of the duke was purchased by the Crown, including the annuity



granted in 1805.\* The cause of the sale of the Isle of Man to the British Government was the necessity of putting an end to the smuggling which the position of the island enabled dishonest men to carry on.

'Vessels, therefore, from the East Indies, from Europe, and from elsewhere, were openly consigned to Manx ports; and the cargoes which were thus landed were run at any convenient opportunity to the English, Scotch, and Irish coasts. So extensive was the traffic, that the Commissioners of Customs and Excise in Scotland, writing in 1764, officially estimated the loss to the revenue of Great Britain at no less than 350,000*l.* a year. As almost every one in the island, from the Lord downwards, drew some advantage from the rich stream of wealth which was being suddenly poured upon its shores, no one displayed any anxiety to stop the trade. The Legislature in 1697 even repealed the statute which had been passed more than 250 years before to regulate the conduct of aliens, and they declared, in doing so, that "it was the goodwill and pleasure of the Right Honourable the Lord of the Isle to have the said laws repealed, for the encouragement of all foreigners and strangers to reside here." (Pp. 205, 206.)

At the present day there may still be seen, in many of the older houses standing near the sea, passages and cellars which were once filled with the valuable goods which were ultimately to find their way by stealth to Liverpool or Chester. There never was, in fact, a place more suited for the smuggler than the Isle of Man. In position it was adjacent to the Irish, the Scotch, and the English coasts, and its sheltered bays were admirably adapted to harbour the small sailing craft which conveyed the wares of the world across the intervening channel. From the bay of Castletown, sheltered by the long low projection of Langness, it was easy to drop down past the high cliffs of Spanish Head and the rocks of the Calf, and sail across to Dublin or Wexford, whilst the beautiful bay of Douglas was an anchorage for craft of all sizes. Its inhabitants, too, possessed all the vigour of their northern forefathers and all their seafaring instincts, rendered more acute by centuries of contact with the waves. 'The Norse,' writes Mr. Walpole on this point,

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* 'Annuity under Act of 1805 . . . . .	£150,000
Lands or quit-rents and alienation fines . . . .	84,200
Ecclesiastical patronage, mines, and other rights	232,944

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£417,144'

'have left a more lasting impression of their rule in the Island, than it is possible to trace in material monuments or modern speech, in the physical stature of the people. Mark, on any summer evening, the bronzed but fair-haired men, large in limb and tall in stature, fitting out their boats for the herring-fishing, or see them riding on the storm-tossed waters, at home and secure, then you will see traces of the old seafaring spirit which, a thousand years ago, sent the Vikings from their creeks on an enterprise of plunder and conquest. And if this be true of other places, where the dark-haired and fair-haired strangers came, it is eminently true of the little island which for three centuries was the centre of their power. It is the Manx fishermen who, in our own time, have opened up the fisheries of South-Western Ireland; it is the Manx fishermen who own the finest and fastest fishing-boats in the British seas. Wherever fish may be found, there the Manx fishermen will go. Of them it is literally true—

" Their home is on the ocean deep,  
Their cradle on the wave."

(Pp. 77, 78.)

But the men who at the present time are honest fishermen and sailors, in the middle of the last century were the boldest of smugglers; so that both the natural position and formation of the island and the character and habits of its people tended to make it a mere warehouse for what Manxmen called 'the trade.' It is easy to find picturesque incidents and traits of individual hardihood in the carrying on of this occupation, but it had risen to such a height that the island in its independent state had become intolerable to the British Government. It is somewhat of a digression to have referred here to a characteristic practice of the people of this island, but in giving a brief outline of what may be termed the dynastic history of the island, it is necessary to point out the reason which caused it to come directly under the authority of the Crown.

From the foregoing sketch the course of the sovereignty of the island will be readily understood; but without also a clear appreciation of the racial and family elements of this sovereignty it is impossible to realise the national or the individual incidents of its history, or to appreciate its unique position as a home of traditions and customs which have survived for centuries. This was a community which, though close to larger and more important countries, yet preserved during the whole period of English history up to the reign of George III. its separate nationality, and to a large extent a separate language. There is, indeed, a singular continuity in the history of the constitution of the Isle of Man, and at the end of the nineteenth century we are still

brought into contact with customs which have descended from prehistoric times.

The Norseman was a conqueror rather than a colonist; he came as a man of war among an aboriginal population; he intermarried with Celtic women, and thus, as was natural, so far as language is concerned, the original tongue outlived that of the newcomer. Out of 1,500 place-names of the present day, 68 per cent. are Celtic, 9 per cent. are purely Scandinavian, and 6 per cent. are of mixed Celtic and Scandinavian origin. Among the people themselves 'the Celtic names tended to survive, the Scandinavian names to die out. Even where the Scandinavian root could be detected in the name it was much corrupted with some Celtic prefix' (p. 77). But if the Celt has survived in language, it is undeniable that the Norseman has left his mark among the people; for the stalwart fair-haired seamen are the direct descendants of their Scandinavian forefathers. The Norsemen have bequeathed, too, a permanent relic of their race in the assembly known as the Tynwald. It consists at the present time of the House of Keys, which, as already stated, is the people's chamber (being now elected on a popular franchise), and the Council or upper chamber. But it has survived in the double form during the course of centuries, for 'it was only in later times, when the introduction of feudal ideas led to the creation of baronies in the island, that the barons summoned to its meetings prepared the way for an upper chamber.' Tynwald was the open-air legislature which the Scandinavians were everywhere wont to establish, and it is remarkable, to quote from Professor Worsaae's work on the Danes and Northmen (p. 296), that

'the last remains of the old Scandinavian Thing, which, for the protection of public liberty, was held in the open air, in the presence of the assembled people, and conducted by the people's chiefs and representatives, are to be met with not in the North itself, but in a little island far towards the West, and in the midst of the British kingdom.' (P. 48.)

A visitor can yet vividly realise the ancient custom, for on the 5th of July Tynwald assembles on what is called the Tynwald Hill, and there the Governor sits with his face to the east, and the laws which have been passed during the previous year are promulgated in the Manx and English tongue. The ancient ceremony, which was once solemnly performed on this same hillside before the rude warriors of the North, survives as a mere antiquarian relic, to the amusement of persons ignorant of its origin and its meaning.

In a word, there still exists, for one day in the year, the ancient Scandinavian assembly. But the rude gathering of the worthiest men in the land, with the Lord and the Deemster (*Domstiorar*), has become a legislative assembly, composed of two chambers, one elected by the people, the other, as in crown colonies, composed of high officials. The interest of the scene lies in the historic continuity which it depicts, not broken by the lapse of centuries. The Lower Assembly has from time immemorial been known as the House of Keys, and not a little ingenuity has been spent on the meaning of this word. A *Manx* statute of 1422 mentions the Keys as being called *Taxiaxi*. No meaning has ever been satisfactorily given to the word, and a reasonable explanation of the later name of Keys appears to be that of M. Vigfusson, who suggests that they were the Keise or chosen ones—in other words, the representatives of the people. But it would be rash to dogmatise where skilled philologists are at fault.\*

Another mark of the Norseman is still visible in the division of the island into six sheadings, which contain seventeen parishes, originally formed for military purposes. The sheading has developed into a judicial and political division; thus while it remains as a relic of the warlike Scandinavian organisation, it has totally lost its ancient purpose.

Space will not permit us to refer to the more purely archaeological remains of the earlier inhabitants which are to be found scattered over the island, nor to the many old customs which are gradually dying out. Much information on these subjects will be found in Train's laborious work. Before, however, we pass on to note some of the most marked incidents in the later history of the Isle of Man, which stand out prominently in Mr. Walpole's essay, we may refer to one *Manx* custom, not because it is more curious or more interesting than others of which traces are to be found, but because it will serve as an example of the tenacity of rites whose origin is lost in obscurity.

On St. Stephen's Day lads and youths still hunt the wren. But the little brown-plumaged bird is no longer disturbed from an old elm tree or a sheltered hedge; any small bird is now good enough. A robin or a sparrow is hung on a stick among a bundle of evergreens, and the laughing throng dance round it singing a quaint doggerel rhyme of which the beginning runs thus:—

" We'll away to the woods," says Robbin the Bobbin ;  
 " We'll away to the woods," says Richard the Robbin ;  
 " We'll away to the woods," says Jackey the Laird ;  
 " We'll away to the woods," says every one.  
 " What will we do there ? " says Robbin the Bobbin.\*  
 " We'll hunt the wren," says Robbin the Bobbin.'

This appears a meaningless, though harmless, foolery ; but the origin of it has puzzled antiquarians, as it can be traced back in more solemn form for centuries. It has been, writes Mr. Walpole, 'referred to Druidical times.' Colonel Vallancey, in his '*Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*,' says :— 'The Druids represent this [the wren] as the king of all the birds. The superstitious respect shown to [it] gave offence to our first Christian missionaries, and by their commands he is still hunted and killed on Christmas Day' (p. 20). The explanation may or may not be sound ; but it is quite certain that what has now become a mere childish amusement at a joyous season had once a serious meaning in primitive ages. But to revert to our narrative.

It was natural that the material prosperity of the Isle of Man should not be great in days which, however full of romance they may appear to us now, were in truth times of bloodshed and barbarity.

'The island was in turns wasted by the attacks of its enemies and the exactions of its own kings. The blood of its people was shed in expeditions to Ireland or to Western Scotland, in which they had no direct concern, or in civil struggles between rival candidates for its throne, who, whether they succeeded or failed, were equally insensible to the true interests of their subjects. In such circumstances the island became a desolate waste. Its inhabitants, lodged in miserable dwellings, gained a precarious livelihood from the imperfect cultivation of its soil, or from an intermittent prosecution of its fisheries. Trade languished, or rather degenerated into piracy, and the island became, as the first Edward described it, "*desolata et multis miseriis occupata*." (P. 93.)

But the misfortunes of some give opportunities to others, and the Roman Church had gradually attained permanent power. Much of the land of the island was in its hands, and it practically possessed both the power of life and death and of exacting money and kind from the inhabitants. Thus, for example, the best animal of a dead man was payable to the Church as a funeral due, and in scores of ways great and small the Manx were suffering from ecclesiastical

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\* Each line is repeated four times, in the same manner as the first and last are.

oppression. It was, therefore, fortunate for the islanders when they were placed under the rule of a family so capable as that of the Stanleys, and when the second Sir John became ruler of his insular kingdom, he set himself to curb the power of the Church and to organise and strengthen the civil government. He abolished right of sanctuary and made the laws to run throughout the island and apply alike to layman and clerical, and he organised the civil power generally and established order and good government. In fact, the Isle of Man was thus placed, so far as regards civil and religious liberty, in advance of England. The lord was, no doubt, supreme; he exacted his dues, and the peasant and the fisherman he regarded pretty much as his chattels, but 'the Manxman enjoyed comparative liberty, the soil brought him the little which was necessary for his frugal existence, and the rich though fluctuating harvest of the sea supplemented the food which he drew from the land.' If he lived remote from the larger influences which agitated England and the Continent, and if he could take no part in the greater movements of the age, he was fortunate in having a peaceful home untouched by the ravages of war and in being free from religious persecution.

There can, however, be no question that it is in the middle of the seventeenth century that most men will regard the history of the Isle of Man with the keenest interest. Force of individual character looms greatest on a small stage, and it was during the reign, if we may so call it, of William, Earl of Derby, who succeeded to the lordship of the island in 1637, that personages far above the ordinary appear upon the scene. That Earl of Derby has made his mark in the history of England, and he is, as Mr. Walpole himself says, 'the most striking figure that has yet arisen in insular history:' we may go further and add, or who appeared at all in the story of this little island. His wife, by her defence of Lathom House, continues to live in history, and Charlotte de la Tremouille remains to this day a heroine of her age. Lord Derby, as is well known, was beheaded at Bolton in October 1651 for his participation in the ill-starred rising which ended in the battle of Worcester. But it is with what they did in the Isle of Man that we are now concerned, and this Lord Derby stands out as an enlightened and high-minded ruler. The terms in which he explained the reasons for selecting one Captain Greenhalgh as governor in 1640 are so full of the very spirit of the man that they will

explain his character better than any mere description can do:—

“First, he is a gentleman born, and such will usually scorn to do a base act.

“His ancestors have dwelt in my house, as the best, if not all the good families in Lancashire have done. This certainly might breed a desire in the man that the house where his predecessors have served might still flourish.

“He hath a good estate of his own, and therefore need not borrow of another, which hath heretofore been a fault in this country. For that Governors who have wanted were forced to be beholden unto those that, may be, were the parties most offending against Lord and country. The borrower becomes servant to the lender.

“He was a deputy-lieutenant and justice of the peace in this country; in which places he did his king and country good service; and with good reputation.

“He governed his own affairs well; he was, therefore, much more likely to do mine so.

“He hath been approved valiant, and is therefore fitter for your trust.

“He is such, that I thank God for him, and I charge you love and cherish him.” (Pp. 132, 133.)

In 1643 Lord Derby crossed over to the island and took the government into his own hands. He very soon, like his predecessor, Sir John, began to lower the pretensions of the Church, and he undoubtedly put an end to a large number of grievances in this direction; he sternly repressed crime; he put an end to the so-called ‘breast laws’ of the Deemsters—in other words, he reduced a traditionary mass of laws to a written code; he introduced a period of limitation to civil actions and criminal prosecutions, and he established a uniform system of leasehold tenure for twenty-one years or for lives in place of the tenancies at will with a species of customary descent from father to son, and in some instances of the right of sale which had formerly prevailed.\* This new system, though it had the merit of uniformity, in after years became a grievance to the islanders, and the change

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\* The state of matters is clearly given by Keble in his ‘Life of Bishop Wilson’ (vol. i. p. 168): ‘His customary tenants had for years got into a way of conveying the lands which they held of him as if they were absolutely their own, by sale or for a term of years, to whom they pleased, giving a kind of seisin by delivery of a straw. And the tenure created by this ceremony was called the “Tenure of the Straw.” It amounted in their view to absolute ownership, with the exception of some merely nominal payment to the lord. They might let, sell, or give without any reference to him.’

of it, as we shall presently see, is one of the landmarks in the history of the island. But under a ruler careful, conscientious, and anxious for the welfare of his people, it probably was not only satisfactory, but gave opportunity for the increase of the good government of the island. A system, however, which may work satisfactorily under exceptional circumstances will break down on other occasions. Every ruler of the Isle of Man was not like the 'great Earl 'of Derby,' as he has been called, a nobleman with all the instincts of a statesman, albeit not a little of an autocrat, though fortunately in a dominion where personal government did not meet with the antagonism of popular or religious forces.

Having touched upon the land system of the Isle of Man, it will be convenient to follow the subject to later times, especially as it brings us in contact with another personage whose fame has spread far beyond the Isle of Man. For the change in the land system, which occurred in 1704, is closely connected with Bishop Wilson, a prelate who, for devotion to his diocese and for sanctity of life, has long been held up as an example to succeeding generations. But he did not confine himself to the affairs of the Church; like many good men of later times, he was anxious to improve the condition of his people in secular matters, and his efforts, like those of many good men who have left their particular sphere, were sometimes fuller of good intentions than of practical utility. But in regard to the land question he behaved with sagacity and effect. The leasehold tenure, introduced by William, Earl of Derby, was not one which satisfied the Manx people. The state of affairs for the last part of the seventeenth century is summarised in the prefatory memorandum which the Legislature prefixed to the Act of Tynwald to which we shall presently allude, which was passed in 1704, and is known in Manx history by the comprehensive title of the Act of Settlement.

"The ancient feudatory tenures of the Isle between the Lord and his tenants having in the year 1643, by undue means, been changed into leasehold estates, the regular course of descent, which before had flowed in an easy uninterrupted stream, was thereby clogged with difficulties not to be born (*sic*), the tenants grew dissatisfied, and much litigation ensued, which tended to dissolve all harmony and subordination between them and their chief, so essential to their mutual interest and happiness; for remedy whereof the Act of Tynwald, commonly called the Act of Settlement . . . passed at a



Tynwald court holden at St. John's Chapel within the said Isle, the fourth day of February, in the year of our Lord 1703."\* (P. 199.)

The cause of the existing dissatisfaction among the Manx people was obvious; it arose from the uncertainty of their tenure of the land, which was impossible for them to alienate; at the end of the lease the tenant was altogether in the power of the lord, or rather of his agent; the son did not know if he would succeed his father, and this alone was sufficient to create a dissatisfied population in a place where the hereditary principle had been customary for centuries.

Bishop Wilson clearly saw that there were causes of continual disagreement in this system, and he prevailed on William, Earl of Derby, to investigate the matter, and listen to the views of the islanders, and, finally, to sanction an arrangement which was formally incorporated in the so-called Act of Settlement.† The immediate results of this statute are thus shortly and clearly stated by Mr. Walpole:—

'Speaking broadly, there were three kinds of property affected by the settlement: (1) land which had always been the property of the Lord, and which was divided into quarterlands; (2) land which had originally been the property of the Lord, but which at various periods had been granted to the great religious foundations, and had only reverted to the Lord after the suppression of the monasteries; (3) encroachments on the Lord's land, whether quarterland or common land, which had been appropriated by private individuals, and which were known as intacks.

'The tenants of quarterlands, of abbey lands, and of intacks appropriated before 1643 were all included in the benefits of the settlement. All of them were given fixity of tenure at their existing rents. All of them were confirmed in their ancient customary estates of inheritance in their respective tenements. All of them were accorded a right of alienating their property. In return for these great privileges, tenants whose leases were expired, by the lapse of all the three lives or of time, were to pay the same fine which had been paid on the original grant of the leases in 1643; tenants whose leases had not expired by

\* The date would now be February, 1704.

† The following quaint and characteristic memorandum by the Bishop is published in Keble's 'Life,' vol. i. p. 185:—'Sept. 6, 1708. Praised be God for His favours vouchsafed to me, for on this day I was, I hope, a happy instrument in bringing the Lord of Man and his people to an Agreement, and his Lordship has on this day condescended to settle them upon a certain tenure, the want of which they have laboured under for at least one hundred yeares. What the consequence may be I know not; but this I know, that to the best of my knowledge I acted uprightly in this whole affaire, and God be praised for it.'

the lapse of lives were to pay two-thirds of their fines; while on each change of tenancy, either by death or alienation, one-third of the same fine was to be payable.' (Pp. 196, 197.)

In a word, those who were the lord's customary tenants, whether in actual possession of the land as farmers or as landlords, in 1704, became, in fact, freeholders, subject to the payment of certain fines and a fixed and perpetual rent. At the present time, 'the rent secured under the Act of Settlement does not reach 1,500*l.*,' whilst the agricultural rental, according to Mr. Walpole, may be placed at 100,000*l.* Mr. Walpole draws the moral that it would have been fortunate for Ireland if a similar settlement could years ago have been accomplished in that island, and, in a sentence that would please a Progressive on the London County Council, he points out how 'the unearned increment, which the land-lord almost everywhere appropriates, has remained with the tenant under the provisions of this great measure' (p. 200). But unfortunately both for Mr. Walpole's reference to Ireland and for his vague remark which we have just quoted, the Manx Act of Settlement, so far from abolishing landlords, actually established them firmly in their possessions. It confirmed the customary tenants of the lord in their estates, many of whom would be properly described as landlords, since they let all or parts of their estates to tenant farmers. In other cases, no doubt, the lord's tenants farmed their own land. The Act has, in its results, created, in a sense, a new class of landlords, in addition to those who already existed, because many of the present occupiers of the agricultural land in the Isle of Man are not the descendants of those occupiers of 1704, who farmed their own land; they are simply ordinary agricultural tenants in the same manner as are the farmers of England. The descendants of some of those who were landlords in 1704 are landlords still; but in many other cases the descendants or the assigns of those who held and farmed their own land have become landlords in the present age. Thus the so-called 'unearned increment' has but gone into the pockets of a number of smaller land-owners, instead of into the coffers of a single nobleman. The Manx Act of Settlement indeed shows beyond doubt that in course of time the grant of fixity of tenure and free sale to occupiers of land may result in a large measure merely in the creation of new landlords, and merely also in fixity of tenure to occupiers for the time being. For, as has just been pointed out, the modern owner has in

some cases sublet the land to tenant farmers; in others, through pecuniary difficulties, the original occupier or his descendants have been obliged to part with their property, which has been absorbed by wealthier men. This Act of Settlement shows also that the satisfaction which such a measure may ultimately cause must depend very largely upon events which those who frame it cannot control. In the Isle of Man the increase in the value of land since 1704 has enabled the lord's rent to be paid without question and without thought. But if the value of land had decreased, the same measure might have produced not peace, but discord, and have afforded opportunity for reflections very different from those which can be indulged in at the present day. Nor, indeed, is it improbable that, having regard to the existing agricultural depression, which, in spite of the ready market for agricultural produce among the summer visitors, is beginning to afflict even this island, we may yet see an agitation for lower rents, which will show how little finality there can be in any Act which appears at the time to give fixity of tenure at a reasonable rent.

Mention has been already made of the active part taken by Bishop Wilson in promoting the Act of Settlement. This prelate will always remain a notable figure in the history of the Isle of Man. He accepted the see in 1697, and for fifty-eight years he remained Bishop of Sodor and Man. As Mr. Hall Caine has aptly termed him, he was one of 'the serenest of saints' and 'bitterest of tyrants.' But his acts of tyranny were few compared with his acts of kindness and wisdom: they were the mistakes of a man blinded sometimes by ecclesiastical prejudices and utterly determined with singleness of purpose to uphold the right. The graphic sketch of the good Bishop which is to be found in Mr. Hall Caine's published lectures at the Royal Institution, under the title of 'The Little Manx Nation,' gives in a short space an admirable picture of the works and ways of this excellent man.\* He set about the task which lay before him 'with a strong heart and a resolute hand:' he 'began' by putting his own house in order. The clergy ceased to 'gamble and to drink, and they were obliged to collect their 'tithes with mercy. He once suspended a clergyman for an

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\* It is to be regretted that Mr. Hall Caine allowed these lectures to be published without verifying his facts. Many of his statements are ludicrously inaccurate, and, except for a certain verve and native flavour, his book is valueless.

'opinion on a minor point, but many times he punished his clergy for offences against the moral law and the material welfare of the poor. In a stiff fight for integrity of life and purity of thought he spared none.' As head of the Church, he had civil powers, and he thus was able to act as a *censor morum* of the people, whether lay or clerical, throughout the island. More than once, by the severe exercise of the power which he assumed, he came into conflict with the civil authorities; and, as has always happened when the Church has endeavoured in a free country to interfere with the personal liberty of the people, it succumbed to the civil power. To censure or even to excommunicate a woman for immorality was to act within his purely episcopal jurisdiction; to imprison her in the damp dungeon of Peel Castle was an intolerable breach of the liberty of the subject, differing only in degree from the tortures of the Inquisition. It was thus that the zeal of Bishop Wilson sometimes outran his discretion; but these errors have, by the unanimous verdict of posterity, been overlooked in comparison with the multitude of his good deeds. 'A good man's vices are generally the excess of his virtue,' and they were such in the case of Bishop Wilson. It is better to remember him for the admirable organisation of his diocese, for the reforms which he carried out, and for his benevolence and kindness. In 1740 the great calamity of a famine fell upon the island.

'The fisheries had failed that season, and the crops had been blighted two years running. Miserably poor at all times, ill clad, ill housed, ill fed at the best, the people were in danger of sheer destitution. In that day of their bitter trouble the poorest of the poor trooped off to Bishop's Court. The Bishop threw open his house to them all, good, bad, improvident and thrifty, lazy and industrious, drunken and sober; he made no distinctions in that bad hour. He asked no man for his name who couldn't give it, no woman for her marriage lines who hadn't got them, no child whether it was born in wedlock. That they were all hungry was all he knew, and he saved lives in thousands. He bought shiploads of English corn, and served it out in bushels; also tons of Irish potatoes, and served them out in *kischens*. He gave orders that the measure was to be piled as high as it would hold, and never smoothed flat again. Yet he was himself a poor man. While he had money he spent it. When every penny was gone he pledged his revenue in advance. After his credit was done, he begged in England for his poor people in Man.'

In fact, the Manx were not merely the people of Bishop Wilson's diocese—he regarded them as his children. If he chastised them for their offences, he fed them when they were hungry; and if he had no mercy on the judgement

seat, yet he entered into their life and their occupation with the most unselfish thoughtfulness. We have seen how largely he contributed to alter the land system of the island. We will give a picture of him, characteristic at once of the man and of the place. He well knew the value of the herring fishery to the people, so 'he wrote a service to be 'held on the first day of the herring season, asking for God's 'blessing on the harvest of the sea.' This is the scene as it has appeared to a writer who unites a knowledge of the Isle of Man with uncommon descriptive power:—

'The place of it was Peel Bay, a wide stretch of beach, with a gentle slope to the left, dotted over with grey houses; the little town farther on, with its nooks and corners, its blind alleys and dark lanes, its narrow, crabbed, crooked streets. Behind this the old pier, and the herring-boats rocking in the harbour, with their brown sails half set, waiting for the top of the tide. In the distance the broad breast of Contrary Head, and a musket shot outside of it the little rocky islet whereon stand the stately ruins of the noble old Peel Castle. The beach is dotted over with people—old men, in their curranes and undyed stockings, leaning on their sticks; children playing on the shingle; young women in groups, dressed in sickle-shaped white sun-bonnets and with petticoats tucked up; old women in long blue homespun cloaks. But these are only the background of the human picture. In the centre of it is a wide circle of fishermen, men and boys, of all sizes and sorts, from the old Admiral of the herring-fleet to the lad that helps the cook—rude figures in blue, and with great sea-boots. They are on their knees on the sand, with their knitted caps at their rusty faces, and in the middle of them, standing in an old broken boat, is the Bishop himself, bareheaded, whiteheaded, with upturned face, praying for the fishing season that is about to begin. The June day is sweet and beautiful, and the sun is going down behind the Castle. Some sea-gulls are disporting on the rock outside, and save for their jabbering cries, and the boom of the sea from the red horizon, and the gentle plash of the wavelets on the pebbles of the shore, nothing is heard but the slow tones of the Bishop and the fishermen's deep Amen.'

He died in 1755, mourned by the whole of the island. There is little of interest in the history of the Isle of Man during the reign of the Atholes, and we have already in the outline of the insular history told the story of the revestment. But there is one episode in the course of the eighteenth century which has afforded abundant opportunities for adverse criticism, even if it has also given us not a few amusing incidents. In 1737 Tynwald passed an Act that 'any person prosecuted on this isle for a foreign debt ' . . . shall be held to bail only for his personal appearance ' to such action and for the forthcoming of what effects he

'hath within this island to answer the judgement upon the 'same.' The result of this Act was that the bankrupts of England flocked to the Isle of Man. It became a financial Alsatia, 'it enabled the dishonest to live in the island without risk, and if he were a wealthy man, with all the 'luxuries which his riches could procure him.' But just as the English Government had found it necessary to put an end to the smuggling from the Isle of Man, so this scandal had to be wiped out. In 1814 Tynwald, 'urged on by the 'English Government, repealed the iniquitous provisions 'of the Act of 1737.' If the Manx could have had their own way, they would have continued to receive with a hearty welcome the gentlemen who preferred to live at Douglas and leave their English creditors unpaid. But Home Rule of this sort could not be tolerated. The result was quite a calamity for the Isle of Man:—

"Many withdrew from the Island to seek protection elsewhere, carrying with them their unjustly acquired wealth, which otherwise might have found its way into the pockets of the islanders. As this was an event which had been totally unexpected, a sudden panic struck the greater part of the native inhabitants, and a stagnation of trade followed similar to that which took place at the revestment; all indulged in the most gloomy apprehensions as to the future prospects of the community; [while], although the Non-Protection Act had been passed by the insular Legislature at the instigation of the British Government, the Duke of Athole was blamed by the islanders for being the chief promoter of the unpopular enactment."\* (P. 241.)

But a time was to come when honester visitors should fill the pockets of the islanders, and since the improvement of steam navigation which has been so remarkable a feature of the century, thousands of the inhabitants of the great manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire flock during the summer months to breathe the winds of the Atlantic on this little island which has become for a short period of the year a delight to the operatives whose lives are spent in arduous toil in dreary and unhealthy factories. There is another feature still existing in the Isle of Man which at the present time is of special importance. The administration of the poor law and the question of the relief of the old and indigent poor is one of those to which the attention alike of politicians and philanthropists is now turned. But in the Isle of Man there is no legal provision for the relief either of the destitute or aged poor.

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\* Train, vol. i. p. 258.

'The morning offertories in the parish churches are, by long-standing custom, given to the poor; and except in Douglas and Ramsay, there is no compulsory provision for the relief of the insular poor. The Nonconformists are said to believe that, if the cess were abolished, the morning offertories would necessarily be applied to church expenses, and provision for the support of the poor would have to be made by a rate. The Nonconformists conclude that they had better, therefore, bear the ill they have, in the shape of a moderate cess, rather than run the risk of incurring a greater evil in the shape of a poor-rate.' (P. 257.)

Thus the people of the Isle of Man avoid the heavy burden of the poor-rate, and the agriculturists and traders of the island are saved from a financial burden which weighs heavily on the Englishman. But more important is the fact that the absence of a poor law appears to have diminished pauperism, assisted thrift, and raised the self-reliance of the Manx. The Manxman knows that in poverty or old age he must primarily depend on his own efforts or on the help of his relatives, and that he is bound to support his relations in their need. Habits of self-support have thus been ingrained in these islanders for generations, whilst in England three centuries of public relief have caused the poor to believe that they are not bound to provide for the future, and to look to the State for provision when disease or age has put an end to the powers of work. It is true that there exists a certain measure of voluntary relief, through the agency of the vicars of the parishes, from the offerings of the benevolent. But it is obvious that such alms would not be sufficient were pauperism extensive, and their existence does not have the deteriorating effect upon the population which it is certain is usually produced by a system of public relief.\* To many this social feature will be of more interest than quaint legends or customs which have had their origin in distant ages, and it is one which redounds to the honour of the Isle of Man as a community. It is characteristic of the people, who are undoubtedly self-reliant, dogged, and industrious; they have no fear of tempting fortune in dis-

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\* The parish of Rushen, the southernmost in the island, contains 3,500 inhabitants; the regular recipients of relief number 56. The amount distributed by the Vicar in 1892 was 179*l.* 19*s.*; the average amount distributed per head per week was, therefore, less than one shilling and sixpence. At Christmas half a ton of coal and some meat is distributed to each of the persons in receipt of relief. It is needless to point out that the above amount is augmented by aid from relatives.

tant lands, and in the antipodes and beyond the Atlantic are to be found many prosperous Manxmen. In other instances, having earned a competence in distant parts, they return to pass their old age in comfort in their native island. But those who escape to the Isle of Man from the trammels of their daily work in England are so eager to live their life by the wave or on the mountain-side that they can hardly be expected to give much thought either to the constitution or the social characteristics of this island. To watch on an autumn evening the brown sails of the herring boats as they sail, on a shining sea, into the evening haze through which the hills of Ireland loom in dim and distant outline, draws the mind by its picturesqueness from laws and systems of government. But delightful as is the scenery of the island, there are within its narrow compass, as this essay of Mr. Walpole's abundantly indicates, elements of interest arising from its constitution and its history not less attractive than the ever-changing sea, the grey keep of Castletown, and the little glens rich in gorse and waving fern which at length open to meet the advancing waves.

ART. III.—*The Tragedy of the Cæsars: a Study of the Characters of the Cæsars of the Julian and Claudian Houses.*  
By S. BARING GOULD, M.A. London: 1892. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS is a very pleasant and readable book, founded on the natural alliance between art and literature continued into artistic and literary comparative studies. It is Rogers who somewhere says, dwelling on the *capis et imagine* of Horace, as renewed in the modern taste for busts and bookshelves—

‘When a sage’s image meets thee there,  
Pause and his features with his works compare.’

But Mr. Baring Gould’s busts and kindred evidences are not those of the men who wrote, but of the men who were written about. He ‘compares’ the ‘features’ of his interpretative statuary with the features of the characters of their originals as elicited from history, besides comparing the lineaments of the statues and busts, *inter se*; and if he had not joined in the triumph of modern omniscience over ancient authorities, which marches with colours flying over all records from the Pentateuch downwards, we should



have had very little else to do than point out to the reader the chief attractions of a very tasteful work.

In the introductory chapter we have a copious, but not overloaded, essay on 'Roman Portraiture.' All the Roman artistic instincts were in favour of realism, and these instincts governed the school of Greek artists who wrought for the great houses of Rome. They loved to reproduce the 'form and pressure' of the face itself in the most literal sense. Thus the art of moulding or modelling in wax or clay has a tradition of long descent and faithful persistency. 'Idealisation was not carried to any great extent; it was, however, permitted where a Cæsar or an Augusta was invested with divine attributes—hardly otherwise.' Coins or medals have a subsidiary, but often a very effective value. They seem to us mostly to seize on the prominent peculiarities and exaggerate them, but by this very fact often become the verifying key to a number of more or less faithful busts. A typical instance is the profile of Julius Cæsar on a coin (figured in Sir W. Smith's 'Dictionary of Biography,' i. p. 555), dated in his fourth consulship. Here the wiry attenuation of skull and neck, the hollowness of cheek, and the slope of the forehead backward are all exaggerations; but we see them all in due degrees in the grand bust figured by Mr. Gould from the British Museum facing p. 85 in vol. i., and in its profile facing p. 99. We see the emaciation especially exaggerated in the bust figured facing p. 59, which makes Cæsar exhibit the 'lean and hungry look' ascribed by him in Shakespeare to Cassius. A bust from the Louvre, facing p. 72, also approaches the same type. On the other hand, a group of strong mutual affinity is shown in the nude figure of Cæsar, a stripling, 'as Hermes' (p. 38), in the green basalt bust at Berlin (p. 95), and in that of the Chiaromonti Museum 'as Pontifex Maximus' (p. 112). These all, embracing different periods of life, exhibit a greater length of face in proportion than the previous group. A third type far remote from either in thickness of nose, solidity of lower jaw, and width of lower face, appears from the Vatican (p. 104); and yet a fourth, still less reconcilable with any of the foregoing—an utter exception, indeed, to the whole Cæsarean gallery, and that in expression even more than in proportion of features—is shown (p. 63) from the Palace of the Conservatori at Rome. Perhaps they do not contradict each other more than the portraits ascribed to Mary Stuart in our own historical portrait gallery; and probably the same error of wrongful ascription is the

simplest resolution of the puzzle in either case. Assuming, however, the British Museum bust to show the standard of Cæsar in the maturity of his powers, but ere yet the cares of State had prematurely aged his features, we see in it a register of the noblest order of human character. We can easily fill up in imagination the play of feature, the quick intuition of eye, the gracious effulgence of courtesy, and the winning manner which disarmed enmity, conciliated friendship, and fascinated all. We feel grateful, accordingly, to Mr. Baring Gould for having set us thus face to face with 'the foremost man of all the world.'

Mr. Baring Gould has drunk largely at that modern source of inspiration which theorises away the best established conclusions of ancient history. This is especially manifest in his treatment of the plot of Catiline and of the character of Tiberius the Emperor. Of the former and his accomplices he writes:—

'Unhappily we know of the designs of the conspirators only from the pens of the most incompetent of historians, Sallust, and the most untrustworthy of advocates, Cicero, and it is impossible to elicit from their accounts the truth relative to the designs of and measures taken by the confederates. . . . To burn Rome certainly never entered into the heads of the conspirators. That was an accusation trumped up by Cicero. . . . Their (the people's) selfish alarms were at once enlisted against Catilina and his crew, when they were represented as would-be cut-throats, robbers, and incendiaries.' (P. 52.)

The above statement is incorrect as regards authorities, for we have in the epitome of a lost book of Livy, who was born three years only after the facts recorded, 'L. Catilina . . . cum Lentulo prætor et Cethego . . . coniuravit de cæde civium et senatus, *incendiis urbis* et obprimenda 'republica.' Our astonishment at missing Livy, so nearly a contemporary witness, increases as we read a reference in a note on the same page, apparently to Dion Cassius, who flourished about 200 A.D. Further on, our author says:—

'He (Cicero) pretended to have damning proofs of guilt in his hands, and tried threats, even entreaties, to induce Catilina to declare himself the enemy of Rome by leaving it and flying to arms. [But this was precisely what Catilina did a fortnight later.] Yet all the while he had no better evidence than the chatter of a loose woman, the mistress of one of the pretended conspirators. Her story, tricked out with all the adornments her lively imagination could furnish, found an eager and uncritical hearer in Cicero.'

The 'adornments of lively imagination' are here those of the imagination of Mr. Baring Gould. The more widely

based judgement of Professor Mommsen is very different, but he only seconds that of Niebuhr before him when he

‘Cicero, who was constantly and completely informed by his agents, male and female, of the transactions of the conspirators . . . denounced the conspiracy in the full senate and in the presence of its principal leaders. Catilina did not condescend to deny it. . . . The agents of Government [Cicero being consul at the time] had made their way into the circle of the conspirators and kept it accurately informed of every detail of the plot. . . . It was resolved to assassinate the Consul Cicero, who was the principal director of the countermine. Further confirmatory proofs, deposits of arms in the houses of the conspirators, threatening expressions which they had employed, were presently forthcoming; the facts of the conspiracy were fully and validly established.’

Mommsen, indeed, goes further than most in regarding Julius Cæsar as implicated in the treason of Catiline. He says:—

‘It is important to keep in view that the blow [i.e. the suppression of the conspiracy] fell by no means merely on the anarchists proper who had conspired to set the capital on fire, and had fought at Pistoria, but on the whole democratic party. That this party, and in particular Crassus and Cæsar, had a hand in the game on the present occasion as well as in the plot of 688, may be regarded—not in a juristic, but in an historical point of view—as an ascertained fact.’\*

After enumerating divers facts pointing to this conclusion, he adds that ‘in later years when he (Cicero) had no reason to disguise the truth, he expressly named Cæsar among the accomplices.’ Here, however, Niebuhr is against Mommsen, and if Mr. Gould had confined himself to exculpating Cæsar, few would have quarrelled with his view. But it is rather too much to deal with a plot, as momentous in its intended objects as it was unscrupulous in its means, as if it were a mere bubble inflated by Ciceronian vanity.

Of Cicero a single likeness only is figured, with its profile on the next page (figs. 4 and 5, pp. 33, 34). Alone of the busts shown in these volumes, it seems to speak—the ‘winged words’ are on their way—a fitting tribute to the great orator. The lofty dome of the head is its leading characteristic. The measurement from crown to eyebrow, in this alone of all the faces given, exceeds that from eyebrow to chin-tip. A similar loftiness of the upper story is noticeable in Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Scott. The comparison of the

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\* Mommsen’s ‘History of Rome,’ Eng. Trans. vol. iv. pp. 184–191.

head of this highly gifted man to that of 'an English parson, intellectually able, who is on the look-out for a deanery,' reads like a designed insult to a noble memory. The general opinion of the next generation to Cicero concerning his share in the discomfiture of Catiline is, no doubt, conveyed by Velleius Paterculus, whose testimony is express, ample, and unqualified to the signal services of the former in that crisis;\* while, as regards the projected incendiarism of Rome, no historian has ever questioned it until within the last thirty years. Literary revolutionists, without whom no seat of learning is complete, have, since then, rose-watered Catiline. Further, as regards the 'incompetency' of Sallust as an historian, one may quote the dictum of Niebuhr: 'The works of Sallust are of such a kind that the more we read them the more do we find to admire in them. They are true models of excellent historical composition.'† He fully admits their partisan character, and so does Mommsen, who, while he calls the 'Catilina' a 'special apology' for Cæsar, yet recognises its ability. By apparently regarding it as an *ex parte* pamphlet on the other side, intended, as it were, to blow a trumpet for Cicero and the *optimates*, and supply fictitious grounds for their exaggerations, Mr. Baring Gould shows that he wholly misjudges its character. We may add that, as regards the inclusion of the firing of the city among other items of the plot, Sallust is at once precise and copious. He names it as such five times over in the twenty-four consecutive chapters which contain the developement and detection of the plot itself. He gives the names of those who were told off to its perpetration, and also of two witnesses who expressly deposed to it as intended. Besides this, he reports a debate in the Senate, with two principal speeches, *pro* and *con*, on the question of what punishment should be inflicted, in each of which the burning of the city is assumed as an item of guilty intention. One of the speakers is Julius Cæsar, believed to have had sympathies with the conspirators, and regarded by Mommsen (as above shown) in the

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\* 'Per hæc tempora M. Cicero, qui omnia incrementa sua sibi debuit, vir novitatis nobilissimus, et ut vita clarus ita ingenio maximus, quique effecit ne quorum arma viceramus eorum ingenio vinceremur, consul, Sergii Catilinae Lentulique et Cethegi et aliorum utriusque ordinis virorum conjurationem singulari virtute, constantia, vigilia curaque aperuit. Catilina metu consularis imperii urbe pulsus est,' &c.—Velleius Paterculus, ii. 84.

† 'Lectures on Roman History,' Eng. Trans. 1870, p. 530.

light of an accessory, but who does not deny or extenuate a single fact laid to their charge; rather by the phrase *incendia fieri* clearly implies this as part of the design. In short, there is no one count of the whole indictment which rests on clearer evidence than this, which our author brands as 'an accusation trumped up by Cicero.' Why, indeed, one should scruple to ascribe incendiarism to the ancient anarchists, when their modern successors deal so freely in explosives—only as the swiftest and most sweeping form of the same destruction—it would puzzle a casuist to say.

Among those who seem to hold a perpetual brief at the Old Bailey bar of history, Professor Beesly, of the London University, is one of the ablest practitioners.\* The custom, so prevalent in the present, of condoning or extenuating crimes of the blackest complexion into which a political motive enters, is by such advocates extended into the past, and the blacker the crime the wider is the door of indulgence opened. But to whiten Catiline, the king of cut-throats, with a kind of air about him belonging to a villain of quality, who mingles the dregs at the bottom with the scum at the top in Roman society, one must of course blacken Cicero. Mr. Baring Gould, who modifies the more 'thorough' treatment of Professor Beesly, is content with sneering at Cicero and minimising his great services. No doubt, Cicero had not a *cœur-de-lion*, but the courage which he showed was of that higher kind—the cultured result of self-discipline, which alone has any ethical value. He knew that his life was the mark of the daggers of darkness, but he never lost his head through a sense of peril. There is no nobler courage than that of the nervously hesitating man in whom sense of duty quells the inward element of vacillation, and presence of mind is braced to a higher tension by the grandeur of the interests at stake. Cicero carried the caution of a lawyer into all preliminary details, but when the moment came to strike, he soared at once above forensic quibbles and made the public safety his paramount law. His temperament was singularly sensitive and inordinately vain. There is hardly a human weakness which offends so much, and yet, save to him who fosters it, is so little harmful as vanity. By concentrating his thoughts on what others think of him, it effectually obscures a man's diagnosis of others—a fatal disqualification for the higher platform of statesmanship. But by its perpetual parade it becomes a

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\* See his 'Catilina, Clodius, and Tiberius,' a course of 'Lectures,' 1878.

standing provocation. If the Athenian ostracised Aristides, because weary of hearing him called 'the just' by his fellow-citizens, how much more would the adverse ballots be ready to hand against a man who was constantly being proclaimed *pater patriæ* by himself! But to the worship of mere power, so flagrant in his own day, Cicero never stooped. In proportion as that brazen cult gains favour amongst the moderns, its demoralised votaries will vilipend Cicero.

On the other hand, Julius Cæsar is too grand a figure for aught to be believed of him but what is noble and serenely pure, and our author discredits all stories concerning him, which, by however modern a standard, would be damnifying. He is at the pains to rebut his hero's reputed intrigues with ladies of fashion, and pursues the refutation of the *chronique scandaleuse* through two pages, through which we will not follow him. He will not even allow that Cæsarion was the son of Cæsar by Cleopatra, although during Cæsar's lifetime that was never disputed. The time of the boy's birth, moreover, suits it; the reception of Cleopatra by Cæsar in Rome confirms it; and a still stronger presumption in favour of it arises from Octavius ordering the boy to be murdered, which was otherwise a superfluous crime, such as Octavius (Augustus) was not in the habit of committing. How differently his own and the next generations estimated *Divus Julius* in these respects may be seen from the chapters of Suetonius 49-52. The legendary origin of the *Gens Julia* from the goddess Venus was believed to have been by him realised into a charter of libertinism. That his excesses in this kind were neither questioned nor reprobated is clear from the jocose allusions of his own soldiers in his Gallic triumph. The barracks had their traditions, among which lived a distich beginning:—

Urbani, servate uxores, mœchum calvum adducimus,

where the sting of the last phase, for ears polite, lay certainly in the adjective rather than in the noun. The next line parallels his reputed intrigues with his extravagance in squandering and borrowing. Roman opinion rated both alike as mere peccadilloes, if so much. Nothing seriously disreputable would have found vent on such an occasion as a triumph. The soldiers, with whom Cæsar was enormously popular, no doubt regarded the allusion as a compliment, thinly veiled in facetious *badinage*.

Mr. Gould is more fair and forcible in his treatment of

Mark Antony's character than in that of any other of similar political calibre. He of course quotes Plutarch largely, but singles out the telling passages with discrimination:—

'Antony was the idol of soldiers; his frankness, his good nature, his readiness to share all hardships with them, endeared him to them. His soldiers remained faithful to him after the defeat at Mutina and through his terrible flight over the Alps, where he did drink

The stale of horses and the gilded puddle  
That beasts would cough at,

and ate the bark of trees and the roots of plants. Later in the Parthian war, when through his own fault his army was brought after terrible losses to the verge of destruction, he was able to reduce the despairing and mutinous wreck of a host to submission by a brief speech. Then the soldiers shouted out their readiness to submit to any punishment he chose to inflict on them—decimation if he willed it. Antony, overcome by emotion, raised his hands to heaven and prayed the gods, if they sought to mete out to him misfortune after the good fortune which they had given him in former times, to let all their punishment fall on his head, but to spare his host and carry them to victory. It was like the prayer of David before the destroying angel. Misfortune always brought out the best qualities of Antony. . . . When all went smooth with Antony he degenerated into an idler, neglectful of his duties, forgetful of his dignity.' (Pp. 135-6.)

A well-selected illustration from Plutarch, relating to his care for the sufferings of the sick and wounded, fills up the only gap in the above quotation. In him we have the only Roman magnate known to history of the troubadour type, with intellectual affinities more imaginative than practical, the most sensitive to feminine influence, yet swayed most powerfully by its least worthy impersonations—the domineering, remorseless Fulvia, and the voluptuously subtle Cleopatra, the very Circe of ambitious intrigue and insinuating fascination. Had the clear-sighted guidance and firmly ruling hand of Julius Cæsar been prolonged to him, Antony would not have recoiled into that widening cycle of aberration which flung him down at last, to die at the feet of the woman who had ruined him. Another medallion profile of Antony, besides the bust (fig. 25, p. 119) and silver coin (fig. 28, p. 136), bears on the reverse the abbreviated legend *triumvir reipublicæ constituendæ*, and shows a face of higher order with much intense feeling and masculine vigour. It may probably belong to the year 42 B.C., about the time when the evil ascendancy of Cleopatra was beginning, as we see the Bacchic emblems, the ivy and the *cista*, adorning it, before yet the

noble Roman was sunk in the oriental dynast; but sug in those emblems the baneful influences which wrought that decline. It is figured in the dictionary before referred to (vol. i. p. 216). The same work shows (ib. p. 802) what is probably the 'four drachma piece' referred to by Mr. Gould as 'struck in Asia Minor about B.C. 33.' Its obverse shows Antony with a face which in feature and expression hovers curiously between fig. 28 and the medallion. It has less of the mere *bon camarade* than the first, and less of the strenuous secondary of Julius Cæsar than the second. The profile of Cleopatra is that of a woman of much address and ability, reminding one somewhat of our own Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Gould rightly reminds us (p. 188) that

'all we know of Cleopatra is almost entirely due to the pens steeped in venom of her deadly enemies;' and says, 'That she was a far-seeing woman, who had formed a well-defined plan beneficial to her country, there can be no doubt. She sought, first by means of Cæsar and then of Antony, to save Egypt from sinking into the position of a province to be sucked dry by rapacious proconsuls, and to elevate Alexandria, if possible, to be the rival of Rome.'

That she nourished such projects is far from unlikely. But, after all, the measure of her patriotic policy is to be found in the use she made of Antony. Her ascendancy over him was unbounded, and went on increasing for eleven years. Had it been well used, it might have stiffened into consistency the rapidly dissolving moral elements of his character; used as it was, it made him a worthless *nebulo*. Rich in spasms of noble feeling and great by fits and starts, Antony might have drawn from her, had she willed it, an antidote to the besotting and dilatory self-indulgence into which under her influence he sank. His Parthian war of 37-36 B.C. is a case in point: he dangled at her apron-strings until it was too late to take the field with effect, and the expedition lost him that prestige which is all-important with fickle orientals. His Armenian campaign resulted similarly in a purely personal object, the taking vengeance on a treacherous ally and bringing him to do homage in golden fetters at her footstool. Professor Stahr, of Berlin, has done what he can, after the modern fashion of German-silvering base metal, to 'rehabilitate' this famous or infamous woman. But there remains the fact that she hopelessly sank the man she might have raised, and by raising whom she might have raised her country. As to her personal conduct, she seems to have been wholly without a moral standard. But by what ethical code can we try the heiress of the Ptolemies, the family which



first established incest as a dynastic resource, and made palace assassination a standing branch of the prerogative?\*

In both these respects Cleopatra was without shame or scruple. If one wants to illustrate the hopeless decadence of human morals in the debasement of womanhood, we find the zero-point marked in Cleopatra—marked only the more incisively by the splendid abilities, the regalia of fascinations, the *auréole* of accomplishments, with which she was invested. Such was the 'bright particular star' of the Eastern world in the last generation before Christ came; and

'That at last was given without which the world had staggered on from lapse to lapse, in growing doubt and yet eager desire—a revealed moral code, tough enough to restrain passion, lofty enough to raise man to look God face to face, sharp enough to carve and shape his heart and mind, and strong enough to transform and regenerate society' (ii. p. 257).

The early-life busts of Augustus show us a stripling, handsome in feature, but of cold impassive face, so well balanced in the character which it conveys as to impress one with a state of neutral equilibrium between that character's elements. One who carries to the highest perfection the qualities of an ordinary man, rather than one who displays great qualities or cherishes great ideals, is the verdict which the lines bespeak. Intellect decidedly dominates the sensual and emotional elements, but an intellect in which imagination is wanting, or weak. As the face grows older the lines harden and develop a bland astuteness and subtlety, in one bust (fig. 53) as if pondering a problem, in another (fig. 55) as if announcing its solution. Neither of them is a face which one would trust if one could help it. In the one which seems the most advanced in years (fig. 54), and shows the *insignia* of the Pontifex Maximus, the face seems to return in its balance of feature to the unimpassioned calm of the stripling busts, although the expression is haunted by a plaintive overcast of feeling, such as the shameless escapades of his daughter Julia might have caused to the first religious officer of the state. Our author says of these works of art (p. 160):—

'We have two valuable busts of Octavian at this [the early] period of his career; they represent him about the age of 20–25; one is in the Berlin Museum, and came from Cairo. . . . There is the same cold resolution in this as in the younger portrait (fig. 32), but more of

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\* This may be verified by reference to the names Arsinoë, Berenice, and Cleopatra, in the 'Dictionary of Biography.'

humanity in it. A trace of distress is observable. Augustus has been plunged into the great whirlpool of life, and is battling for existence. But for all that, there is a certain repose—the repose of a mind made up and resolved on accomplishing an end—not the repose of a mind at rest after accomplishment.

Our author quotes Dion Cassius in favour of the clemency shown by Octavian, as compared with his colleagues, in the proscriptions of the triumvirate; and adds that Dion, from his known tendencies, 'would never have said this 'unless he had good authority for the statement' (pp. 161-2). But he ought to have added that Suetonius tells a very different story—that it was the triumvir Lepidus who in the senate declared the catalogue of murders closed, and professed an intention of future clemency; on which Octavian refused to recognise any closure, and claimed a free hand to carry executions further if he pleased. Suetonius gives as his authority for the statement Junius Saturninus, named as though a contemporary writer.\* The context ascribes to Octavian in his triumvirate an even more atrocious share in personal sufferings and indignities inflicted on various individuals of rank and note expressly named. That he put to death the surviving son of Mark Antony and Cæsar's son by Cleopatra has the usurper's usual plea. They might prove rivals in the future, and he could not afford to be magnanimous with the result of Cæsar's clemency before his eyes in Cæsar's assassination.

The bust which we take to be the most characteristic of Augustus is fig. 45 from the British Museum. There is more of good humour in it than in any of the others, but the consciousness that he is playing a comedy successfully seems to lurk also in the nascent smile. It breaks the monotonous repose which seals up emotion in the earlier faces and lacks the calculating hardness of some of the later ones. It probably was taken in the Agrippan period, and represents the *princeps* as he may have appeared in the genial company of Mæcenas and Horace. The air of dissimulation which hovers in it is wholly unaffected—it was natural to the man, who was a consummate actor of a well-studied part, which, after the final pacification, he played *qualis ab incepto* to the end. The consciousness of this grew

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\* 'Junius Saturninus hoc amplius tradit, cum peracta proscriptione M. Lepidus in senatu excusasset præterita et spem clementiæ in posterum fecisset, hunc e diverso professum ita modum se proscribendi statuisset ut omnia sibi reliquerit libera.'—Suetonius, 'Aug.' 27.

upon him as years advanced, and he expired with the expression of it on his lips, 'If you think I have performed successfully in life's scene, favour me with your applause.' His own unperturbed features were to him an effective mask of nature's moulding—how different from the self-concealment of his successor, who, building on a foundation of natural reserve, a superstructure of contempt, fear, political pedantry, and jealousy, writhes behind his adoptive visor, but cannot tear it off, and seems to move and feel like the Man in the Iron Mask!

Before we pass on, however, to this curious personal problem, a few subsidiary busts claim our notice.

Of these the historically most interesting, if it were certainly attested, would be that of C. Marius (fig. 2, p. 30), under whom the horrors of civil war reached a climax which it was not possible for a later age to surpass. The story is well known of his simulated hesitation to enter the city until the *fiat* of his exile was formally repealed by a constitutional assembly of the centuries; then wearying of the tiresome farce and marching in to massacre, by a bodyguard of armed slaves—mere reckless and ruthless bravos to whom his will was the sole law—all persons found within the walls whom he refused to salute. The face as figured is worthy of the exploit. Most certainly it does not flatter, whoever was the original. A resolute ferocity hardly human marks the strong stern mouth, which we almost feel, if it were to open, would reveal wild-beast tusks inside; while the massive but flabby brows which almost flap above the large fierce eyes might with the broad coarse ears form a study for a mask of Caliban. The one thing which stamps it as human is the squarely castellated cranium with its great width between the ears.

In the one bust of Julia (fig. 40, p. 177), daughter of Augustus, we have an overbold face with just a vanishing trace of the beauty of her father. The eyes and mouth are strong and unabashed, the latter too wide and with lips of much flexible sensitiveness. The forehead is low, and, so far as a full face can show, seems rather receding; the hair has a delicate wave of much elegance, and the nose is well proportioned. It is a pity the profile of this very striking bust is not also given. That on a coin\* appears to be a somewhat younger face, only partially confirms the former, and elongates the nose. No doubt the play of feature was what gave her

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\* Sir William Smith's 'Dictionary of Biography,' ii. 642.

face its special charm. Her social powers were great; gaiety, wit, pert satire, coarse sarcasm, and the needle-play of repartee, were all at her command. She was far away the most *piquante* of contemporary celebrities. Her lively sensibilities were her own, but her absence of moral sense she inherited from her father, whose example of private licentiousness, while he posed as the *censor morum* and the restorer of primitive, home-spun virtue, could not have escaped her keenly detective eye. She scorned to 'assume a virtue if she had it not;' and her severely simple education, with its old-fashioned reserves and pruderies, only exploded her into revolt, when, at barely fifteen, her eyes opened, as those of a married woman, on the hypocrisies of life as it was led at Rome in B.C. 25. A widow ere yet seventeen, and again at eight-and-twenty, more fully conscious each time that her union was purely official—a step due to the 'strategic reasons' of a dynasty—she soon rated conjugal fidelity itself as a mere *convenance*. There is a statement that, while yet the wife of Agrippa, she made shameless advances to Tiberius, who yet, at the dictation of Augustus, afterwards accepted her as a wife, divorcing the mother of his only child Vipsania, daughter of Agrippa himself by an earlier wife, whom the latter had similarly divorced to wed the same Julia. How her keenly exacerbated wit must have stung them all round in the scenes of palace life which ensued from this miscellany of forced affinities and broken vows! How could the daughter of the Cæsar brook to be thus again and again sold as a palatial chattel? Pride, self-will, the longing relish for liberty, the eager pursuit of self-forgetfulness, all stimulated her at least as much as revenge. The two imperial plotters traded her off the one upon the other with calm and pitiless violation of all scruples of feeling, and she flashed the shame of her infamy in their faces, graduating through the shallows of levity, flippancy, and forwardness, into the headlong depths of a profligacy into which we forbear to follow her. We shall have a farther glimpse anon of her terrible incarceration and miserable end. Of all the victims of the imperial system none suffered so much from its wanton obduracy as this girl, matron, widow, who enjoyed the highest and most unique position of them all; nor is there a name in history for whom it is so difficult to apportion censure and pity as for Julia, the daughter of Augustus.

One of the lighter anecdotes which relieve the gathering

gloom of her destiny is related from Macrobius by Mr. Baring Gould as follows (p. 182) :—

‘One day, Augustus came into her room when her toilette was in process—this was when she was getting into years. Her servant had been removing her grey hairs; but, surprised by the entry of the emperor, left some of the plucked-out hairs on Julia’s dressing gown. Augustus pretended not to notice this and talked of various matters. Then, suddenly, “Julia,” said he, “which would you rather be—grey or bald?” “O father, bald of course.” “You little liar,” answered Augustus, “look here!” and he held up some of the grey hairs that had been pulled out of her head.’

The story breaks pleasantly the deeper pathos of the Cæsarean tragedy, but, as told above, breaks its own point also in the telling; for where was the falsehood, if she preferred *baldness*, in her at once saying so and thinning her locks, as she was doing? Mr. Gould, by some unaccountable confusion, does not see the absurdity he perpetrates. One does not need the evidence of the original, which, however, we give below, to expose this. ‘O father, *grey*, of course,’ is what he should have written.\*

Agrippina the elder, daughter of Agrippa and Julia and wife of Germanicus, is not lovely or loveable. She has too much of the *torvitas* of her father’s expression, and has caught none of the arch charm of her mother. We quite see in her full face (fig. 79, p. 357) the woman who ‘kept the bridge’ alone, like Horatius ‘in the brave days of old’ not against the foes of Rome but the panic of Romans; when cowards, turned traitors by their fears, were breaking it down and cutting off the retreat of the last remnant of the broken army. She held her place, and by the spell of her presence kept the bridge intact, while the four legions in

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\* Macrobius, ‘Saturn.’ v. 2: ‘Eadem Iulia mature habere cœperat canos, quos legere secrete solebat. Subitus interventus patris aliquando oppressit ornatrices. Dissimulavit Augustus deprehensis super vestem eius cania, et aliis sermonibus tempore extracto induxit atatis mentionem, interrogavitque filiam utrum post aliquot annos cana esse nallet an calva: cum illa respondisset “Ego, pater, *cana* esse malo;” sic illi mendacium obiecit, “Quid ergo istæ te calvam tam cito faciunt?” We are not told she ‘was getting into years;’ on the contrary, she was early (*mature*) grey. The delicate and courtier-like point of ‘post aliquot annos’ is wholly missed. So is the ‘sic,’ calling attention to similar refinement in rebuking a lady’s fib, while in the rebuke itself the English leads us wholly astray: ‘istæ’ is, of course, the ‘ornatrices.’ ‘Why then let these toilet-women make you bald so soon?’ might convey its tone.

their full array marched past her into safety. She is the only lady in the book who is decidedly plain, with a wide, strong mouth, ample chin, and great breadth of lower face. It seems difficult to believe that fig. 75, p. 323, is the same woman. But in fig. 72, p. 305, we have an even more characteristic profile. The look is indomitable, and every line of feature wonderfully powerful. So she must have glared—for the marble pupilless eye seems to glare—on Tiberius, when at the palace banquet he handed her the choice apple and she refused it, as though distrusting poison. A single face of her father Agrippa, the great commander, military and naval, of the last triumvirate and early Augustan period, is figured (fig. 41, p. 179). He was an old soldier, old enough to be her father, 'when he married 'Julia at her father's bidding.' 'The sternness (*torvitas*) of his character was marked on his features;' as, indeed, any one may see who contemplates the under-jawed visage, low-sunk brows; beneath which the eyes lurk in ambush, the firmly locked lips, and hard-angled chin. He looks a thoroughly straightforward man with ample capacity in his own province, but not endowed with much of the graces of character or manner. That province, however, was wide. Agrippa was believed by Niebuhr to be the author of most of the regulations of the State after the battle of Actium. He was sage in council as well as valiant in action. 'All that Agrippa did was characterised by a 'certain grandeur. . . . His Pantheon is still standing 'and furnishes an example of the greatness of his con- 'ceptions. It is the most splendid remnant of ancient Rome.'\*

Several medals extant show Agrippa's head. One of these, figured in the 'Dictionary of Biography,' i. 80, is evidently an idealised rendering, but is true to his heavy lowering brow and prognathous jaw. It presents him in a naval crown, and the reverse shows Neptune, holding what may be a model of a galley in his right hand, which reminds us of Horace's playful words, bidding Agrippa look to Varius for due celebration of his exploits:—

'Quam rem cunque ferox navibus aut equis  
Miles te duce gesserit.' †

The depressed brows and square protruding jaw he trans-

\* Niebuhr, 'Lectures,' &c., p. 670.

† Hor. 'Odes,' l. vi. 3-4.

mitted to his unhappy daughter Agrippina (of whom more anon), as shown especially in her profile bust, fig. 72, p. 305; and the former feature is traced in her son Caius (Caligula) also.

Of Livia the empress, wife of Augustus and mother of Tiberius, we have a profile from a sardonyx, showing a young woman of great beauty (fig. 36, p. 167, compare also fig. 37, p. 169); a more middle-aged side-face is outlined on p. 173; and a matronly full-faced figure presents her as Ceres, facing p. 170. The most characteristic probably of all is the medallion (frontispiece to vol. i.) showing her and Tiberius in profile, with a strong likeness between them. The eyes in each are particularly fine and broadly luminous.

The story is given of her being enraged at Tiberius's threat to make public the insistency she had used to procure a post for a favourite, and, in her wrath, producing early letters of Augustus to her, which contained adverse comments 'on the character and on the manners and deportment of Tiberius;'\* and this is adopted without hesitation by Mr. Baring Gould. It makes, indeed, as effective a situation as the famous closet-scene between Hamlet and his mother in the play; only here it is the mother who 'speaks daggers' to wound the son. But as it must have been, if at all it took place, a *tête-à-tête*, the question occurs, would either of the two performers have divulged it? And the answer must, we think, be in the negative as regards *both*. Thereupon all evidence for it vanishes (i. 301).

In spite of all that has been said or written, the character of Tiberius is likely to continue one of the paradoxes of history. 'A lump of clay kneaded with blood' was the epigrammatic estimate formed of him by one who had known him early and studied him closely.† But such questions are not to be settled by an epigram. The one positive witness called by his modern defenders is Velleius Paterculus, who had been his comrade in

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\* Our author seems here to have a little 'muddled' the Latin of Suetonius ('Tib.' 51), '*veteres quosdam ad se Augusti codicillos de acerbitate et intolerantia morum eius e sacratio protulit*,' in saying, 'letters . . . in which were *harsh and impatient judgements* on the character, &c., of Tiberius.' The harshness and impatience (if that be the meaning of '*intolerantia*') are evidently not in the '*judgements*' of Augustus, but in the character of Tiberius.

† Suetonius, 'Tib.' 57.

war, the witness of his deeds, and who subsequently rose to civil distinction under him as emperor. A couple of passages from this author's writings will soon show us how to appraise his testimony. The first is his absolutely unqualified panegyric on Augustus:—

'There is nothing which men can wish for or Gods grant, no possible object of prayer, nor consummation of felicity, which was not realised by Augustus after his return to the city [on the final overthrow of Antony]. Civil wars after twenty years were finished, extern wars buried, peace recalled, the frenzy of their weapons hushed everywhere. Power was restored to law, moral weight to judicial decisions, majesty to the senate, the absolutism of magistrates reduced to its olden standard. On that re-establishment of the early and ancient form of republic, culture returned to the land, reverence to religion, security to persons, owners enjoyed their rights again, useful amendments and wholesome enactments were added to the law, a senate was selected without undue severity, yet not without strictness.' (Velleius Paterc. ii. p. 89.)

We may pass by with a smile 'the re-establishment of the early and ancient form of republic,' which is exactly what every student of history then and now saw and sees to have been impossible, and the idea of it chimerical. But what astonishes us is that in about thirty pages the writer finds it necessary to ignore all these Augustan glories, and pass a sponge over his whole picture in order to obtain a *tabula rasa* for those of Tiberius. Then it appears that

'public credit was restored to the Forum, sedition banished from it, and popularity-hunting from the Campus, discord from the debates; justice, equity, and industry, buried and grown mouldy, were restored to the community; moral weight accrued to the magistrates, majesty to the senate, respect to judicial decisions, theatrical excesses were repressed . . . rectitude honoured, depravity punished,' &c., &c. (*ib.* 127).

These trowel-painting touches remind one of the British poets laureate of a time long gone by, faithful and punctual in their fulsome tribute, bound to assist with effusive loyalty the birthday of each new reign, and worship impartially the setting and the rising sun. But even so, to efface thus completely the golden age which glowed awhile on the canvas, to pronounce the Augustan era, so lately extolled as the *ne plus ultra* of human wishes, to be that in which 'justice, equity,' &c., had been 'buried and grown mouldy,' and to restore twice over law, order, judicial decisions, senatorial majesty, and the rest of the blessings, reduces the whole eulogy to the level of burlesque. And this is the true measure of Velleius Patereulus. We quoted him above in vindica-



tion of Cicero, because no adulatory motive could bias his testimony. We reject his tribute to his imperial patrons, because, being always on the stilts of adulation, he cannot keep his legs. His pages reek with panegyric until the reader is nauseated. Had he lived to inaugurate the imperial maniac Caius (Caligula), we should probably have had a third edition of the golden age in honour of that 'best of 'princes,' with 'justice, equity,' &c., again buried and again unearthed. He comes to an abrupt stop at the death of Livia, mother of Tiberius, and then with a hurried peroration concludes. There has been an attempt made to adduce the similarly tainted testimony of Valerius Maximus. He dedicates his work to Tiberius, not by name, but clearly indicated by descriptive circumstances of birth &c. He heaps obloquy on Brutus and Cassius, and eulogy on the Julian house, with a precipitate partiality which robs his statements of all value. Certain passages in Tiberius' earlier years were alleged as adding credibility to the horrible details of his orgies in old age at Capræ, his island Elysium, which are raked together by Suetonius. But although in some of these earlier and later examples names are given,\* still there is no single thread of evidence to which the strain of proof can successfully be applied. All we can say is, that they are spoken of as though notorious and unquestioned, so much so that when a comic actor introduced into his farce a line of 'gag' allusive to them, it was received with general applause, and won its way to celebrity;† and that here and there among them we meet with a statement unlikely to have been made if not founded on fact.‡

Most damnable, as a concurrent item of evidence, is the letter recorded by Suetonius as addressed to him by the Parthian Artabanus, in terms most unwonted for a Roman ruler to hear, upbraiding his vices and cruelties, and urging him to appease by suicide the righteous horror in which he was held.§ The statement is confirmed by Tacitus in the single

\* Those of Pomponius Flaccus, L. Piso, Sestius Gallus, and others are given by Suetonius, 'Tib.' 42.

† 'Unde mora in Atellano exhodio proximis ludis adsensu maximo excepta perccebit, hircum vetulum Capreis naturam ligurrare,' *ib.* 45.

‡ As that a new office was created by Tiberius entitled a *voluptatibus*, for 'the pleasures' department, or, as we might say, 'Secretary of the Pleasure,' named Cassonius Priscus, of equestrian rank, *ib.* 42.

§ Suet. 'Tib.' 66: 'Artabani Parthorum regis laceratus est literis, parricidia et cædes et ignaviam et luxuriam obicientia, monentique ut voluntaria morte maximo iustissimoque civium odio quam primum satisfaceret.'

phrase *addita contumelia*, 'with insolence added'—i.e. to the dynastic intrigues which the Parthian prince was directing against the aged sluggard who filled the Roman throne. Of course the apologists of the latter will say that this 'Parthian arrow' was steeped in the venom of senatorian calumny. But the question is, is it likely to have been addressed to a prince grown old in the ways of virtue? A similar testimony is found in the sense of relief from horror at his death, and the loathing of his tyrannous memory, with shouts of 'Tiberium in Tiberim!' and calls for the traitor's hook to launch him down the traitor's stairs.† It is not easy to beguile the instincts or belie the sentiments in which a whole people recognise their friend or their enemy.

The cruel death of Julia, once his wife, marked his early days of rule; after fourteen years of banishment and seclusion, starved to death, it would seem, by his orders.‡ He might have remembered that she was once his stepping-stone to empire, and, in fact, his first actual pledge that the succession was assured to him. But stepping-stones are made to be trodden on, and when the succession was his, the pledge lost its value; therefore he deliberately inflicted on her this horrible doom. On the other hand, Agrippina starved herself to death. He heard of her intention, and ordered the food to be forced into her throat. She defied his cruel attempt, and persisted with a resoluteness worthy of the daughter of Agrippa, till the end came at last. Tiberius then tried to blacken her memory with a false charge of incontinency, and required the servile Senate to brand her name with ignominy, and mark in the calendar her death-day—the anniversary of that of Sejanus—as one of thanksgiving to Jove. He paraded before the same august body his imperial clemency, in that he had *not* ordered her strangulation in prison, and had *not* flung forth her corpse on the Gemonian stairs. Such, in the third generation, was the *clementia Cæsaris*. Can any depth of hypocrisy or extreme of cruelty

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\* Tac. 'Ann.' vi. 81.

† Suet. 'Tib.' 75.

‡ 'Extorrem, infamem et post interfectum Postumum Agrippam (her latest surviving son) omnis spei egenam inopia ac tæbe longa peremit, obscuram fore necem longinquitate exilii ratus' (Tac. 'Ann.' i. 58). The last phrase probably denotes the distance of Rhegium, the scene of her last exile, from Rome, being in fact the furthest point of Italian soil. It explains and develops 'extorrem' earlier in the sentence. Some render it 'protraction,' suitably rather to the letter than to the spirit of the sentence.

be incredible of a man, who, being fully master of his own words and actions, could leave behind him such a record as this? The pretence of any conspiracy on the part of Agrippina, broadly insinuated by our author, who calumniates her as 'another Fulvia' (i. 311), is by Tacitus expressly denied,\* and was not even imputed to her, he says, by Tiberius. But as it was necessary to blacken Cicero in order to whiten Catiline, so, to relieve the memory of Tiberius, we must heap obloquy on his victims. The trick is not a new one. Lord Macaulay reminds us that 'it was a 'favourite exercise' on the part of the Greek sophists to 'write panegyrics on characters proverbial for depravity.'† The area of history is like a chess-board with white and black squares. All that the apologists of Tiberius attempt is to reverse the colours, and make Tiberius a white square, of course with black ones all about him. Thus the face of the board does not become much whiter on the whole.

His busts and images are refined and beautiful, with an almost feminine softness of mouth and lips, at any rate to almost middle age. Even if we allow a large margin for the flattery of artists, his face can well afford it. The head and upper figure with open chest (fig. 69, p. 285) might, except for too tapering chin, compare with the lines of the Apollo Belvidere. It is a startling anticlimax to turn from the perusal of such features to that of the awful lines which he penned to the Senate, 'What to write to you, 'Senators, or how, or what at this moment to leave unwritten, 'may the heavenly powers confound me with a worse perdition than I feel daily, if I know.'‡ They form his effective

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\* 'Non arma, non rerum novarum studium, amores iuvenum et impudicitiam nepoti (Nero, son of Agrippina) obiectabat. In nulum (Agrippina) ne id quidem confingere ausus' (Tac. 'Ann.' v. 8). Against this Mr. Baring Gould recklessly supposes that probably 'both were engaged in a conspiracy against Tiberius' (ii. 278); and suspects that 'Agrippina was privy to the infamous plot,' to destroy Drusus II. (son of Tiberius) by poison, without a particle of evidence to support the notion (i. 299).

† He exemplifies such in an apology for Busiris mentioned in a work of Isocrates, and might have added the defence of Phalaris of Agrigentum, found among the works of Lucian ('Essay on Sir W. Temple,' ed. 1869, p. 453).

‡ 'Quid scribam vobis, P.C., aut quo modo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore, dii me deæque omnes peius perdant quam cotidie perire sentio, si scio' (Suet. 'Tib.' 67). So Tac. 'Ann.' vi. 8, with a comment borrowed from Plato, 'Gorg.' 524 E, on the inward horrors of a tyrant's soul.

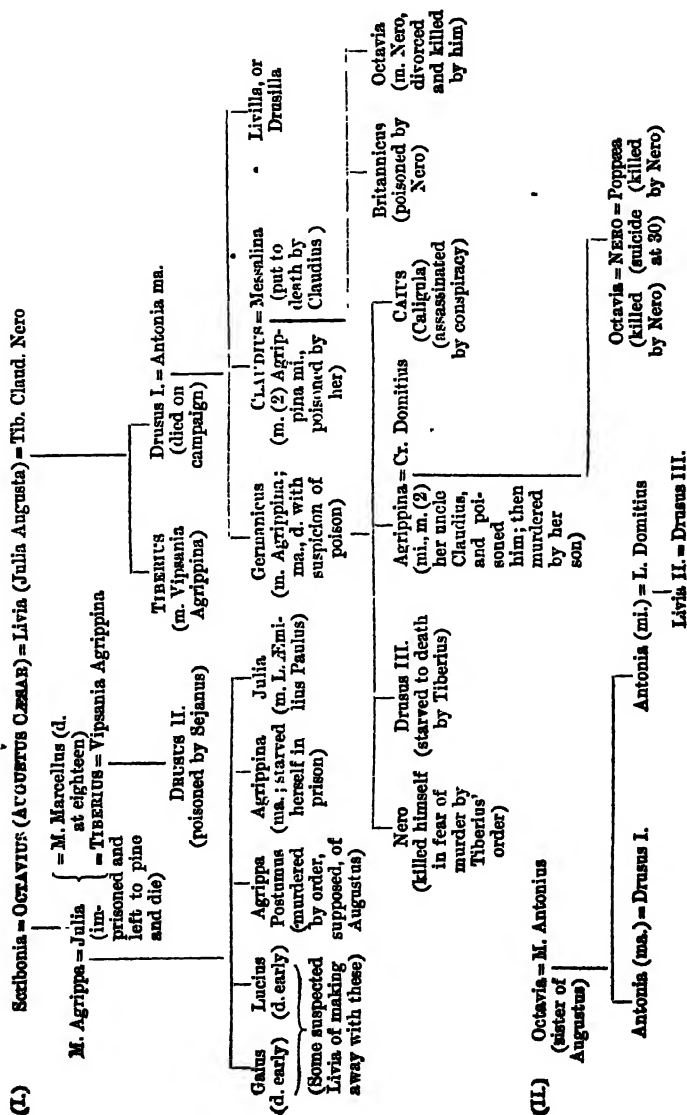
epitaph—the epitaph of a death in life—to all posterity. We may compare them with the words in Swift's actual epitaph on himself—who died at the same age as Tiberius, viz., seventy-eight—‘ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.’

When the imperial purple, torn and hacked by the assassin's daggers, fell by sport of fortune on the shoulders of the feeble-minded Claudius from those of the madman Caius, it was a misfortune, first for the former himself and soon after for the world. Caius had made the Divine Twin Brethren into a triumvirate, with himself for third member; had adopted the Egyptian precedent of incest, and had made his horse consul. Claudius had been from his early youth shunned by his family for his *gaucherie*, *mauvaise honte*, and below-stairs manners, yet astonished Augustus on one occasion by a flash of intellect in his public declamation. ‘How he ‘who slouches about so uncouthly should be able to make a ‘speech clearly and to the purpose is a marvel to me,’ wrote that prince—himself a sensitive critic on such points—to Livia (ii. 64). Here, ‘slouches about so uncouthly,’ represents ‘qui tam ἀσαφῶς loquatur’—so Augustus often interlarded his letters, as, indeed, did Cicero, but more sparingly—quite blurring thus the crisp antithesis ‘talk cloudily . . . ‘speak clearly’ of the Emperor. Just above, on the same page, *Antoniæ nostræ* is rendered ‘your kinswoman Antonia.’ Both the ladies *Antoniæ* were nieces of Augustus through his sister Octavia,\* who married Mark Antony, as correctly stated in vol. i. p. 141, only to make more notorious the perversion of relationship here. Why will an author of unquestionable talents deform the many picturesquely instructive and some brilliant pages of his work by these fourth-form blunders?

Claudius wears an unhappy, puzzled face, with large ears, but a not unkindly expression. Fig. 103, ii. p. 139, shows the unhappy look most strongly and would seem to be the younger face. Fig. 96, ii. p. 94, brings out the puzzled expression, and is probably that of him when emperor. In fig. 105, ii. p. 148, we have Claudius on a pedestal, deified as Jupiter, the head wreathed with oak-leaves, and an eagle at his side, which provokes a laugh; ‘the statue is that of a god, and the face that of a very ‘puzzle-headed man, dazzled by the light into which he

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\* The tables on next page will make these relationships and others mentioned in this article more clear.



'strives to look, and with a comical effort to appear dignified' (ii. p. 156).

But besides the crimes of tyranny, which leave sometimes room for an arguable question between the tyrant and the victim, there remain, to blacken the page of history, the crimes of ambition as charged by historians. Such is the charge against Agrippina II. of poisoning her husband Claudius—an atrocity from which many a woman unscrupulous in lower categories of crime would have shrunk. Led by a generous sympathy to take the part of the accused against the accuser, perhaps also by the modern passion for putting a new face on old facts, Mr. Baring Gould (ii. p. 151-2) conveys in elegant English Tacitus's version of the story, how 'Agrippina, long resolved on the deed,' deliberated on the mode, and selected her criminal accomplices with secrecy and resoluteness, until, after one attempt had miscarried, the final stroke was effected by a poisoned feather. He then sums up: 'The entire story is conspicuously a malignant fable,' and proceeds to give his own rationalistic version, explaining the facts of death by natural causes. Tacitus he shows up as stating that 'all the particulars of this transaction were soon after so thoroughly known that the writers of those days are able to recount how the poison was administered.' On which he asks in a note, 'If so, how was it that Suetonius was in uncertainty?' But Suetonius is in no uncertainty as to the death by poison, nor as to Agrippina's criminality; 'where, and by whom administered?' are the only questions in answer to which tradition, he says, differed. In one of them 'Halotus the *spado* and *prægustator*' was said to have given it at a solemn public banquet; this is the person so named and entitled by Tacitus in the above 'malignant fable' as an accomplice. The one author, therefore, so far confirms the other. Suetonius's other account is that it was given by Agrippina herself in a domestic repast by means of a mushroom. Never was historical fact so well established but that it varied in the details somewhere,\* and the more startling its character, the more copious the efflorescence of these secondary variations. That there was a first attempt which was bungled, and a second which was fatal, is agreed

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\* That 'Clarence' was murdered by our Richard III., is undoubted; but how about the Malmsey-butt story? That young Edward, son of Henry VI., was killed at Tewkesbury is certain, but with a similar double string of circumstance to the main fact.

by both authors. But there was no doubt in the mind of either regarding Agrippina's guilt. Indeed, when we turn to Suetonius ('Nero,' 38), we find him saying that that prince's 'parricide and murdering began with Claudius, of whose death, even if not the author, he was the accomplice, 'and made no attempt to conceal the fact.' Nero being a boy of seventeen at the time, his mother's primary share in the crime of Claudius's death is clearly implied in his own secondary. But Tacitus, we have seen, appeals to 'contemporary writers.' The most important of these and the only one whose works are extant is Pliny the Elder, who in his 'Natural History,'\* *à propos* of mushrooms, says that 'poison was given, through opportunity thus offered, to the Emperor Claudius by his wife Agrippina.' Pliny, born A.D. 23, would be exactly thirty years old at the time; his own special avenue of study would lead him exactly upon the line of inquiry along which the facts lay. He was subsequently intimate with Vespasian, and under him rose to high office, which would give him full intimacy with official sources and personages. In short, it is impossible to have a more competent witness. The poets Juvenal and Martial come about twenty years later than Pliny. The former distinctly states in two places, as a notorious fact, that Claudius died of a mushroom administered by his wife Agrippina.† Martial‡ has the same phrase as Juvenal, but in a four-lined epigram has no room for Agrippina's name. Juvenal certainly had no personal access to the malicious gossip of aristocratic cliques, to which is frequently ascribed by ambitious criticism the defamation of the Julio-Claudian family, through fictitious crimes. He can 'spy desert'§ even in a Cæsar,|| and attacks vice with an honest horror wherever he finds it. There is no reason to doubt that he spoke the voice of public opinion as to Agrippina's guilt.

Not much more successful is Mr. Baring Gould in dis-

\* 'Veneno Tib. Claudio principi per hanc occasionem a coniuge Agrippina dato' (Plin. 'N. H.' xxii. 46 (22)).

† 'Boletus domino, sed qualem Claudius edit

Ante illum uxoris, post quem nihil amplius edit'

('Sat.' v. 147-8).

'Agrippinæ

Boletus, siquidem unius præcordia pressit

Ille senis' (Ibid. vi. 620-2).

‡ 'Boletum qualem Claudius edit edas' ('Epigr.' i. 21).

§ 'Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert' (Pope).

|| 'Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum' ('Sat.' vii. 1).

elling the horrible story of the boy Britannicus—Claudius' son by the infamous Messalina, but set aside by him from the succession in favour of the son of the Agrippina II. just mentioned, afterwards the Emperor Nero—having been poisoned by the latter at a banquet. Here, in all the principal facts, Tacitus, Suetonius, and Dion Cassius (whom our author is fond of quoting where he can against the former pair) all confirm one another. The references to the special narratives are given below,\* but there is a further anecdote of a highly confirmatory character given later by Suetonius in his life of Titus,

'who was brought up in the palace together with Britannicus, and shared with him the same studies and teachers. So intimate were the two boy-friends, that from the draught which Britannicus swallowed and died, Titus also, who was next him at table, is believed to have taken a sip, and to have long suffered from severe sickness. In memory of these facts he soon after set up a golden statue to him in the palatium, and dedicated and honoured another equestrian one of ivory, which to this day is carried in front of the Circensian procession.'

Now, Suetonius was born a few years only after Nero's death, and was observant of public affairs in the reign of Domitian, who succeeded Titus, who reigned only twenty-six months. This therefore comes very near contemporary evidence,† and by our author is wholly overlooked.

One may here venture to hint that a critic who seeks to reverse on appeal all the recorded judgements of antiquity should look up the original authorities with a little more thoroughness. In a period made up of the intrigues of conflicting ambitions, where dark and tortuous passages cross and interlace, it is always possible for the skilful advocate to get up a plausible case by a clever and novel grouping of the facts in a side-light of sinister imputations, and much more is this possible when reinforced by arguments largely drawn from the topic of motives. But the standard of motives in any age is or involves the standard of morals. Unconsciously Mr. Baring Gould seems to draw his standard of motives through the moral medium of the modern world. It is easy, when this furtive fallacy has tacitly been adopted, to show modern readers that for such unnatural atrocities as those charged by history on both Nero and his mother no adequate motive can be assigned, and then to revile ancient

\* Tacit. 'Ann.' xiii. 15, 16; Suet. 'Nero,' 33; Dion Cass. ix. 12, lxi. 7.

† Suetonius, 'Titus,' 2; 'Domit.' 12.



history as a tissue of exaggerated passions and fictitious crimes, and extol by consequence the superior insight of the modern critic. The same process might be applied to the horrors of history in many another age—those for instance of Cæsar Borgia, or of Ivan the Terrible. The motive in this case assigned by Tacitus is Nero's dread of his mother's threats to set up Britannicus against him; by Suetonius, his dread that popular affection might at some time revert to the boy through 'paternal memories.\*' The two motives are not inconsistent. Mr. Gould derides the former as resting on 'a threat as idle as it was foolish.'† That may be, but Nero was an arrant coward, the only one of his race against whom that note of unmanly shame can certainly be set; and an autocrat coward is certain to be full of 'idle and foolish' alarms. Further, Tacitus wrote‡ with Agrippina's own memoirs before him, and, when he tells us her threats and motives, may be presumed to speak with special information.

Dion Cassius adds that, in spite of a hurried funeral forced on that same night, there was yet time for an outbreak of livid spots upon the corpse, which would have betrayed the use of poison, but were therefore concealed by some white pigment applied; but that, as the hasty procession was on its way, it was caught in a sudden shower, heavy enough to wash away the whitening and disclose the traces of the crime. Mr. Gould rationalises this as arising, 'if true, from the fact that, in falling from table, Britannicus bruised himself, and these bruises were disguised and then revealed by the rain'§—ingenious but not highly original. We fancy we have met with this sort of story before in the not very ancient *acta* of our own police news, when black eyes have to be accounted for before the sitting magistrate. Nero explained the fact of 'falling from table,' say Tacitus and Suetonius, as an attack of the epilepsy (*comitialis morbus*) to which Britannicus had been liable from infancy.

But the obvious retort is, if that were all, what need to conceal the marks? On the general maxim that concealment argues criminality, that circumstance goes to increase the suspicion. Mr. Gould seeks to do for Nero what Nero ordered for the corpse, but we fear his white pigment, like that of Nero—in familiar phrase—'won't wash.' He further adds,

\* '*Paterna memoria*,' not necessarily limited to Claudius, but including probably Drusus I., whose memory was deservedly cherished. (Sueton. 'Nero,' 83.)

† ii. p. 170.

‡ Ann. iv. 53.

§ ii. p. 170.

'We must receive the stories of poison with the greatest mistrust. Any inexplicable death, or any death that was thought to be advantageous to some parties, was attributed to poison.\* The latter statement is a little too sweeping, and against the general 'mistrust,' inspired by modern feeling on the subject, we must set the general, not to say the particular evidence, that in Roman society the practice was widely spread. If it were not, the allusions, so reiterated in Juvenal, to its prevalence, are as inexplicable as any mysterious sudden death. In his words we find evidence for a school of poisoning led by Lucusta (such, not Locusta, seems the true form of the name), exactly as stated in Suetonius. We find one, or probably two, *causes célèbres* in social life thereout arising, the mention of one of which forms a *locus classicus* on such domestic practice against the lives of relations and *affines*. It will be most effective with many of our readers if paraphrased as follows:—

'Stepsons, take warning—as you love your life !  
Your natural enemy's your father's wife.  
Ye wards of fair estate, if I were you,  
I'd think blue murder seethes in each ragout.  
Whate'er she offers, be it tasted first  
By others.—Has she children?—Dread the worst.  
The cup she mixes, ere it touch your lip,  
—There's mother in it—bid old square-toes sip.  
"Fudge!" you exclaim and deem my satire cants  
In fabled horrors meet for tragic rants.  
You think, I draw the long bow—shoot too high  
For homebred facts beneath our sober sky.  
Fudge? Would it were! Hear Pontia's lips report  
Her gruesome crime, avowed in open court:—  
"I stand detected; nought avails to hide,  
I drugged the dish, my children ate and died;  
Mine was the deed." The court the question press:  
"What! kill two children off at one meal?"—"Yea."  
"Hecate of Hell, once more, is't *both* you mean?"  
"Ay, seven for that matter, if seven there'd been."†

That the use of domestic poison was a terribly common fact in Roman life may be gathered from the long series of laws against *veneficia* to be seen under that word in the

\* ii. p. 170.

† 'Privignum occidere fas est,' &c. (Juv. 'Sat.' vi. 628-642; cf. also i. 69-72, 158-9; x. 25-27; and especially viii. 219, where the words 'nullis aconita propinquis miscuit' (of Orestes, as contrasted with Nero) show clearly a reference to the death of Britannicus and its generally believed cause.

'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.' The term *præquestator*, which became established in the language in the imperial period as the title of a household officer, bears expressive testimony to the same state of things. Allow what margin of exaggeration we please for Juvenal's rhetorical vein, he certainly establishes that such crimes had become popular, descending, like luxuries and vices, from the baneful elevations of aristocratic and palatial life.\*

Our author is, of course, largely indebted to Bernoulli's *Ikonographie*, but fairly acknowledges his indebtedness; as also, on various occasions, to Mr. Dressler, the sculptor; but seems to have made the most of his own pleasant rambles in the art-galleries of Italy and elsewhere, and yet to have done his best to exercise an independent judgement, founded upon strong artistic sympathies.

ART. IV.—1. *Among the Wild Birds and their Haunts.* By 'A Son of the Marshes.' London: 1892.

2. *Forest Tithes.* By 'A Son of the Marshes.' London: 1893.

3. *Report of the Selborne Society.* London: 1892.

4. *Report of the Society for the Protection of Birds.* London: 1892.

JUST a hundred years have passed since the death of Gilbert White of Selborne in June 1793, at the ripe age of seventy-three. He was, indeed, the happy author of but one book—*homo unius libri*—but that one of such rare and true interest as to make his name known and loved wherever the English language is spoken. Full forty editions of the 'Natural History of Selborne' have been published since his death, and in point of popularity it probably holds a place among readers of all ages next to 'Robinson Crusoe'

\* Many modern critics express doubts of poisoning because the superstitions of witchcraft were so largely mingled with it. So Dean Merivale and Mr. Baring Gould in commenting on the death of Germanicus. But from the remotest antiquity (Chaldaea, Egypt, Greece), spells, medicine, and poisoning are intimately allied, and the same practitioners often dealt in all. Instead of judging that poison was not the cause of death, because spells &c. could have no effect life, we may often infer that, where spells were tried, poison was used; cf. Virg. 'Georg.' ii. 128-9: 'Pocula ai quando sava infusere noverca, Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba' (cf. iii. 232-3).

and 'Pilgrim's Progress.' To the making of that book he gave up a large portion of his time and labour, and all his heart. He was a hard-working parish priest,\* but he seemed to be as intimately acquainted with the birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles of the neighbourhood as he was with the men, women, and children. He made friends of them, especially the birds, and was never weary of watching all their ingenious and dainty ways ; their flight, their food, breeding and nesting, and migration ; their plumage, and habits of life. Nothing escaped him. Nothing was trivial if it marked a species, nothing unimportant—down to the crawling of a beetle, the chatter of a starling, or the nest of a field-mouse—not only the instinct of ants, bees, or wasps, but the flowers and plants on which they fed. Of the very plants themselves he talks as of living beings, their habits, ways, inclinations ; their different propensities at the periods of blossoming, some in actual winter, in spring, at mid-summer, or not till autumn ; the crocus, in spite of all weathers, at her own time ; the saffron defying the influence of spring and summer, not blowing till most plants fade and run to seed. All this to him is a wonder of creation, little thought of because so common. Or, turn to the woods, there again every page shows the same intimate, kindly knowledge, and happy expression. There are, he says, three creatures, the squirrel, the field mouse, and the nut-hatch, who live much on hazel nuts ; and yet they open them, each, in a different way. The first, after rasping off the small end, splits the shell in two with his long foreteeth, as a man does with his knife ; the second nibbles a hole with his teeth, as regular as if drilled with a wimble, yet so small that the wonder is how the kernel can be extracted through it ; while the last picks an irregular, ragged hole with his bill ; but, as this artist has no paws to hold the nut firm while at work on it, like an adroit workman he fixes it as in a vice in some cleft of a tree, or other crevice—when, standing over it, he quickly bores through the stubborn shell.

But it is to the birds, after all, that White turns with the fondest interest and relish ; the swallows skimming over the shining meadow, the swifts high up in mid air, wheeling

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\* He is often called Vicar of Selborne, but, in fact, as his monument in the parish church records, though for many years curate of Faringdon, an adjoining parish, he became curate of Selborne in 1784, and so remained until his death ; having been a Fellow of Oriel for fifty years.

their rapid flight round the old church-tower, or the white owl floating by on her downy wings, as a ghostly visitor through the soft shadows of twilight. Of all these he has always some new thing to tell; their exact times of coming and going; their incubation, their pleasures, affections, diseases, enemies, and friends. No wonder, therefore, that thousands of eager students have owed their first taste for natural history to Selborne, with all its charming air of romance and reality; just as thousands of adventurous sailors have been filled with a mad love of salt water by Crusoe's running away to sea.

With the special objects, therefore, of the two Societies for the protection of birds (with the exception of some few little harmless fads to be noticed in a future page) Gilbert White would have been in full accord. He would have waged war with them against the wholesale butchery of our gayest, brightest, or homeliest birds on any ground, most of all at the dictates of idle fashion. He would have done his utmost to save the goldfinch and the kingfisher from the utter extermination which now threatens them, and joined in the outcry against the instant death to which we are again told every rare foreign visitor that finds its way to our shores is infallibly doomed. He would, in these days, have stayed the wanton hand of Mr. Gaiters, my lord's keeper, in his murderous crusade against every living thing that flies or haunts wood and field but the sacred pheasant and partridge or Master Reynard himself, their bitterest enemy. He would have said, as the Selbornians now persist in saying, that in exterminating the barn owl, the kestrel, the windhover, the stoat, and the weasel, you are destroying the sworn enemies of the rats, mice, and other such 'small deer' as now swarm and are a plague in many parts of our country. But, above all, he would have rejoiced to have a walk and a good talk with such a man as the author of 'Among Wild Birds and their 'Haunts,' or 'On Surrey Hills,' though as yet only known to us on the title-page of two well-known and delightful books as 'A Son of the Marshes.' Gilbert White would have found in him a man after his own heart; one of keen intelligence and kindly feeling, who had spent many long years of a busy life in the woods and fields, and given himself up with unwearied patience to the one pursuit of becoming acquainted with the Book of Nature in all her varied moods. 'For fourteen years,' he says, 'I have been vainly trying to see one of our wild animals in the act of guard-

'ing its young at a time of danger. From early morning 'until late at night, I have tramped over lonely places day 'after day, week after week, in the night season, with that 'one object in view, and never yet seen it.' He, too, has watched with infinite care the habits, ways, tastes, feelings, joys, and fears of every wild creature that fell in his way. He makes friends with them, talks to them as an old acquaintance, and studies their character, as others might study men and women. He is out in all weathers, and at all hours of the day and night; never seems weary, or to lose his temper at any mishap; and, though he has a kindly word for everyone he meets, is never in better company than when alone. 'As a rule,' he says, 'I like to wander alone, 'and have a good talk with all the good things about me 'in this world of mystery and beauty.'

'Is it not possible,' he adds, 'for all the beings created with man as his companions to have fair play in this world of ours? I do not say that because a man loves all the wild things he comes up to the Exeter Hall standard of goodness; but this I aver, that a man who loves the beings created in the same world as himself is not a bad man.'

It is in this spirit that he sets to work, and wanders away among the wild fowl in the marshes, over the hills and downs of Surrey, or across the tangled solitudes 'within the 'borders of Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent, which are, so far 'as man is concerned, practically no man's land;' along by the mill-stream in some lonely valley—the haunt of woodcock, snipe, and plover; or, as night falls, he goes out in the twilight and looks down upon some dusky valley where the forest fire is racing madly on in a swift sheet of flame, 'running up and overtopping the fir-trees, and with one 'fierce lick clearing all before it.'

But whichever it may be, turn where he will, he is always the same keen, kindly observer, with a touch of humour that gives salt to every page of his book; whether in talking to any one of the wild creatures about him or to any stray human being he may chance to meet—ploughboy, poacher, gamekeeper, or shepherd... They all seem to know him, and for each he has a cheery word, though he may wander on for hours without meeting one or the other. He shows how strange it is that in two hours one can pass from the great city with all its vast population and busy hum of life, its aggregation of wealth, and of human passions noble and vicious, into a land of utter silence, and in some parts of desolation. The people who are scattered here and there 'seem to belong to a different race from ours, and to speak

'a dialect peculiar to themselves.' If you chance, he says, to meet a human being, you may speak as plainly and deliberately as you possibly can, yet in nine cases out of ten you will be obliged to repeat your question twice or three times 'before the rustic will grasp your meaning.'

But the 'Son of the Marshes' never fails to get an answer, whether his companion be a human biped or some furred or feathered inhabitant of the woods, and before long the conversation is in full swing. Open any one of his books at any page, and you will instantly see that he is at home wherever he may chance to stray. Even on the turn-pike road he has something to say worth hearing:—

'Rats and mice claim the hedge-rows and roads; where they have their summer and winter quarters. In tramping along the highways, I have watched and noted all the members of the family from the common brown rat to the black water-vole and the two species of water-shrews. Squirrels also and dormice about country roads are plentiful enough. Even the timid mole is to be found there at times. He will leave his hillock-heaving, and come running about in front of one in broad daylight. Folks call him the blind mole; but let your fingers get near his snout, and then tell us what you think of his blindness. A most ferocious little fellow is he, who fights with all the determination of a bull-terrier. I have undergone a considerable amount of biting in my roadside pursuit of natural history.'

The bite of a wild squirrel, he adds, is like the cut of a chisel, and demands a good store of fortitude in bearing it patiently. 'No one I have ever known bitten by Master Long-tail but ever afterwards gave that small animal a pretty wide berth.' So much for general acquaintance with his friends in the fields and woods, including birds, insects, fishes, and reptiles of all kinds, but it is when he comes to deal with them at closer quarters that his power of minute observation is at its best. If a mere hedgehog falls in his way, he bids us not regard him as a mere ball of prickles, but consider him and look well at his eye. 'If the eye is the index of the mind, as I firmly believe it to be, the hedgehog knows a great deal, and only uses his knowledge for his own special benefit,' and with far greater intelligence than you give him credit for. Or, take a little night-picture. Twilight has just deepened into darkness, the humming-bird hawkmoth has paid his visits to the garden in the heat of the day—the hotter it is the better he likes it. Come, therefore, take a small bull's-eye lantern, and walk quietly down among the bee-hives. Presently there comes a loud hum—another, and yet another. In front of you, among

the lilies, something shines before you like moving emeralds. 'They are the eyes of the privet-hawk moth, and by gently moving the light you may see his long trunk busily at work.' Presently out comes a toad, and thereupon ensues a short colloquy with the owner of the cottage-garden:—

'What do I kill 'em for, master? Do good, do they! you'd say so if you kept bees. Artful ain't no name for their moves; they just scrapes a hole with their paws, and lays there quiet if anybody is about, right in front of the hive, mind you! When all is still Gabriel \* just gets on them hind feet of his, and opens his mouth, and them bees go slap into it.'

But it is among the birds that our author finds his greatest enjoyment—of them he is never weary of talking; and it is for their protection he most earnestly contends whenever a gamekeeper falls in his way, especially for the 'feathered cats'—the owls—which he again and again declares to be the farmer's best friends. Mr. Gaiters, the gamekeeper, however, thinks very differently on this subject, and has nailed up a dozen or two of these 'friends' with outspread wings against the barn door, and takes pride in showing off the collection.

'You may look at 'em for a week, he says, if it's any good to you. I wish there wasn't so many of 'em. That lot's bin killed this year.'

'Poor things! What harm have they done?'

'What! you mean to say a good word for them owls? You must be going daft, man!'

'I do say a good word,' replies the Son of the Marshes, 'and what is more, if this estate belonged to me, not one of those birds should be spreadeagled out here.'

'Well, all I can say, Mr. Whoever you are, is you don't know nothing about it. They're varmints. Owls or hawks, or nothing of that sort never did any good nor never will; but you can look at 'em, and keep on lookin' at 'em. There's no good in that lot.'

And to this stubborn, senseless opinion, adds our author, nineteen out of twenty of the Gaiters family cling like grim death in spite of all that can be said to the contrary. Now and then, however, he falls in with one, and fairly out-argues him on his own ground:—.

'I has orders,' says another G., 'orders from the head man, to kill every varmint owl I comes across; they 're down on the coops of a night where we 've got the young pheasants.'

'But, how can they get at the young birds when they are shut up for the night in the coops?'

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'Bee-snapping Gabriel' is the old local Surrey name for a toad.



'I never thought of that, Mister; I don't see as they can. It ain't in reason.'

'Have you got any mice and rats about?'

'Yes, swarms of 'em. I can't put my grub down anywhere but what it gets nibbled. Drat 'em. After they 've bin messing it about I can't stomach it noways; and we has 'em most when the bird season's on.'

'Just so, my friend, of course you do. There is then plenty of food about for the rats to pick up. The owls visit your coops to feast on mice and rats, not for your birds.'—Q. E. D.

This kind of logic is too sharp and too plain even for a keeper, and he is obliged to own at last that 'Mister was 'about right,' adding, too, a morsel of information on bird slaughter, which has reference to the more immediate object of this article.

We never,' he says, 'has them owls a nailed up on the shed now. What does our head man do with 'em, do you reckon?' The mystery is soon explained in two words. Just at present owls are all the fashion for ladies' fire-screens—i.e. 'the head of a bird with the wings spread and folded round it, fixed on to a fancy handle,' for which the head 'un gets at least a shilling each. 'Botheration!' cries his lieutenant, you don't say so? He ain't give me a brass farden. I say, mister, the next owl I shoots, I misses. You understand!'

It is in this pleasant fashion that the 'Son of the Marshes' picks up his information about all that concerns the life and welfare of his furred or feathered friends in hedgerow, field, and wood; and both his volumes abound in bright, chatty, truthful pictures that could only be drawn by the pen of a true artist from life. He has, too, some admirable stories of famous trout and trout streams, poachers, and honest anglers; for pike, and perch, and dace, the 'good old times' of smuggling; fowlers and wild fowling; no man's land; and, above all, a picture of a forest fire among the Surrey hills, which for bright, vivid power and picturesque beauty it would be hard to match. But never is he so much at home or so well content with his subject as when among his beloved birds. His chapter on our thrushes is full of dainty music, pathos, and humour from first to last, though we have no space to quote from it, and barely enough for one more brief extract from his charming sketch of his pet owl 'Patch,' whom he once found caged up in a labourer's cottage.

'It was,' he says, 'a naked-footed night owl (*Strix Passerina*), and, knowing something of his language, I gave him a salute by sounding one of his call-notes, to which, bending his head down, he replied

directly. I paid him many more visits, till one day his owner said to me, "You know how to treat that there bird far better than I do; will you accept him, cage and all?" "On one condition," said I, "that you accept his portrait, life-size, in return." So home with me went Patch, a mournful-looking little object. In the evening, as I sat by the side of his cage, he tried his best to make me talk to him, which I did; then I opened the cage-door, putting my hand in, and gently stroking his head with my finger. His low, complaining cry instantly ceased, and presently I took him out, and laid him on my hand. Settling down on it, more in the position of a partridge than a bird of prey, he closed his eyes and slept; and there was comfort for him at last. I next unbuttoned my waistcoat, and, placing him inside, let him sleep there for two good hours without disturbing him. That good sleep and the warmth, with proper food, brought him round; otherwise, he would clearly soon have joined his tribe in a shadow flight elsewhere. Slowly, by degrees, he lost some of his shyness, and with returning strength began to give me some little insight into his character, and to talk in his own way to my wife as well as myself. A gentle, intelligent bird is he; no bite or scratch have we ever had from him. As much care and attention have been given to him as to a little child, and he has well repaid it by his quaint and amusing ways. When evening comes, he is let out, while his cage is cleaned, to play in the cellar, and real play it is, of proper hide and seek. Up to a certain point he sits close to me and watches the proceedings, until, while I am putting clean straw into his cage, he suddenly vanishes. I look for him, but where he is gone it is for me to find out. No easy business, for his colour, well, it is no colour at all; a dingy, grey-brown, flecked here and there with white. But, presently, I spy a pair of bright eyes shining out from a corner, and, turning the lamp in that direction, I see, drawn up beside the leg of a stool, with one wing thrown sideways, and his head looking over it, my bird Patch. Finding himself discovered, with a loud shrill bark, as loud as a terrier's—he is off again. For a long time he cannot be found; but at last, after moving many things, I come to a box resting on four bricks, and there, underneath it, is Patch spread out and flattened like a rat. In a moment up he starts, and defies his master. Yell after yell comes from him, as from some infuriated cat. But, finally, he is captured, and, placed in his cage, is taken upstairs to be soothed by his mistress, when, to hear his chatter, you would think it came from some injured magpie rather than from a little owl. Let out once more, he perches on her hand, as happy as a king, and as proud as a peacock; and now is the time to see Patch in his glory. He draws himself up to his full height, raises the feathers on the top of his head to a crest, and looks at me like a demented owl; and presently, with the eyes of a dog, changing into an expression almost human.

This single extract will serve to give some idea of the deep and true intimacy existing between the author and the wild birds of whom he loves to write, and at the same time

of the general tone and character of all he has to say about them, not as inferior animals but friends.

'I should like to know,' he adds, 'what Patch's opinion about myself is, and the only index I have to it is in his eyes, which now and then speak volumes. It is not fear, for he is a spoilt pet, but I sometimes fancy that he takes me to be a giant owl who knows everything, for I talk to him in his own language.'

There is much more about Patch—of his peculiar ways, tricks, and habits in private life, which we must heartily commend to our reader's own discovery and enjoyment. On the 'Son of the Marshes' himself it is unnecessary to add further commendation, for his well-known volumes are now widely read and have deservedly won for him the reputation of a keen and enthusiastic student of bird and animal life in the woodlands, glades, and streams of our southern counties, possessing a sympathy with and a reverence for Nature, of which sportsmen, as a rule, are totally devoid. 'To me,' he says, 'there is no one species of animal life or plant which will not well repay the devotion of a lifetime.'

We now, therefore, turn to the more immediate subject of this article—the defence of wild birds—hoping to show why they need defence, and against what enemies; what has been already done on their behalf, and what remains to be done. It is this object mainly, we take it, that the Society for the Protection of Birds and the Selborne Society (now numbering some thousands of members) have in view; and when we find a score of such names as Sir J. Lubbock, Musgrave, Rawnsley, Stopford Brooke, and Morris on their council, we may take it for granted that good and real work is in hand, and has to be done. They say that the wild birds of England need protection from wholesale, wanton destruction, and that unless saved from this fate many of the rarer and more beautiful species are in danger of becoming extinct. The first point, therefore, is to look at the evidence adduced to prove that the charge is true and the danger real; and of this there can, we imagine, be no possible doubt if the following facts are but as fairly weighed as facts deserve to be that come to us armed with good authority as to names, places, and dates.

Beyond all dispute, then, an enormous traffic is now being carried on in birds' skins and coloured feathers, of which London and Paris are the two great marts for the supply of all Europe. How vast and wholesale that traffic is let the following facts speak for themselves:—

1. 'I have known,' says the Commissioner of Sind, 'thirty thousand black partridges killed in certain provinces, within but a few days, to supply skins for the European markets. Blue jays, golden orioles, and hoopoes, are bought up in any number, at almost any price. I have known, says another well-known authority, a single bird-catcher, in the province of Lahore, snare two hundred king-fishers in the course of a month.'

2. One famous dealer in London has been known to receive in one single consignment 32,000 dead humming-birds, 80,000 skins of different aquatic birds, and 800,000 pairs of wings of different small and brilliantly coloured birds; while a similar Parisian dealer advertises for a contract to supply 40,000 for one special season. At one well-known auction room in London not long since were sold 404,000 bird skins from the West Indies and Brazil, as well as 356,000 from the East Indies. All these of choice and brilliant colours, and all designed for millinery purposes.

3. The slaughter that is going on abroad is only a type of what is being perpetrated at home by bird-catchers, some so-called sporting men, gamekeepers, and thousands of other nondescripts regularly engaged in this foul traffic, who are well paid for their work. For example, the great skua gull, now found in Great Britain at only three stations in the Shetland Isles, is continually slaughtered at all times and at all seasons, no one apparently being at hand to enforce obedience to the Birds' Protection Act even in close time. The exquisite wings of the kittiwake (*Larus tridactylus*) are in great demand for ladies' bonnets, and therefore always command a high price. The consequence is that the first day of August, on which the close time expires, is a grand field day of slaughter to which thousands of miscreants rush with unusual eagerness. The eggs of the kittiwake are laid at the end of June, so that by the first week in August the young birds not full fledged are barely able to fly, though the plumage of the wings may be in full beauty, as the robbers at Lundy Island very well know. Thousands are thus massacred at the very time when the young birds are most helpless and fall an easy prey to the powder or shot, stone or stick, of every assailant; the wings, it is said, being often torn away from living birds, who are left to die slowly of their wounds or by starvation. 'I have known,' says Mr. Yarrell, '9,000 of these charming birds butchered in this fashion within a single fortnight, and scenes of equally wanton and ruthless devastation are to be witnessed at

‘certain times of every year all along the English coast  
‘wherever sea birds are to be found in any number.’

Take another example. The white aigrettes, now so much worn by ladies in their bonnets and hats or as ornaments in the hair, are only to be had from the ‘egret,’ a special kind of foreign heron named ‘immaculata’ on account of its snowy plumage, surpassing in purity even that of the swan. The dainty plumes of this hapless bird (known in the trade as ‘osprey’)—light, delicate, and of exquisite purity—are spirally curled towards the point, and, being of rare beauty, are most highly prized. To procure them in sufficient quantities for the demands of Regent Street, thousands of egrets are slaughtered every year, and, as the plumes grow only in the breeding season, the slaughter is of unusual severity, involving not only the death of the old birds, but the destruction of their nests with all the young, who are thus left to perish in helpless misery. ‘The special plumes,’ we are told, ‘grow only during the breeding time, droop from the back of the bird over its sides and tail, and the hunters find that the easiest and best time for the ‘carnage is when the young egrets are fully fledged but not ‘able to fly.’

Although examples of this kind might be easily multiplied to an almost indefinite extent, we will cite but two other instances of wholesale slaughter, and both more or less for the supply of the English market. At Long Island, New York, 40,000 terns have been shot in a single season under circumstances as wantonly cruel as those above mentioned, the white and black plumage of the *Terna Hirundo*, or sea swallow, being always in great request. Nor do their hapless cousins, our own familiar swallows, seem to fare much better during their annual journey across the sea. Having made their way across France in safety, vast flocks stay for a while along the coast nearest to the shores of England, before their last stage over the Channel. But even there not only are they shot by thousands, but, electric wires being set up between lofty poles as if for their especial accommodation, at night the wires are connected with powerful batteries, and at every charge the birds fall dead in heaps, so that baskets full are picked up in the morning and carried off to the dealers.

So far, therefore, as the course of systematic slaughter of birds is concerned, the urgent need of protection is fully proved, beyond doubt, by the plainest evidence of established facts; and to these must be added one notorious

item that, with few exceptions, a similar war of extermination is carried on all the year round by thousands of gamekeepers in every woodland district of the country. No sooner does a rare or beautiful bird make his appearance in any district than he is instantly marked out for destruction. Mr. Gaiters has strict orders to kill everything that flies, crawls, or creeps throughout his domain except the sacred pheasants and partridges, as well as their no less sacred, though bitter, enemy, the fox; and these orders he faithfully obeys. Nor is this the only way in which he gathers trophies for the spreadeagle on his barn door. If his ordinary supply for the market runs short, he relies on that ingeniously cruel invention, the pole-trap, by which, set up high among the trees, birds of all kinds are easily and securely caught—caught, too, by the feet, so as to leave the plumage uninjured, while the miserable victims hang head downwards until death puts an end to their sufferings. No wonder, therefore, that when in the report of the Birds' Protection Society we read of 'warehouses ankle-deep in 'bright-plumed feathers,' and of 'piles of birds' wings shoulder 'high' shown in triumph to the expected customer, or of strings of goldfinches in the windows—no wonder that in many an English county some of our choicest birds are becoming scarcer and more scarce, if not actually extinct. The wanton process of extermination, which Gilbert White bewailed a hundred years ago as having even then begun, has been going on with increasing force ever since. It has overtaken the bustard, of which highly respectable bird he says, under date October 1780, 'Sir P. Barker and his friend, 'Bob Cave, on their way to Stonehenge saw eighteen fine 'specimens;' while the ravens, which were then common enough at Selborne, are no longer to be found there. We may have no particular admiration for bustards or special regard for ravens, but when the same inexorable fate that has exterminated them threatens to overtake such birds as the goldfinch, the willow warbler, the kingfisher, and the golden-crested wren, it is clear that the time has come for decided action. Many years have passed away since Frank Buckland, in righteous indignation, cried out: 'The women 'have taken to wearing kingfishers in their bonnets, so *they* 'will have to go.' The prophecy was a true one. 'They 'have gone;' and more than one page in the diary of 'The 'Son of the Marshes' goes to prove its deadly fulfilment elsewhere. One miscreant boasted to him of having just, 'nicked off three of 'em' in a single nook of a woodland

stream. Their sole crime was the capture of sundry small trout; and the profit of the slaughter one shilling per head, to Mr. Gaiters. Again and again some lad, employed to keep sparrows off the corn, offers him 'whole bunches of 'small birds—fly-catchers and willow-warblers, which eat 'not a grain of corn, but never a sparrow in the whole lot. 'Thus, and by the help of bird-catchers, the number of 'small birds captured to supply the bird market is almost 'beyond belief.'

It is idle to tell such murderous assailants as these that many of the slaughtered birds are among the farmer's best friends; that the rook often spends his whole day in clearing the fields and pastures of insects, grubs, and worms, and thus is 'Hodge's greatest, unpaid benefactor;' that every jackdaw is 'a sanitary inspector' for at least every two or three sheep; that the crops of wood-pigeons and turtle doves, after hours of feeding in the harvest field, have been opened, and found to contain not one grain of ripe seed, but to be crammed full of small green vetches, growing at the roots of the wheat; that one barn-owl, as a killer of rats and mice, is 'equal to six cats;' or that even 'a kestrel 'devours more mice than birds.' The one answer to any such remonstrance is, 'Say what you like, mister, I knows 'em all, downright varmint I says, and I has my orders, 'and I keeps 'em.'

It is against this state of things that the two protective societies earnestly protest, and it must be owned by common humanity and common sense that their complaint is fully justified; the final clause in the indictment being that this wholesale system of extermination is carried on at the dictate of Fashion; for the adornment of women, and that for every kind of the rarer species, such as the orange and scarlet cock-of-the-rock, the kingfisher, and the humming-bird, worn in a lady's head-gear, at least ten birds have suffered death, counting in the young who perish from starvation, the wounded which fly away to drop down and die in the woods or among the reeds, and those which are so far mutilated by the pellets of shot as to be useless for purposes of decoration. Now, it can hardly be for a moment credited that the thousands of fair, graceful Englishwomen who wear gay feathers on their heads are really aware of the wholesale slaughter, far less of the atrocious cruelties, perpetrated in their name and on their behalf. Who and what then is 'Fashion,' whose wanton edicts they so lightly obey? That her edicts are obeyed—even in utter defiance of all

the laws of beauty, fitness, and true grace—admits of no possible doubt. If she ordains that women should wear a hump on each shoulder, and a third on a part of the body where any protuberance is otherwise reckoned a natural deformity; that their waists should be forcibly contracted into the tenuity of the wasp, or the grace of the figure hidden under the hideous expanse of crinoline—the fiat is inexorable, and meets with no resistance. All this, however, is a question of mere padding, silk or cloth, wire and whale-bone. The sufferers pay the penalty in their own persons, of their own free will, and are so far within their own rights. But the case is wholly changed if obedience to Fashion involves the destruction of myriads of harmless creatures, who not only have a right to live, but are of more service while living than dead. Who or what is Fashion, that her demands, however reckless, should be instantly complied with?

The infallible, inexorable dictator, after all, is but of a vague and shadowy character, and of no real authority. Some lady of rank, or beauty, or mere notoriety, in Paris, London, or Vienna (far more frequently some fabricator of women's dresses, as a matter of trade and profit), fixes on, invents, or adopts a certain colour, dress, or ornament for the coming season—alike for all women who claim to be civilised, without reference to age, stature, complexion, ugliness, beauty, or condition. Whereupon all the disciples bow down, worship, and obey.

An edict issues that certain golden, white, red, or yellow feathers are to appear in all bonnets, hats, and headdresses, and at once throughout the marts of Europe there is a cry for a myriad more victims to furnish the necessary plumage. It cannot be for a moment credited that the thousands of fair, graceful Englishwomen who wear gay feathers on their heads are really aware of the carnage, far less the atrocious cruelties,\* perpetrated for their behoof; but the result is inevitable, and none the less to be deplored. Among recent specimens of 'the keeper's gibbet style of headdress, let the following atrocities speak for themselves, from a pamphlet published by the Society for the Protection of Birds:—

" 1. A bonnet trimming of an unusually elegant description, made in

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\* Cruelties. If feathers of a certain hue of red are required, one means of procuring them is by placing sparrows in an oven and slowly baking them to death. The feathers are thus preserved from injury, and readily take a red dye.



Paris, sold in London for 3*s.*, consisting of the head of a goldfinch split into two sections, each stuck upon a pointed skewer, the tail being in the middle, the wings on either side, with a tuft of heron's plumes to crown the shameful medley; the whole preposterous arrangement being considered *chic*, and finding a ready sale."

Or what think our readers of the following?—

'In the midst of a dense thicket of frizzled curled hair is perched a bright-yellow canary, kept fixed in its place by jewelled pins, with wings expanded over a jewelled nest.'

A recent visitor\* to Samoa tells us of a famous village beauty in that remote region, whose headdress is thus described:—

'Round her forehead was a band of small pieces of nautilus shell; above towered a mass of human hair that had been bleached for months in a marsh, with scraps of looking-glass arranged in front, the whole surmounted with a trail of red humming birds' feathers.'

And Dr. Drummond, in his book of African travel, makes mention of a chieftain's daughter whose hair, heavily greased with ground-nut oil, was made up into small-sized balls, like black currants, and then divided into patterns—diamonds, circles, and parterres, designed with the skill of a landscape gardener. Both these 'arrangements' would, in the eyes of Regent Street artists and connoisseurs, be probably regarded as savage monstrosities, but it is to be doubted whether they are not utterly surpassed by the goldfinch and canary arrangement, by a kingfisher's wing crowned with red shivering grass and sham jewels, both in tawdry insolence and depravity of taste. What is called 'barbarous' if found among savages may, after all, be the very height of fashion in Mayfair, though the cheap finery of the Samoan or African belle is marked neither by cruelty to the victim nor by gain to the artist.

Such, therefore, taken broadly, is the case brought before us by the two societies who plead for the protection of our wild birds, and implore the ladies of England to help in the good work by abjuring that style of ornament and headdress which involves the destruction of the feathered race, in spite of the edicts of fashion, or the sordid gains of game-keepers, dealers, and men-milliners. It is in the hands of the real leaders of fashion to decide whether their plea shall succeed or not, and it is hard to believe that the answer will be 'Let the slaughter go on.' A certain royal lady has, it

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\* 'Three Weeks in Samoa,' by the Countess of Jersey.

is said, recently protested strongly against the threatened hideous invasion of crinoline, which will, no doubt, now be adjourned *sine die*. Is there no one among the six thousand members of the Birds' Protection Society who can procure a further word to be said against the other far greater atrocities? \*

Be that as it may, surely something can and ought to be done to enlarge the scope and increase the efficiency of the Birds' Protection Act, passed as long ago as 1880, but hitherto in some vital respects a failure. This Act ordains for certain birds a close time from March 1 to August 1, and by this *some* land birds and sea fowls are scheduled as wholly protected from legal slaughter, but the close time begins a month too late, and ends at least a month too soon, to render the protection of real service. Moreover, it forbids neither nest-destroying nor egg-stealing, though both are causes of ruinous destruction to thousands of broods of young birds, especially along the sea-coast, where dealers are ever on the watch. If these defects could be rectified, landowners persuaded to prohibit the incursions of unlicensed and professional birdcatchers, and if all the real friends of birds would but exert themselves individually in enforcing the law, a great step would be gained towards the abolition of horrors in the fields and woods, and hideous headresses in the world of fashion.

We have, however, yet to notice more closely one branch of our subject, of deeper import than the question of ladies' bonnets, affecting the interests and wellbeing of the country at large. 'When man steps in to upset the laws of nature and destroy the wondrous equilibrium of the animal world, he has to pay for it, sooner or later, at a heavy cost.' In the autumn of 1891 there was an unusual and terrible plague of flies in Lincolnshire, so severe, indeed, that the air in some places was darkened with them, and it was at times hard to see or breathe without discomfort.

'This plague,' writes Mr. Lowe, a known and competent authority. 'was totally unprecedented, and solely owing to the unusual loss of swallows in the previous spring, when great numbers perished of cold and wet, and other thousands by the murderous gun of the fowler.

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\* Six thousand members, but not many, it is to be hoped, like the one who, according to the report, entered a West End shop, chose a hat with a bird in it, and ordered it to be altered thus: 'Leave the wings and the tail just as they are, but cut off the head and feet; I am a member of a society for protecting birds.'

Here, cause and effect are closely connected, and clear beyond dispute. The swallow and the swift, says Gilbert White, spend the greater portion of their lives on the wing, and during at least fourteen hours out of the twenty-four are constantly engaged in the capture of flies and countless other insects, of which they manage to carry off hundreds to the nest in a single hour.'

Round about thousands of towns and villages throughout England, from April to October in every year, a goodly flock of these pest-destroyers are incessantly at work, and thus destroy countless myriads of winged pests, which left unchecked would become 'a plague.' Destroy the swallows, and it is easy to see what must follow.

Or, take another example further afield. Statistics tell us that during one single year upwards of fifty millions of wild birds have been shot in the United States, and among these vast numbers of the red-headed woodpecker (a variety of our own *Picus viridis*, whose crown, head, and whiskers are of a brilliant crimson), which specially haunts trees, and mainly lives on the insect and beetle tribe, there found in abundance. What follows the wholesale slaughter is as plain in this case as in that of the swallows. 'In one district of South Carolina, upon a tract of at least two thousand acres of forest, ninety out of every hundred trees that had perished were found to be destroyed by the ravages of 'a small bug (beetle),' of which, says Wilson, the historian of 'American Birds,' this very woodpecker is the sworn foe, and for which he specially hunts with unwearied bill. The very same law of cause and effect is now at work in our own country, and continually bearing deadly fruit. In three separate districts of Hampshire, at this very time, the ricks and stacks, gardens and houses, says a competent witness, are swarming with rats and mice, so as to be a perfect nuisance. Why? For the simple reason that every weasel, stoat, and ferret, every barn-owl, hawk, and kestrel—all sworn enemies of these very plagues—have been ruthlessly shot down, trapped, and destroyed as 'varmint.' The rabbits increase and multiply, it is true, put many shillings into the keepers' pockets, and provide now and then a savoury supper for Hodge. But 'the mischief done by Bunny among the young green wheat is often beyond count,' while the crusade that protects rabbits equally protects the swarms of rats and mice who defy Mr. Gaiters and all his machinations with poison, trap, and gun.

Not long since there was a plague of field-mice, which ravaged the fields of Dumfriesshire, destroying the rough

pasture, the barer lea, and even the heather. Soon there was little or no food for the sheep; and the plague was, doubtless, in a great measure owing to the utter slaughter of the very birds and other creatures which are the sworn enemies of, and live on, the whole army of mice and other such rodents.

The barn-owl alone is chief among these benefactors. 'I have watched him,' says Gilbert White, 'beating the fields like a setter dog in pursuit of his favourite game.' His work goes on from twilight until dawn; and 'I have known,' says another witness, 'a nesting-owl bring back one mouse to the nest every ten or twenty minutes all the right through. Twenty dead rats have been found in a single nest.' Yet, in spite of such facts as these, which might be multiplied tenfold, the senseless war of extermination goes on, and the plagues increase. That the facts are true, let a few accurate and reliable statistics give plain, reliable evidence. In 126 pellets of the tawny owl, carefully examined, were found remains of 6 rats, 42 mice, 200 voles (field-mice), 33 shrews, and 18 small birds. In 700 pellets of another owl were found remains of 3 rats, 257 mice, 690 voles, 1,500 shrews, and 22 small birds.

Clearer or more convincing proof of the folly of the war of extermination now being carried on it would be hard to find; and to all whom it concerns this plain evidence must be left to be fairly weighed, judged, and acted on.

As for the sway of so-called Fashion, the wanton cruelties it encourages and maintains, and the barbarous traffic it alone demands, its continuance or suppression must be left to the good sense, the taste, the humanity of the fairer, gentler sex, to whom the birds of England appeal for mercy in every woodland, field, and grove. It is to be hoped that the appeal will not be made in vain.

- ART. V.—1. *Sir Henry Maine: a Brief Memoir of his Life.* By the Right Hon. Sir M. E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I. With some of his Indian Speeches and Minutes. Selected and edited by WHITLEY STOKES, D.C.L. London: 1892.
2. *Sir Henry Maine.* By Sir A. C. LYALL, E. GLASSON, F. VON HOLTZENDORFF, and PIETRO COGLIOLO. In 'Law Quarterly Review,' iv. 129, *sqq.* April 1888.
3. *Études sur l'Histoire du Droit.* Par Sir HENRY SUMNER MAINE. Traduit de l'anglais avec l'autorisation de l'auteur. Paris: 1889. Préface du traducteur, pp. i-lxi.
4. *Icilio Vanni: Gli Studi di Henry Sumner Maine e le Dottrine della Filosofia del Diritto.* Verona: 1892.
5. *Sumner Maine: \* Discorso Commemorativo pronunziato nella Grande Aula della R. Università di Catania il 16 Gennaio 1892 dal Professor A. ZOCCO-ROSA.* Catania: 1892.
6. *Tableau des origines et de l'évolution de la famille et de la propriété.* Par MAXIME KOVALEVSKY. Stockholm: 1890.
7. *Modern Customs and Ancient Laws of Russia.* By MAXIME KOVALEVSKY. London: 1891. [Dedication 'To the Memory of Sir Henry Maine.']

FIVE years have now passed since we lost Sir Henry Maine, at an age when he still seemed capable of several years of good work, and had entered on a new undertaking in the office of Whewell Professor of International Law at Cambridge. His life was as little eventful for the biographer's purposes as the life of a man so eminent, and having such a long and various record of public service, could well be. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has shown a wise discretion in prefixing only a brief memoir to the selection from Maine's Indian speeches and minutes which Mr. Murray has lately published. Let us hope that his example may be useful in checking the volubility of biographers and literary executors, a sort of people who are apt to consume paper, ink, and time, beyond any reasonable measure, in

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\* More than one Continental writer has fallen into the not unnatural mistake of supposing 'Sumner Maine' to be a double surname. Even more natural is the confusion of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, to which Maine returned as Master in the later years of his life, with Trinity College, which had not at any time the honour of claiming him as a member.

their ceremonious introductions of persons far less illustrious than Maine. We shall not complain of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff for observing a judicial modesty of tone which would have been very fit for Maine's own use if he had written a memoir of himself, but hardly seems incumbent on his surviving friends when they bear witness to his merit. If any fault has been committed in this kind, it is on the right side. The tale of Maine's performance can well afford to dispense with rhetorical decoration. It did not enter into Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's plan to take any general survey of Maine's achievements in legal and political science, or to estimate their influence on the generation which is now reaping the benefit of them. The time seems to have come when some attempt in this direction can properly be made. Not that the time has yet come (if indeed it ever will) when the task may be thought an easy one. An ideal critic of Maine would contemplate his works not only as a whole, but as it were at an equal distance, and on a uniform projection. But this attitude is hardly possible to one who made the acquaintance of 'Ancient Law' when it was still a recent book, and who since that time has followed Maine's later work step by step, with admiration increasing as he learnt more and more, from his own experience, to appreciate the difficulties inherent in the historical treatment of archaic institutions. We do not pretend to criticise Maine from the outside or with indifference. It may be done by a younger generation in course of time, and meanwhile we may perhaps learn something from the Continental students who, though little or not at all behind ourselves in admiration, are in a position to take a more detached view.

Not long after Maine's death, M. Rodolphe Dareste contributed a report on his works to the proceedings of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in Paris. This contains a few slips in English names and titles, such as calling Sir George Campbell Lord Campbell, but is in the main very just and appreciative. In the final passage, cited by Sir M. Grant Duff, M. Dareste says in effect that readers accustomed to French scientific literature may find Maine rather hard reading because he does not observe any rules of systematic arrangement. He is brilliant and fascinating; he throws out new ideas at every turn; but he does not build up a symmetrical doctrine; he does not emphasise the main lines of his architecture as a French theorist would, but almost conceals them by luxuriant

illustration. He is a master of style, but not of construction. There is, it seems to us, a considerable amount of truth in this. Maine's work is not architectural but organic. His ideas are not presented in the form of finished propositions that can be maintained and controverted in the manner of a thesis. Rather they appear to grow before our eyes, and they have never done growing. The roots are the same, the flowers and fruit are various. We are constantly brought home again after digressions and excursions, often in quite unexpected ways. Therefore Maine's books cannot be arranged in a linear series as chapters of an *opus magnum*. It would be idle to prescribe a fixed order for reading them, as if they were a history or a code. Those who expect to find instruction ready made in them will hardly be satisfied; those who seek not compendious formulas to be learnt by rote or set down in notebooks, but thoughts to be assimilated for the guidance and education of the historic faculty, will seldom indeed be disappointed. In this we see no more than the proper and almost necessary attribute of a master whose business is to give us examples of method, not to inform us of facts. If we thought M. Dareste's intention had been to convey that Maine's workmanship was defective, we should hold that both Maine's objects and his power of execution were misapprehended by such a judgement. We do not doubt that the form in which Maine expressed himself was deliberately chosen, and was that which best suited his genius and the nature of his undertaking. His ideas were larger than his available materials, and, had he attempted the construction of a formal system with those materials, it is more than probable that he would have wasted his power on elaborating details which the research of this generation or the next would have shown to be inexact. Even as it is, he was unable wholly to escape this danger. For example, we confess to no small doubt whether, for some time to come, anyone who is not a Celtic scholar can safely found any definite conclusions upon the ancient Irish law-books, except so far as their broader features confirm the general similarity of all archaic laws in a similar stage of development. It is a curious coincidence that Maine was followed out of this world, within a few months, by another great English writer who had placed himself in the front rank without composing any one great work. Matthew Arnold resembled Maine in being a man of fruitful ideas rather than of voluminous writing, and a scholar whose high standard of

artistic performance compelled him to be chary of visible production. Neither of them would willingly set his name to anything not fully considered and revised. In each case a moderate number of volumes, issued at considerable intervals, and being groups of essays rather than treatises, have assured to the writer, by the unanimous judgement of competent persons, a renown altogether out of proportion to their bulk and apparent pretensions.

Valuable testimony, the more valuable because involuntary, has been given to the intrinsic weight of Maine's writings by the nature of the criticism sometimes passed upon them. Not one of his books makes, upon the face of it, anything like a profession of accounting for the ultimate origin of human laws, or settling the relations of jurisprudence to ethics, or connecting the science of law with any general philosophical system or with any scientific account of social development. It might be natural enough to regret that Maine's speculation was not more openly ambitious, though for our own part we believe he knew his own business and capacities best. But when learned persons have on different occasions, perhaps oftener on the Continent than in this country, charged Maine with shortcoming, it has not been because he did not attempt any of these things (which does not seem to have occurred to the critics), but because he did not fully accomplish them. From such criticism, which is relevant only on the supposition that the highest and most exacting standard is to be applied both to the author's aim and to his results, one turns back almost with surprise to Maine's own modest announcement in the Preface to '*Ancient Law*':—'The chief object of the following pages is to indicate some of the earliest ideas of mankind, as they are reflected in ancient law, and to point out the relation of those ideas to modern thought.' Similarly the lectures on '*Village Communities*' were first published with an apology for their fragmentary character, and '*Early Law and Custom*,' produced in the height of Maine's mature fame, was described by him only as an endeavour 'to connect a portion of existing institutions with a part of the primitive or very ancient usages of mankind, and of the ideas associated with these usages.' The addition of the qualifying words 'or very ancient' to 'primitive' is a good example of the way in which Maine used tacitly, but effectually, as occasion served, to correct any want of caution in the language of his earlier writings.

It is natural, nay laudable, for a student approaching



Maine for the first time to desire from his masters and seniors some general indication of what Maine has done for legal science. Maine, however, was himself about the last person to look to for a neat and compendious answer to any such request. He maintained a dignified reserve about his own work which might fairly have been called ironical in the Greek sense. For us, who are not in any way bound to reticence, it is allowable to say that Maine did nothing less than create the natural history of law. He showed on the one hand that legal ideas and institutions have a real course of development as much as the genera and species of living creatures, and in every stage of that development have their normal characters; on the other hand he made it clear that these processes deserve and require distinct study, and cannot be treated as mere incidents in the general history of the societies where they occur. Mr. Freeman used to complain (with a good deal of justice, we are free to admit) of the historical ignorance prevailing among lawyers. Maine has taught us the converse lesson that, if lawyers may easily go wrong for want of history, some understanding of law and legal ideas is no less needful for the historian who is not content to be a mere chronicler. There are some signs among our younger school of economists of a disposition to treat law and its history as no better than raw material for social and economic science (a science whose range, to the legal mind, does not yet seem adequately defined, nor its authority proved), and to think that by turning over a few law-books they can acquire such a grasp of jurisprudence, both technical and historical, as will enable them to put the legal element in its right place. In intention this is more tolerable, doubtless, than taking no account at all of that element. We do not know that in the result an ambitious young writer may not be led still further astray by this kind of presumption than his old-fashioned predecessors were by their indifference. It was a sort of habit, we believe, among clever young men at the Universities some years ago to talk of Maine's work as obsolete. These current freaks of paradox change, especially at Oxford, almost as often as the shape of bonnets and the dimensions of skirts among the men's sisters, and probably that particular novelty is itself out of date by this time. In any case, the clever young men will have to come back to Maine before they have done. Let anyone who thinks we rate Maine too highly ask himself in what books, either

legal or historical, of an earlier date, we shall find adequate perception, or indeed any distinct perception, of such points as these:—the sentiment of reverence evoked by the mere existence of law in early societies; the essential formalism of archaic law; the predominance of rules of procedure over rules of substance in early legal institutions; the fundamental difference between ancient and modern ideas as to legal proof; the relatively modern character of disposing (especially testamentary) power and freedom of contract; and the still more modern appearance of true criminal law. The present writer has over and over again drawn some inference from the curious and, at first sight, confused phenomena of English law in the Middle Ages (a period, be it remembered, to which Maine himself never gave any special attention), and then found either that it was anticipated in terms in some place of Maine's writings, or that a significant hint pointed exactly in the right direction. Sir Alfred Lyall has recorded \* his similar experience in a larger and remoter field—that of Indian custom. It is more than thirty years since 'Ancient Law' was first published, and nowadays 'all have got the seed;' which, however, is no justification for forgetting who tilled and sowed the ground.

Quite another order of reflections may be raised when we see 'Ancient Law,' a book left standing as it first stood, and never intended by its author for an elementary student's manual, used for that purpose in our seats of learning at this day. True it is that Maine suffers in this matter no greater wrong than Bentham and Austin, whom he regarded (with important qualifications) as his masters. But there may be no small wrong to the learners also, and a task of no small difficulty is imposed on their living teachers by having to use a classical work addressed to scholars as if it were a common text-book of information. It is as if a medical professor were expected to teach the rudiments of physiology out of Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' We fear that in many cases the learner goes away with a few catch-words about Status and Contract, having both failed to gather any philosophy from Maine's book and ruined whatever chance he had of some day enjoying it as English.

We have said that Maine's works cannot be arranged in any consecutive logical order. It may be added that there is not much difference between them in respect of maturity, or, if there be any, it lies chiefly in the wealth of knowledge

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\* 'Asiatic Studies,' p. 213; L. Q. R., iv. 130.

brought under contribution in the later ones. The adventurer's fortune has waxed greater with advancing years. His argosies come in laden with stranger treasures, and from more distant shores; the enterprise that planned the voyage and the judgement that assured success are the same as they were. Surprise must have been excited in Maine's readers, once and again, by his determination, without any assigned reason, to leave 'Ancient Law' substantially untouched in the later editions. We conceive that he was impressed with the difficulty of keeping the book abreast of historical research as a work of science and not spoiling it as a work of literature. This will seem all the more natural when we remember that 'Ancient Law' was by no means a youthful production. Maine did not leap into fame with it at an early age, like Savigny with his treatise on Possession. He was nearly forty years old at the date of publication, and his only writing formerly acknowledged was, we believe, the essay on 'Roman Law' in the Cambridge Essays of 1856, afterwards reprinted in 'Village Communities.' Such errors and oversights as may be found in Maine's earlier as well as in his later work are not the slips of an inexperienced writer. They rather mark the difficulties encountered by a strong man in a new and intricate field of labour.

In part they were due to Maine's individual habit of work. He had no taste for the minute mechanics of scholarship. Assimilating the substance of his materials with that 'swift and penetrating spirit' which Sir A. Lyall has well commemorated, he did not always preserve the means of verifying his impressions in detail. In part, also, Maine's data have been superseded by later research; and it is to be observed that, except as to what he had come to know in his own Indian experience, he seldom held himself out as vouching for their accuracy. He was commonly content to take them from the writers most esteemed among scholars, for the time being, on their own ground; to vouch over, in legal phrase, Savigny for the history of Roman law or Maurer for the German village community. It is obvious that, in an age of highly specialised research, the breadth of view which was essential to Maine's operations cannot be had on any other terms. If Maine had devoted himself to Roman law, he might have been an English rival of Ihering. If he had thrown his strength into Germanic antiquities, he might have been beforehand with Heusler or Brunner. But

in neither case would he have done for us that which he was specially and singularly fitted to do.

It may be worth while, however, to bring the matter to a point. Let us take 'Ancient Law' and examine, so far as can be done in a summary view, to what extent the substance of the work is affected by the movement of learning and research through an intervening generation.

In the first place we find that Maine starts from 'the necessity of taking the Roman law as a typical system.' This necessity was a perfectly real one at the time, for no other system was familiar enough to scholars to be used for the purpose of illustration with any freedom; least of all English law, save to a minority even among lawyers. Indeed, if Maine had attempted, with the resources then available, to draw upon Oriental or Germanic materials to anything like the same extent, it is all but certain that he would have built on a far less secure foundation than he did. Every course has its drawbacks, and some were incident to the course taken by Maine in this his first capital work. Those who would refuse to accept Roman law as a typical system at all will not have any support from us; but we may allow that Roman law did fill a rather excessive proportion of Maine's field of view, and that he was disposed to exaggerate the remoteness of that antiquity whose traces are preserved in the writings of Roman lawyers and antiquaries. When we extend the range of comparison, it is not difficult to satisfy ourselves that the earliest Roman law of which we have any connected knowledge is in many ways less archaic than the laws of Wessex under King Alfred, not to say those of England under Edward I. But it was from Maine that we learnt to make such comparisons. With what unerring instinct, on the other hand, does Maine turn to Homer as a witness 'far more trustworthy than those relatively later documents which pretend to give an account of times similarly early, but which were compiled under philosophical or theological influences.' Guided by Homer, Maine treats the utterance of dooms (the best English equivalent of 'themistes') by a quasi-inspired ruler as the earliest type of law-making. We may add that it is the type regularly assumed as most authentic by the nascent legal intellect of communities emerging from barbarism into settled rules of justice and judgement. In England the reforms of Henry I., the lion of justice, were stimulated or accompanied by a demand for imaginary laws of Edward the Confessor (which were promptly forthcoming to supply the demand); and the

great establishment of our legal institutions under Edward I. was followed by an antiquarian exaltation of Alfred as the supposed founder of everything that was best in them, and of many things that were not in them, but in the antiquary's opinion ought to have been. This kind of pious fraud (for much of it was certainly deliberate fiction) culminates in the amazing list of forty-four judges set down in the 'Mirror of Justices' as having been hanged by Alfred for false judgements. The like process occurs in India. Hindu law-books, we believe, may be divided into those which purport to record the utterance of some pre-historic and semi-divine sage, and those which are expressly commentaries on some such text. The mythical faculty which has shown itself so active both in Asia and in Europe down to the Middle Ages cannot be presumed to have been absent in the Greek archipelago in the Homeric age; and possibly Maine took some of the Homeric phrases a trifle too literally. No doubt he exaggerated, at one time, the discretionary power of the early kings. There is nothing to show that the 'patriarchal' government of either a State or a family was 'a regimen not of law but of caprice.' It was, as it still is where it survives, a regimen neither of caprice in any sense nor of law in the modern sense, but of stiff though not immovable custom administered by a strictly limited discretion. But it is not for us to correct Maine here; he has been his own corrector. We have only to turn to the essays on 'Early Law and Custom' to find it recognised that the sentences delivered as law, and with a kind of divine authority, by the king or the wise men 'are doubtless drawn 'from pre-existing custom or usage.' In the same book and the same chapter\* Maine also corrects his previous failure to appreciate the peculiar historical foundation of English equity jurisdiction. The 'supplementary or residuary 'jurisdiction in the king,' which gave the Court of Chancery its authority, and to which that authority was correctly referred by Blackstone, did not receive its due from Maine till many years after he had dismissed it as a mere artificial explanation; but the payment was made in full, and nothing remains to be said on that point, save to warn beginners in these studies that Maine's wisdom is not to be found in one book alone.

A subject on which Maine's exposition has been thought inadequate is the place held by the Law of Nature in the

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\* 'The King in his relation to Early Civil Justice.'

minds of the classical Roman lawyers, and its relation to the Law of Nations—or, rather, *jus gentium*—for in this case the most literal translation is treacherous. The pages given to this subject by Maine are certainly not sufficient for a special student of Roman law; they never professed to be so. Several things contained in them were disputable in 1861, and are still disputable in 1893; which is as much as to say that our materials for the history of Roman law before the last century of the Republic are so imperfect as to leave much to conjecture. Until our positive knowledge is increased, the conjectures of the learned may well continue to differ. Dr. Moyle, one of the very few English scholars who have earned the right to an independent opinion in this field, considers\* that Maine ascribed too much of a deliberate scientific and eclectic purpose to the Roman prætors who first administered *jus gentium*. This appears to be so. The ancient Roman lawyer, like the patriarchal chieftain, is exalted in ‘Ancient Law’ with a very natural predilection. Again, and here there is less room for doubt, it seems clear that *jus gentium* was not opposed to the law of nations (in the sense of a legal or quasi-legal rule binding on independent states in their mutual relations), but included that law so far as it existed apart from the technical *jus fetiale*. Mr. H. Nettleship has shown† that such was the actual use of the term, and it was quite logical. It is agreed that *jus gentium* meant that which was regarded as binding or usual by everybody; not by foreigners as distinguished from Romans, but by Romans in common with foreigners. Why should this exclude such rules of conduct, as between sovereign states or independent

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\* In the introduction to his edition of the ‘Institutes,’ p. 36, *seqq.*, second edition, 1890. Dr. Moyle’s own view of *jus gentium* as ‘a law not binding any people in particular’ seems to be contradicted by other modern authorities. Solm insists that it was actual law and Roman, ‘that portion of the positive law of Rome which appeared to the Romans themselves in the light of a *ratio scripta*, of a law which obtains among all nations and is common to all mankind.’ ‘Institutes of R. L.,’ tr. Ledlie, Oxford, 1892, p. 45. ‘It was Roman law built up by Roman jurists.’ Muirhead, ‘Private Law of Rome,’ p. 240. So, too, P. Cogliolo, ‘Storia del diritto privato romano’ (Florence, 1889), § 20. But Dr. Moyle may only mean that the rules of the *jus gentium* were not necessarily legal rules anywhere else before they became Roman law. To this we should wholly assent.

† ‘Journal of Philology,’ xiii. 169, a valuable study of the linguistic evidence on the whole matter.

tribes, as were in fact commonly admitted? Any limitation of *jus gentium* to the conduct of individual citizens would have involved a far more curious and particular analysis of terms (we do not stop to inquire whether a more correct one) than ever occurred to a Roman lawyer. Further, we think it probable that the adoption of *jus gentium* into Roman law was an assimilation of custom rather than a systematic imposition of rules from above; in other words, that it was much more like the recognition of the Law Merchant by the Common Law than the developement of the rules of equity. Customs of trade must have existed among the merchants of divers Italian and Græco-Italian cities who resorted to Rome, and it seems a natural supposition that the *jus gentium* administered by Roman tribunals\* was in its historical origin a Law Merchant, and little or nothing else. In England, at all events, the Law Merchant was sometimes expressly treated as equivalent to the Law of Nature.

A minor question, upon which different opinions are still held, is at what stage in the developement of *jus gentium* Roman citizens were first enabled to profit by its width and freedom from formalism in their dealings among themselves. Was there a transitional period when Roman citizens could not have the same benefit of substantial justice as foreign traders, or could have it, peradventure, only through some fiction already forgotten in the Augustan age? It hardly seems probable, but it is not impossible. Perhaps it is needless, whatever we may think of the unsettled points, to say with Maine and later writers that the Romans refused to apply pure Roman law to commercial or other causes where one or both parties were strangers. Refusal assumes that consent was possible. We do not know that pure Roman law had at that time any rules applicable to transactions into which its own proper solemnities had not entered, neither do we know that the strangers were willing to be judged by it. If we are free, in the lack of positive evidence, to seek an analogy in the history of the Law Merchant in our own country, and of personal laws in the early Middle Ages, we shall rather be apt to think that they by no means desired any such thing. We find every party claiming to be judged by his own law; there are even

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\* The term *jus gentium* included, as we said above, the usages of war between lawful enemies; these, of course, could not concern municipal justice.

picturesque examples of the kind in Italian charters. Close on the end of the tenth century the great Benedictine house of Farfa, being impleaded for two churches in Rome, stoutly insisted on defending itself by Lombard and not Roman law, and carried the point.\* Moreover, there must have been religious difficulties at every turn in applying the strict civil law of any ancient state to foreigners; and, as these difficulties probably seemed to both parties immutable and insuperable, there is hardly room for speaking as if the foreigners had sought the benefit of pure Roman law, and the Romans had refused it. On this point, then, Maine's language may be called erroneous; and we cannot honestly call it otherwise than misleading when he describes the Roman lawyers as 'selecting the rules of law common to Rome and to the different Italian communities in which the immigrants were born.' These passages, indeed, savour of a mechanical way of dealing with history which is quite alien to Maine's mature and independent method. Both errors, in point of fact, occur in Austin's lectures, and in a cruder form. When Maine was delivering, at Cambridge or at the Temple, his own lectures on which 'Ancient Law' was founded, he was probably still disposed to regard Austin as a teacher of some authority not only in jurisprudence at large, but in Roman law and even history.

All this, however, has really little to do with Maine's principal thesis. He was intent on showing that the speculative conception of a Law of Nature, which in the hands of Grotius and his successors gave birth to modern International Law, and which in various forms dominated most of the political thinking of the eighteenth century, derived its power from having been intimately associated with an historical and working legal system. Ulpian's Stoic generalities would not have been available either for the publicists of the Netherlands or for the constitution-makers of the French Revolution, unless the *jus gentium* which was identified with the Law of Nature in the rationalising expositions

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\* 'Il Regesto di Farfa,' ed. Giorgi and Balzani, Roma, 1883, iii. 187, No. 426, anno 998. The judge asks: 'Volumus scire si per legem romanam aut langobardam vultis defendi.' The advocate answers: 'Secundum legem langobardam volumus nos defendere, quia per centum et eo amplius annos res nostri monasterii per legem langobardam defensata est, et precepta regalia inde habemus.' After examination of charters the decision is: 'Per suum advocatum vobis respondeat secundum suam legem.'



of the Pandects had been the practical and enforceable rule of men's affairs throughout the Roman Empire. Maine's account of these later developments, which, as regards International Law, he repeated with some little expansion and additional illustration in his unfinished 'Whewell Lectures,' is now the common and assured property of the world of letters. His genealogy of the Law of Nature does not involve any disparagement of the great ethical and scientific advance effected by the Romans, using it as an instrument in the field of municipal jurisprudence, and by their not unworthy successors, many centuries later, in the principles recognised and the practice adopted by sovereign Powers both in peace and in war. We do not think that any such inference is reasonably suggested by 'Ancient Law.' The lectures on International Law published after Maine's death show, in any case, a sufficiently clear intention the other way. Doubtless Maine would have been led, in the final revision which his latest work unhappily never received, to a careful restatement of his position.

The chapter in 'Ancient Law' on property and possession requires to be completed by the Germanic evidence which, when Maine wrote, was not practically accessible save to specialists. We now know that the Teutonic law of Things, including our own common law down to the latest times, rests on possession, not on property in the sense of the Roman *dominium*. The 'seisin' of Anglo-Norman law was originally nothing but possession, and the twain were sundered—name and thing—only by the exigencies of the long-drawn and intricate compromise between feudalism and individualism, which resulted in making English real property law the most difficult, as it is the most refined, in the world. The word 'property' is common enough in English law-books, but it turns out to mean a right, or the best right, to possession, and nothing else, unless it is used by some one who is consciously or unconsciously under Roman influence. As a late writer has said, 'the common law never had any adequate process in the case of land, or any process at all in the case of goods, for the vindication of ownership pure and simple. So feeble and precarious was property without possession—or rather without possessory remedies—in the eyes of mediæval lawyers, that Possession largely usurped not only the substance but the name of Property.' A modern student of legal history may, perhaps, be more apt to ask himself how the Roman notion of *dominium* came to be developed so early than how Possession

came to be an important title in the Digest and the Code. Maine could not be expected to place himself at this point of view. Yet it will be seen that, where he comments on Savigny's dictum that 'all property is founded on adverse possession ripened by prescription,' he points in the right direction. Men of genius like Maine and Savigny constantly seem at first sight to have erred or failed when in truth their intuition outran their available means of knowledge, and could not embody itself in abiding forms for lack of matter to work upon.

Again, the chapter in 'Ancient Law' on the early history of contract has long ceased to be a safe guide for the specific history of contracts in Roman law. The doctrine that the promissory contracts of early law were incomplete conveyances of property, conveyances purposely left incomplete by a kind of fiction, cannot be supported in Maine's general terms. Following Savigny as before (and there was no master of the subject more worthy to be followed), Maine took it as an assured ground for further inferences that the Stipulation of classical Roman law, the verbal contract by question and answer, was derived from the Nexum: 'the question and answer of the Stipulation were unquestionably the Nexum in a simplified shape.' At present this appears the least probable of all explanations that have been offered. Recent writers on Roman law, from Ihering to Muirhead and Sohm, consider the Stipulation to have been of religious origin. The ceremonial and quasi-sacred character of the form *Spondes? spondeo*, which for centuries could be used only by Roman citizens, would be almost conclusive even if it stood alone; and there is much evidence, both Roman and Greek, of promises having been enforced by purely religious sanctions before they were taken under the protection of secular law. What is still more curious, an exactly parallel process runs through the mediæval history of Western Christendom, and notably in England. Informal agreements were enforced by the spiritual censures of the Courts Christian long before the king's judges would have anything to say to them; and the very term appropriate to this jurisdiction, *fidei læsio*, carries us back to the worship of Fides which, in a less official and elaborate manner, supplied the defects of civil justice under the early Roman republic. If Maine had written a few years later, he would in all probability have been put on the right track, and have made it much plainer for his followers. As it is, we must regard this particular illustration as struck out. But there

remains ample warrant for Maine's more general position that the enforcement of promises, as such, by civil tribunals is everywhere comparatively modern. The early conception of an obligation—to pay money, for example—is not that there is a binding promise by the debtor to do something in the future, but that the creditor respite a payment which is now due. Maine might, if he had thought fit, have adduced a proof much nearer home than either *Nexum* or *Stipulation*. The action of Debt in the Common Law treats the money claimed by the plaintiff, not as a sum which the defendant has undertaken to pay, but as already the plaintiff's money, his property which the defendant detains and ought to restore. In form the writ is precisely parallel to the Writ of Right which demands possession of land. If we go somewhat further back, we find reason to believe that the earliest German form of contract was the giving of security, in cases of manslaughter or grievous hurt, by a wrongdoer who was unable to pay at once the whole of the blood-fine or composition adjudged to be due. Now who has taught us to keep our eyes open for such things and to see their interest, thereby bringing English historical scholarship into line with the best work that is being done abroad? None other than Maine himself. We may till fields that the master overlooked, and one man will bring a better ox to yoke to the plough, and another a worse; but it is the master's plough still.

The controversy about the so-called Patriarchal Theory gave Maine an amount of trouble greater, perhaps, than its importance—at least, for any purpose of his own—really warranted. Maine, however, was a good deal exercised by the rash theories, as he considered them, of modern anthropologists on the origin of the Family. He returned to the subject in 'Early Law and Custom,' and later in an article in the 'Quarterly Review,'\* of which the authorship was first publicly declared, after his death, by the learned French translator. Much of the whole matter in dispute seems in the region of historical jurisprudence as distinguished from anthropology at large to be irrelevant; it is certainly difficult to prevent the discussion from being involved in misunderstandings and cross purposes. Lax use of the word 'primitive' has much to answer for. The most archaic human society which we can picture to ourselves even by plausible conjecture is removed from the actual

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\* Vol. 162, p. 181 (1886).

origin of mankind by a lapse of time demanding geological rather than historical measurement, and by a series of events of which we know nothing whatever. Whether the men who first made artificial fire or who sowed the first cornfield traced their descent on the father's or on the mother's side is a problem altogether in the air. For aught we know, the mere statement of it in these terms, may involve some absurdity which we have not the means of suspecting. If we are asked what reason there is to suppose that the common ancestors of the Greeks and Hindus traced their descent exclusively or chiefly through women in some prehistoric but not indefinitely remote age, we are on ground where inquiry is possible and reasonable, but a long way from anything that can be called primitive in any exact sense. In truth, such words as 'primitive' and 'primeval' ought to be eschewed altogether unless it is understood that they are merely emphatic synonyms of 'archaic.'

As regards Aryan institutions, there is no doubt that from the earliest times of which we have any connected accounts the typical family has been 'patriarchal.' That is to say, the unit of society has been a family ruled by the eldest male, tracing descent from male ancestors (in some cases professing to trace it through extremely long genealogies, and back to superhuman founders of a tribe or dynasty),\* and worshipping those ancestors: to this day and openly among Hindus, to this day in surviving popular rites among the Southern Slavs and in some German countries, and down to the prevalence of Christianity among people of Greek and Italian stock. Even if this form of society came out of something in which all these characters were absent, there would not ensue any material difference in our conception of the manner in which Roman or Slavonic or English institutions have been developed within historic limits. It was enough for Maine's purposes to take the 'patriarchal' family where he found it. However, a considerable burden of proof lies on those who seek to establish a 'matriarchal' stage as necessary or normal in the growth of all human societies. It may be doubted whether we are entitled to assume that the course of development has been the same in all races of men and all parts of the world. Paternal power is stated to occur in an extreme form among the negroes of Central

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\* The descent of all the dynasties of the early English kingdoms is carried back to Woden (in one place farther still) in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

Africa, which rather suggests that the patriarchal type, under conditions favouring it, may be as 'primitive' as any other. There is ground for thinking that the Roman *patria potestas* was not an original incident of the patriarchal family, but a special outgrowth of the later and more artificial belief that the wife, and therefore the children, were the husband's property. Such is Mr. Kovalevsky's opinion, and it fits in very well with the singularly rapid developement (as it would seem to have been) of the idea of property in early Roman law, to which we have already called attention. But the point is not of the first importance. We return to the general question.

In the case in hand, that of the Indo-European stock of mankind, evidence of kinship being traced through females, or of the surmised causes and concomitants of this usage, has been confidently alleged to exist in Indian and Greek practice or legend. The facts are not in dispute, but we conceive that their meaning is at best ambiguous. It is by no means clear that only one explanation fits them, and even so they may not be Aryan at all, but may belong to the customs of this or that conquered tribe. They may be not Hellenic or Brahmanic, but autochthonous. We know that in India non-Aryan usages of all sorts have the strangest points of contact and even intermixture with Brahmanism, and it is instructive to see how little one is safe in trusting accounts of such usages which have almost become stereotyped in recent anthropological discussion. Thus 'Nair polyandry' is a familiar catchword. But quite lately a competent observer fresh from Malabar has testified that polyandry does not exist among the Nairs. The Nair family is matriarchal, and marriage is in theory a partnership at will. But it is single while it lasts, and it generally lasts for life.\* There is no difficulty in conceiving how a community of this type can become patriarchal within a moderate time by imitation of more civilised neighbours. If the earlier accounts of the Nairs which have hitherto been relied on are as credible as the later ones, the Nairs would seem to be a case exactly in point. It is said that a process of this kind is observed among the American Indians and in Australia.† The supporters of a universal 'matriarchal'

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\* H. H. Shephard, 'Marriage Law in Malabar,' 'Law Quarterly Review,' viii. 314.

† Mr. A. Lang in *Encycl. Brit.*, ninth edition, s.v. 'Family,' but without particulars or references.

stage would greatly strengthen their position if they could produce a clear case of transformation from one type to another unaided by conscious or unconscious imitation of other races already in the patriarchal stage.

In Greece the mythical judgement of the Areopagus in the case of Orestes is cited as marking the triumph of the patriarchal system in some not very remote past. Now the point decided is not that a son may properly take up his father's blood-feud, not that he is the natural person to take it up rather than, for example, a sister's son, but that he is justified in taking it up even against his own mother. It is not the paternal view of the family that is at stake and is upheld, but an extreme deduction from it. And the paradox that a father is father and mother in one\* appears to us to savour much more of the conceits of nascent Attic oratory than of any sort of archaic tradition. But, assuming the interpretation made out, we know that the Erinyes were, like Mr. Thomas Hardy's immortal maltster, wonderful veteran people. They treated the gods of Olympus as intruders: *τοιαῦτα δρῶσιν οἱ νεώτεροι θεοί*, they cry in their wrath. What security can the McLennan school give us that the acquittal of Orestes does not symbolise the triumph of Hellenic religion and usage over those of an earlier non-Hellenic and almost certainly non-Aryan population? Again, we are quite ready to believe that the Basques were matriarchal until they were swept into the net of Romanised French law. This tells us nothing about Celts or Teutons, unless we take it as a settled point or a necessary assumption that the developement of the archaic family must always and everywhere have gone through the same stages. It must not be forgotten that there is at least one example of paternal power and the worship of ancestors in the male line having flourished from times beyond memory or tradition, as they still flourish, wholly outside the Indo-European races and languages. We refer, of course, to China.

We think it only right to add that Mr. Kovalevsky, a most competent and judicious scholar, has himself investigated the customs of the Aryan tribes of the Caucasus, and has found strong evidence of an archaic system of descent through females. In several Georgian tribes the maternal uncle is the natural guardian of children and avenger of blood; he is bound to give his nephew a horse at the age of puberty,

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\* *τυκτεῖ δ' ὁ θρόσκων*, *Æsch.* 'Eum.' 660.

and on the other hand is entitled to the chief share of wergild in case of a blood-feud. All sensible students will agree with Mr. Andrew Lang\* that many years of research must yet pass before any theory can be definitely established. And this was pretty much the substance of Maine's contention.

Another topic of controversy which we may be allowed to dismiss more briefly is the Village Community. Just now the history of the Manor in England, both legal and economic, is most properly undergoing thorough re-examination, and Fustel de Coulanges (unhappily lost to the world of learning by premature death) has provoked a similar critical movement in France. It was not Maine's business, in his lectures on 'Village Communities in the East and West,' to defend Von Maurer, or Nasse, or Kemble, against all comers. As with Savigny's historical expositions in Roman law, he took the prevailing opinion of specialists on their own ground as he found it. His object, as defined by himself, 'was to point out the importance, in juridical inquiries, of increased attention to the phenomena of usage and legal thought which are observable in the East.' That object has been attained, save so far as ingenious persons who find the Eastern evidence inconvenient for their theories may be tempted to leave it out of account. It has yet to be seen whether the reaction against the Germanic school has not gone too far. Mr. Seebohm, whose book made the beginning of that reaction in England, has lately commented in the 'English Historical Review' on the notable work of Mr. Vinogradoff,† who may be described as a moderate and critical Germanist. In this rather delicate situation Mr. Seebohm has set an example of fair-minded courtesy and freedom from obstinacy which is of the best possible augury for the co-operation of scholars of all tendencies and predispositions in the immediate future. We trust that Mr. Seebohm's younger and more ardent disciples will not feel bound to be less willing to learn than their master, a temper of which, we regret to say, we have already marked one or two signs. It is worth while to point out that one of our best and most independent antiquaries, Mr. Elton, who combines legal and historical knowledge in a rare degree, has not fallen captive to Mr. Seebohm, and holds rather with Mr. Vinogradoff.‡

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\* Article in *Encycl. Brit.*, above cited, *ad fin.*

† vii. 444, on Mr. Vinogradoff's 'Villainage in England,' Oxford, 1893.

‡ 'Villainage in England,' 'Law Quarterly Review,' viii. 117.

Attempts have been made, meanwhile, to discredit the importance of the Indian facts, and even the accuracy of Maine's statements made on the authority of such men as Lord Lawrence and Sir George Campbell, whose duty it had been to be familiar with the facts upon the spot. It will be time to attend to objections of this kind when they are made or supported by persons of something like similar authority, which, so far as we know, has not yet happened.

Maine, it is true, was content, here as elsewhere, to indicate the lines of future exploration without undertaking the process in any detail himself. Ordinary European readers might suppose from what he said (as they may have equally supposed from earlier Anglo-Indian writings of high authority in their time) that Indian village communities were more uniform in type, more stable and continuous in their history, and less affected by political and economic vicissitudes, than they really have been in observed examples. In fact there are two distinct types of Indian village, one where 'the landholders are disconnected aggregates of 'families each claiming nothing but its own holding,' the 'rai-yatwári' type of Southern and Central India; and another where 'a class in the village, or it may be the 'entire body, claim to be a superior order' in one of several possible ways, and act as joint owners. This latter 'joint' or 'landlord' village 'now prevails in the North-West Provinces and Oudh, and in the Panjáb.' Its internal constitution presents complex varieties, and is anything but primitive; yet this appears to have been the model of the generalised 'Indian village community' which second-hand followers of Maine have assumed to be well known in practice. Transformation between the two types is not unexampled, but the better opinion is that in the main they 'are due to original independent causes.'\* All this does not make the comparison with European mediæval phenomena less profitable, but only a less simple and straightforward business. We can now see that the things compared will not be surviving features of prehistoric Aryan institutions, but the more or less similar effects of more or less similar causes operating within historic times.

Maine's contributions to the pure philosophy of law were not numerous; but the criticism of the 'analytical' theory of Sovereignty contained in the last two lectures of the

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\* See B. H. Baden-Powell, 'Land Systems of British India,' Oxford, 1892, vol. i. c. 4, sect. 2, especially §§ 29, 37, 50.



‘Early History of Institutions’ is the very foundation of sound judgement on both the strong and the weak points of the doctrine laid down by Hobbes, developed by Bentham, and elaborated with dogmatic minuteness by Austin. In the second lecture of the same volume Maine committed himself, though not by his own invention but by adoption from some unnamed author, to one of the few propositions in his writings which seem to us not only doubtful in themselves, but not on the right line. ‘It has been said—and the remark seems to me a very just one—that in early times questions of fact are regarded as the simplest of all questions. Such tests of truth as Ordeal and Compurgation satisfy men’s minds completely and easily, and the only difficulty recognised is the discovery of the legal tradition and its application to the results of the test.’ We must respectfully dissent from everything here said and implied. It is perhaps a small matter that in archaic law the questions of procedure and frame of the suit which we now consider mere preliminaries are apt to exhaust the whole of the legal discussion, so that there is seldom any point of law remaining, or indeed any means of raising such points, after it is settled what the issue of fact shall be. There may be something to reflect on here; but though the fact may be overlooked or slighted, it is not denied in the passage we have quoted. We proceed to the main objection. It seems to us that archaic methods of proof indicate, not any belief that questions of fact are simple, but the belief that they are insoluble by any ordinary process of human judgement. Ordeal, which in one shape or another is found all over the world, is an avowed appeal to superhuman power for aid in making the truth manifest; and oath involves the same principle, though in a less direct and dramatic form, when, as in all archaic procedure, it has a positive legal operation. The modern oath is a precaution intended to diminish the chances of falsehood or corruption; the jury are not bound to believe a witness, or the Court to act on anything he says, merely because he is sworn. In ancient systems the taking of a prescribed oath in the due form is generally conclusive, whatever anybody may believe or suspect in his own mind as to the merits of the case. Either archaic lawyers thought the discovery of truth a practically hopeless task where the facts were disputed, or archaic suitors would not have been content to accept any judgement resting on mere human inferences from conflicting assertions; or, quite possibly, both causes existed and combined to produce the apparently

irrational treatment of questions of fact which is more or less conspicuous in all rude societies, and as conspicuous in our own early legal institutions as in any. Then it is far from clear that men's minds were completely or easily satisfied with the results of ordeal and other like modes of proof even when they were in full force. As regards trial by battle, a comparatively late form of regular and judicial decision of issues, there is distinct evidence to the contrary. We are disposed to think that even in the Dark Ages men were not insensible to the complexity of disputes in matter of fact, but felt the imperative need of having rules which would produce a final decision of some sort, and of fixing conditions which, whether rational or not, were just in the sense of giving the same chances to both parties, and certain in the sense of leaving as little discretion as possible to any one. Judicial discretion is constantly objected to, even now, by imperfectly educated people. In this case we think Maine did, for once, what was very rare with him. He took up a problem of archaic habits of thought, to use the Stoic metaphor, by the wrong handle. As he says himself in the same passage, 'facts must always be the despair of the law reformer.' We venture to think that they were already the despair of our Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman ancestors. There is much reason to believe that the invention of the sworn inquest as an instrument of judicial process for ascertaining facts was hailed with the kind of enthusiasm that is now reserved for a scientific discovery of the first magnitude.

Youth is captivated by generalities ; the full-grown scholar, in the ardour of wrestling with particulars, is apt to think that the generalities of his masters were childish things ; but after a dozen years of finding out that even original research is not infallible, one may come round to think that a large view, an intellectual eye for country, is a guide not to be despised after all. It is good to know all the trees in the wood if one can ; but it is better to do without knowing some of them than not to see the wood for the trees. Capable workers in historical research are many, directors of research are few. Maine's was, nay is, one of the directing minds.

- ART. VI.—1. *A Directory for the North Pacific*. By ALEXANDER GEORGE FINDLAY, F.R.G.S. Third edition. 1886.
2. *Japan and the Pacific*. By MANJIRO INAGAKI. 1890.
3. *The Proposed Railway through Siberia*. By WILLIAM MARTIN CUNINGHAM, Assoc. Inst. C.E. [The Institution Civil Engineers, Paper No. 2551.] 1891.

**T**HIRTEEN years ago we called attention to the state of affairs in the Pacific Ocean.\* We gave an estimate of the importance of our interests, maritime and colonial, within its limits: we indicated some of the dangers to which they were likely to be exposed; and we offered suggestions as to the arrangements necessary to secure them. In this age the world moves fast, and a good deal has happened since we wrote. It is gratifying to note that what we ventured to assume as probable has been shown by events to be practically certain. In 1885 this country found itself on the verge of war with Russia, the cause of quarrel being the Afghan frontier. The naval movements in the North Pacific indicated plainly that the eastern Siberian ports would be used as bases to an extent which had never been contemplated in the previous complication of 1878-9. A timely survey of the present state of affairs in the North Pacific, as affected by the changes of the last dozen years, may save us from much undignified behaviour in the future, and also enable us to take precautions against some indisputable dangers.

In the North Pacific lies the key to the whole Pacific question. Domination, or, if that word be disliked, pre-eminence, in the North will carry with it pre-eminence throughout the whole ocean. The three most populous States in the world are washed by the waters of the North Pacific and occupy some three-fourths of its shores. The united populations of the Chinese Empire, the Russian Empire, and the great American Republic do not fall very short of six hundred millions. The united populations of the countries bordering the Atlantic, both North and South, scarcely reach half that total. It is true that for both Russia and the United States the Pacific does not afford the main channels for external commerce; but in this respect a change is being wrought, and less slowly than may be

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\* Edinburgh Review, No. cccxi., July, 1880: 'Naval Power in the Pacific.'

supposed. The centre of population in the United States is continually shifting farther west, and the centre of population in Russia is shifting farther east; in other words, these two centres are approaching the Pacific, near which that of China has long been fixed. It is not an idle fancy to assume that men already born will see the day when the traffic across the North Pacific attains dimensions which in comparison even with those of the North Atlantic traffic will not appear insignificant.

Affairs in the Pacific are therefore eminently worthy of the close attention of the first maritime people in the world. This is so on general grounds; but there are also special reasons for giving attention to them. We hold no inconsiderable portion of the coast-line; and, though estimates of national importance based upon mere extent of coast-line are usually fallacious, there is in this case sufficient ground for attaching a high value to our possession. In Canada, as in its neighbour country to the south, population has been flowing to the west; and, as is worthy of special remark, there has been a concurrent increase of maritime energy on the western coast. 'Coming events cast their shadows before;' and we see in the latter fact indications of the position which we are likely to take—at any rate, which we are encouraged to think that we shall be able to take—in a not far-distant future. If we try to secure a large share in the carrying trade of the regions noticed, we shall start with undeniable advantages on our side. The statistics of our marine resources show that we could contribute to the traffic a portion of the shipping required far in excess of that forthcoming from any other country. Our operations—owing partly to their magnitude, partly to our geographical position, partly to our long experience, and partly to our national characteristics—are so economically conducted that everybody is a gainer by them. Even we ourselves do not often perceive how largely the prosperity of foreign countries is involved in the cheapness of British sea-transport. To take a single instance, what would be the case of the western farmer of America if we ceased to carry his produce to market? We could show this to be the same as regards every other country with a seaboard. Though in process of time conditions may change, they will remain practically as they are for a long while.

It is unnecessary to enumerate the items which compose our great commercial interests in the sea-ports of the Pacific. The statistics of our trade are well known, or are

at least, accessible to all. The progress of the British Columbian province of Canada has been especially rapid, the population having more than doubled since 1880. This has been chiefly due to the completion of the railway—the Canadian Pacific—which runs across British North America and brings Halifax on the Atlantic into direct communication with Vancouver on an arm of the Pacific. The effect of this great work on the developement of the Canadian North-West has already been prodigious, and it will be felt more and more upon the Pacific coast of the Dominion.

The appearance of Russia as the occupant and possessor of a large stretch of the shore of the ocean has not been followed as quickly as some were bold enough to predict by any considerable developement of her offensive power. It was obvious, as we pointed out on a former occasion, that the Russian position on the coast of Eastern Siberia was one of remarkable strength. What we had supposed was equally obvious—that little or no use can be made of this strong position except an adequate mobile force be available to operate with—was not perceived by some writers who have put themselves forward as authorities on the subject. These strategists did not understand that, whilst an attack on a partially fortified harbour, solely with the object of destroying the ships which it might contain, was a permissible undertaking, it would be the height of foolhardiness to ‘carry the war into the enemy’s country on the Pacific,’ in order that Russia might ‘be bled to death at Vladivostock’ and that we might ‘tear away\* the Pacific provinces from ‘her empire!’ Even at the date at which these preposterous proposals were made, the fortifications of Vladivostock were known to be much stronger than they had been in 1880. As we have already indicated, though strong fortifications may make a port secure against the most probable form of attack, they add but little to the naval power of the possessor of the port unless he has a mobile force of adequate amount. ‘Adequate’ is, of course, a relative term; and the sufficiency for its work of a Vladivostock squadron

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\* To understand fully how exquisitely ridiculous the amateur strategist can make himself, it should be added that his confidence in our ability to ‘tear away’ these provinces was so complete that he divulged the manner in which he intended to dispose of them. China was ‘to be guaranteed in the possession of our conquests (*sic*) on the Pacific,’ if that would purchase her alliance. ‘The Present Position of European Politics,’ 1887, by the author of ‘Greater Britain,’ p. 175.

would depend not only upon its own strength, but also upon that of any other squadron to which it might find itself opposed.

We have dwelt upon this point because it affords an excellent illustration of the extent to which some critics who claim to be authorities may go wrong when they attempt to lay down the law on subjects of which they are profoundly ignorant. Russia's position in the North Pacific is an important one. The power of inflicting injury on other nations which it confers should on no account be lost sight of; but to neutralise that power rational measures must be adopted—measures suitable to the resources and aptitudes of those who employ them, and not measures the adoption of which would be nearly sure to lead to failure, if not to grave disaster.

Starting with the admission that her hold on the coast between the Amur and the Tumen has added to the strength of Russia in the Pacific, we may usefully inquire how far it makes her really formidable and if there are not other conditions to set off against the advantages derived from her occupation of the territory. Siberia is an immense country with great varieties of climate, soil, and natural resources. Much of it, especially that part which includes the coast province on the lower Amur, has a climate not more inclement than that of Canada and the northernmost States of the American Union. Large tracts are known to be fertile, and even in its present undeveloped state it has given proof of agricultural capabilities not inferior to those of the other continent in the same latitude. Its mineral and forest resources have been sufficiently explored to justify a belief in their abundance. In fact, there is good reason for anticipating that it can, and also that it will, support a considerable population. The principal rivers in the eastern part of the country form a network of natural communications which cannot but be of great service in facilitating settlement. It is true that they are frozen over for several months in the year; but this is the case with the rivers in the northern parts of European Russia and even of Germany, which, nevertheless, are justly considered as great natural arteries of commerce.

Vladivostock is one of the finest ports in the world. If the space in the inner harbour, or Golden Horn, be considered too restricted, abundant accommodation is afforded by the almost equally snug outer harbour, the Eastern Bosphorus, and its lateral bays. The naval establishment and military

headquarters were originally fixed at Nikolaevsk. The site of that place, some distance up the Amur, has advantages from the point of view of defence; but in every other respect there is little to recommend it. The navigation of the approaches to it is difficult, and it can be reached only by vessels of comparatively small size. The climate is more severe than that of Vladivostock, and the river is frozen over for a longer period than the waters of the latter place. The transfer of the naval establishment to Vladivostock, which was under consideration thirteen years ago, has now for some time been completed.

This change has added considerably to the population and importance of Vladivostock. The former must now amount to fully 15,000 souls. Commercially, up to the present at any rate, the latter is not great. Some four years ago a visitor described the place in an English newspaper \* as follows :—

‘Vladivostock is a purely military town. That is, not only does it owe its existence to strategic and military considerations, but, after it has been thus created, no other interests or enterprises have grown up around it.’

He adds : ‘The place is just Russia’s one stronghold and ‘naval base on the Pacific, and nothing else.’ According to the same authority, the harbour is not closed by ice for as many months as is generally supposed. ‘A ship can be got ‘in or out of Vladivostock in case of urgent need at any ‘time of the year.’ Some of the bays of the outer anchorage or Eastern Bosphorus are practicable all the year round. This is corroborated by the official ‘China Sea ‘Directory,’ published by our own Admiralty, in which we find that

‘Diomedes Inlet and Ulysses and Patroclus Bays are generally accessible. Patroclus Bay sometimes freezes over for a fortnight during winter, but the ice there is so thin that it can be easily broken through by a steam vessel.’ †

It appears, then, that Russia has possession of an excellent port which is practically always open. At present it is dependent for supplies of all kinds upon imports by sea; but it is nearly certain that the advancing development of the country will soon permit the place to draw from the neigh-

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\* *The Pall Mall Gazette* of January 12, 1889, contained a letter from the place by Mr. Norman.

† Supplement to the ‘China Sea Directory,’ vol. iv. 1889, p. 62.

bouring district at least articles of prime necessity. In time the contemplated improvement of communications will free it from the obligation of looking to sea-transport for the receipt of its war-material. Of course the place is strongly defended. There were works of defence there as far back as 1879, and these have been reformed and added to. For some years past the naval establishment has comprised a large sectional floating dock. When all the five sections of this are put together it has a total length of 368 feet and a lifting power of 10,623 tons. A dry dock of great size has been under construction for some time and will probably be finished soon. It is to be capable of taking in cruisers of the largest class, such as the monster 'Rurik' recently launched at St. Petersburg. Indeed, hints occasionally find their way into the newspapers that the great dock has been undertaken for the express purpose of accommodating the 'Rurik' and other huge cruisers of her class. The presumption, of course, is that these ships are to use Vladivostock as their base and make the Pacific Ocean their cruising ground in war. In 1889 the garrison of the place was about 2,500 strong, and it is believed to have been increased since. As there must be at least 15,000 troops in the neighbouring provinces, the numbers of the garrison could be doubled without difficulty.

Even as it is at present, Vladivostock may be accounted a coast fortress of considerable strength, and one which could only be reduced by a large combined naval and military force prepared to undertake a systematic and probably protracted siege. Measures are being taken, which in no long time will, under certain conditions, add to its strength. It has been decided to connect it by railway with European Russia. Work has been going on on this railway for about two years. In May 1891, the Czarévitch, who was paying a visit to Vladivostock, laid the first rail of the eastern section of the Siberian Railway. This gigantic work will be about 5,000\* miles in length, and all of this will be within the limits of Asia. If we add the lines in European Russia, the length of railway between St. Petersburg and Vladivostock will be 6,500 miles. The cost of the Siberian line is estimated at 42½ millions sterling. The only enterprise of a similar kind, yet carried to completion, to which it can be properly compared, is the Canadian Pacific Railway, which

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\* The exact length from Miask to Vladivostock, according to Mr. Cunningham, is 4,861 miles. Other accounts make it 4,964.



is 3,050 miles long. Great part of the district of Western Siberia, through which the line is to run, lends itself readily to railway construction, and on no section does it appear that there are any engineering difficulties of an exceptionally serious character to be overcome. It is as yet impossible to say when this great work will be finished. The average rate of progress of the Canadian Pacific line was rather over  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles a day. This rate is not likely to be reached in Siberia. Making allowance for the smaller number of working days in the ordinary Russian year, we may take it as pretty certain that the Siberian Railway will not be open for traffic during the present century.

Work is going on at both ends, and, probably, also on some of the central sections. Last summer 12,000 men were employed on the Usuri section at the Vladivostock end. Of these, 1,300 were Russian convicts, and 6,000 were Chinese and Koreans. In many cases the soldiers in garrison in Eastern Siberia are set to work on the construction of the line. This is a most judicious arrangement, as it gives suitable occupation to the troops in a country where they have ordinarily little to do, and is popular with them on account of the addition it brings to their scanty pay. It has been, perhaps rather over-confidently, predicted in Russia that the completion of the Siberian Railway will revolutionise the mode of transporting commodities from Europe to North-Eastern Asia. As regards rate of speed in conveying passengers, it has been computed that by using the railway they will be able to reach Shanghai from London in twenty-two days, or about two-thirds of the time required for the sea voyage. This estimate hardly makes sufficient allowance for necessary and accidental stoppages, which latter are not unlikely to occur in a long land transit. But if we admit this sanguine estimate to be reasonable, it is almost certain that the movement of goods will be much slower. We may, therefore, expect that—from all countries outside the Baltic at least—the traffic in merchandise will, for a long time to come, be more expeditious and cheaper by sea.

Nevertheless, the effect of completing the railway will be great. If the political and economic systems of the Russian Empire were like those in existence in western States, we might confidently count on a speedy and enormous development of Southern Siberia. Population in a country generally so well able to support it would increase quickly and largely. The tracts bordering on the line would be opened up. Agriculture would extend, fresh mines would be

worked, and a great trade would spring up. Impoverished lands in European Russia, where fertility shrinks before the encroaching sand,\* as the destruction of the forests proceeds, would be exchanged for the virgin soil made accessible by the railway. The immigrant settler would be welcomed, and the introduction of the material appliances needed to equip him for his struggle with nature would be encouraged. Without concurring in the extreme views popular in certain circles of the obscurantism and corruption of the Russian administration, we may fairly maintain that progress will be checked rather than expedited by it. Still, we must anticipate that there will be progress, which, slow as it may be, will probably change the face of the country before the present generation has passed away.

The construction of the Siberian Railway has not been undertaken as part of a great industrial policy. The opening up of new lands may be counted on as one of its results; but the main reason for making the line was undoubtedly strategical. The object has been to improve the military communications of the Pacific coast provinces. Means of transmitting to Vladivostock the supplies and reinforcements which it is expected that its garrison may some day need, by a route sheltered from all risk of obstruction by a naval power, will add greatly to the efficiency of that stronghold for both offence and defence. As soon as the railway is in working order, Vladivostock, to all intents and purposes, will be as near to the source of warlike supply as Sebastopol was in 1854, whilst it will be more than twice as far from a hostile country in Western Europe as the Crimean fortress was in the year named. It will be seen, therefore, that the strategic conditions depend largely on the power of using the railway.

Further examination ought to convince us that, even were this power enjoyed beyond question, Russia would still be unable to dominate the North Pacific, or even to attain pre-eminence in it. It is often asserted amongst us that she gained possession of the Valley of the Amur and the shores of the Gulf of Tartary by a series of diplomatic master-strokes. We pay her diplomatists the compliment of believing that they displayed a more than human sagacity in the work of rounding off the Empire towards the East. It is always an ungracious task to destroy a legend, especially

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\* See 'Edinburgh Review,' No. cccxlxi., January, 1893: 'The Penury of Russia.'

when it decorates the biography of a distinguished man; but historical accuracy is advanced by the process. The truth is that the Russian negotiators of the Treaty of Aigun in 1858, and of the later arrangement of 1860,\* were simply men who knew how to take advantage of a most obvious opportunity when it offered. This is hardly an achievement to be attributed only to demigods or heroes. If we look closely at the frontier conferred on Russia by the two instruments named, we shall have reason to ask if their negotiation was so stupendously sagacious after all. It left to China a portion of Manchuria, which juts forward like a salient of some huge fortress into the district drained by Amur and the Usuri. When we remember that the centre of force of Russia is several times farther than that of China from this district, we can perceive that the representatives of the former empire must have had an imperfect conception of the value of 'scientific frontiers.' This is plainer than ever when we look at the re-entering angle made by the lines of the new railway. The lower Amur section and the Usuri section skirt two sides of the Chinese salient, and would be at the mercy of a force holding a central position within it and able to strike on either side. Throughout the greater part of its course the Siberian Railway will be open to attack from China, near the frontier of which it runs, in the same way that we sometimes hear that the Canadian Pacific line is open to attack from the United States. The difference is that hostile attempts against the first are much more likely than they are against the second. To repeat our phrase, 'the power of using the railway' will turn upon the attitude of China.

The opportunity which was Russia's in 1858 and in 1860 will be China's as soon as the moment comes for practically testing the belligerent efficiency of Vladivostock. The Chinese government has a long memory; and no one who has the smallest knowledge of the external history of the Middle Kingdom will be bold enough to hold that advantage will not be taken of the opportunity when it offers. The supposed triumphant diplomacy of Russia furnishes us with one more illustration of the essentially weakening effect of unduly rapid expansion. The African potentate who begins the practice of clothes-wearing with the use of patent-leather boots soon finds out that the trader who has trousers to sell has him commercially at his mercy. Nations

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\* 'Edinburgh Review,' July, 1860, p. 80.

that seek to extend their limits without exhausting themselves must do so progressively by 'securing each foothold 'before taking a further step.'\* The Indian empire of Portugal and the American acquisitions of France are cases in point. However able the agents of the Czar in the Far East may have shown themselves, His Imperial Majesty's representatives in the West have not always displayed specially conspicuous sagacity. The additional works at Vladivostock and the military arrangements in Armenia and on the frontiers of Asia Minor have evidently been carried out in the belief that this country was likely to attempt to 'tear away 'the Pacific provinces' from Russia or to 'place a small, 'but highly organised, force of two *corps d'armées* and a 'cavalry division' at some undivulged point on the line of Russian communications in Western Asia.† In fact, Russia has already expended much money and time in taking precautions against being 'bled to death at Vladivostock' by the British 'embodied militia' and against interruption of her Armenian and Turkestan communications by two army corps, which the proposer of the operation had previously declared not to exist. Patriotic Russians have good reason for thinking that their sovereign has been very inefficiently served by agents who took the advocates of the above-mentioned plans for serious strategists.

We have not undervalued the importance of the Russian position in the coast provinces of Eastern Siberia, but we cannot reasonably refrain from showing that that position, like most other things in strategic geography, has its weak points. Although it is impregnable against any probable British attack, there are, as we have seen, limitations upon its perfect security from the land side if China becomes

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\* 'Edinburgh Review,' October, 1892, p. 391. It is, of course, true that we occupied Vancouver Island before the intervening country had been reduced into effective possession, but our sea-power really secured the successive footholds. So, too, as regards California, though the inner part of the 'Pacific Slope' was not occupied previously, the annexation of Texas to the United States had removed all danger to the intervening territory.

† The expression 'two army corps and a cavalry division' has the same kind of fascination for the singular strategist who suggests the latter exploit as the word 'Mesopotamia' had for the old woman who studied the Scriptures. See 'The Balance of Military Power,' by Colonel Maurice, 1888, *passim*. On p. 96 he informs his readers that the *corps d'armées* which form the central feature of his scheme have no existence! See also 'Edinburgh Review,' April, 1889, p. 580.

unfriendly. We have now to inquire if there are any limitations upon its efficiency as a base for ships from the side of the sea.

Nature is singularly persistent in denying to Russia effective access to any but inland seas.\* Short of the conquest of the greater part of the Eastern hemisphere, there seems to be no means by which Nature's niggardliness in this respect can be redressed. The western coast of Norway or of Denmark must fall to the dominion of the Czars before the tides of the Atlantic can ebb and flow in a Russian port. The occupation of Constantinople would leave the sea of Marmora to be traversed; and that of Gallipoli would still leave the Mediterranean. An advance to the shores of the Persian Gulf would bring the Russians only to waters which are confined by the straits of Ormuz. It is the fact that, with the exception of the short strip of Kamchatkan coast on which Petropaulski is situated, the vast domain of Russia has no shore which is not washed by the waters of the Arctic Ocean or of an inland sea. Behring's Sea, the Sea of Okhotsk, the Gulf of Tartary, and the Japan Sea are so shut in by islands as to be distinctly mediterranean. Thus even the acquisition of the Amur provinces has not brought Russia to the verge of the ocean.

The consequences, as far as Vladivostock looked at as a naval base is concerned, are plain. Ships using it—if they are to be employed as cruisers against ocean commerce—must traverse one of several straits. That is to say, their choice of routes, in at least the earlier portion of their cruises, will be limited; and their adversaries will know beforehand that they must issue from the inland waters by one of a small number of outlets. Even if we concede that the existence of several outlets will complicate greatly the adversaries' task, we cannot deny that that task would be much more complicated if the issuing cruisers could shape their course at will on any one of sixteen or more points of the compass. If the power against which the force based on Vladivostock is intended to wage war has a sufficient navy, it will only have to send the proper number of cruisers to beset the issues from the place and from the adjacent waters. By doing this, it will make it necessary for the

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\* We leave the inconveniently situated and not very useful Murman coast and the shores of the Arctic Ocean out of consideration. It is worth notice, however, that the most frequented Northern waters of Russia are those of the White Sea, which is inland.

Vladivostock ships to devote some of their attention to their own safety or their own freedom from molestation, instead of occupying themselves solely with preying on the commerce of the enemy. The unbroken experience of war has proved that this is the most effective method of defending ocean trade, which suffers less and less in proportion as the method is judiciously followed.

Modern ships of war, even cruisers, and especially those of large size, contain great quantities of machinery, some of it of a delicate character. The exigencies of mere peace cruising in every sea-going navy in the world—moderate as they are compared with those of war—necessitate frequent repairs, if not to the same machine, at any rate to some one or other of the multitude installed on board. If these machines are necessary to the efficiency of the ship—and we must assume that they are, or they would not be put into her—they have to be repaired whenever they get out of order. It results from this that proximity and frequent resort to a repairing establishment have become indispensable conditions of life for the modern man-of-war. Arrangements may be made for supplying her with coal at sea or in unfrequented roadsteads on neutral coasts, and for replenishing her ammunition; but not even giving her a floating factory as a consort will free a man-of-war of recent type from periodical visits to a place at which she can be secure whilst repairs are being executed. Of course, this condition applies to both sides in a contest; but the one which has a numerical superiority in ships will be the less inconvenienced of the two. It follows that the straits through which the course to Vladivostock lies will have to be passed often by the ships for which it is a base. To know beforehand that an enemy's ship must often pass a given set of points will help largely towards disconcerting his measures.

A Russian naval port on the Eastern Siberian coast is undoubtedly a menace to our interests in the Pacific. But we have shown that, formidable as this menace is, there is really no reason why we should be terrified; because, by taking proper measures, we can do much towards rendering it ineffective. That in war our trade in the Pacific will suffer losses is nearly certain. If we only act as reason and experience of war demand, the losses will not be intolerable. Moreover, we must not lose sight of the fact that, if the North-Western Pacific is ever the scene of hostilities, it is extremely improbable that Russia and her antagonist will be the only factors in the struggle. China and Japan will

have to be considered. We have already suggested that the state of affairs assumed will be regarded at Peking as China's opportunity. We may smile at China as a military, and still more as a naval, power; but we cannot omit to give due value to the fact that in 1884 she held her own against France. Her material naval resources on the spot are largely in excess of any that Russia is likely to be able to collect there for the next quarter of a century. Their organisation and *personnel* may not count for much; but their numerical amount is such that they cannot be ignored altogether.

As for Japan, she holds a respectable rank as a naval power.\* In ships below the class of armour-clad battle ships—which latter are not likely to be sent to the far East from the Baltic or the Black Sea—Japan is very nearly on an equality with Russia, and has, of course, a marked local superiority of force. This can be learned by any one who will look over the tables in Lord Brassey's 'Naval Annual.' The commerce most readily assailable from Vladivostock is that in which Japan is largely interested; and it is no hazardous prediction to state that she is pretty sure to take care that it gets fair play in war, and also—as she is quite strong enough to do—to make her neutrality respected as long as she remains neutral. There will be no need for us to try if she is to be 'tempted by the offer of Saghalien'—as one of the astonishing strategists previously referred to puts it—because regard for her own interests will be quite powerful enough to decide her action.

What may be expected from China, if not from Japan, in the event of a war as above alluded to, is well understood in Russia. Two or three years ago an influential Russian newspaper reminded its readers that in 1888 China had placed 20,000 men armed in the European fashion on the Usuri section of the Manchurian frontier. Remembrance of this fact may arouse some misgivings as to the security of the line of communications represented by the new railway. If we are to believe reports in our own newspapers, defence of the Eastern Siberian provinces against the Chinese is thought in St. Petersburg to be a matter of more pressing importance than offensive operations carried on from Vladivostock. The

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\* With pardonable national pride Mr. Manjiro Inagaki, in his book 'Japan and the Pacific,' declares that his country is the key of that ocean. Of course, Japan is not that, but her importance is undoubted.

former matter, we are told, occupies the attention of the Russian Grand General Staff. The officers of this body, we read in a well-informed newspaper, attended a lecture, delivered in the presence of the Heir Apparent as far back as 1890, 'on the Russo-Chinese frontier, the Chinese army, and the probable theatre of war, with a consideration of the way in which the campaign should be conducted.' The presence of the Heir Apparent would seem to distinguish the lecture mentioned from those of the class often heard in our own United Service Institution, which are interesting enough, but which are almost invariably of a platonic character.

Were we to allow that Russia will be able to overcome all the obstacles to complete success which we have indicated, we might, nevertheless, still believe that predominance in the North Pacific will be for ever denied to her. In our opinion that distinction is reserved for another power—the United States of America. Thirteen years ago we drew attention to the fact that the republic's strategic position on the Pacific was superior to that held by Russia. Speaking of the merits of San Francisco and its possession of facilities for equipping squadrons, we remarked that it 'practically dominates the whole northern portion of the Eastern Pacific.' As the faculty of dominating resides not in a port itself, but in the naval force which can be sent out from it, the recently begun and still proceeding reconstruction of the American navy, which has already made the United States a considerable naval power, has rendered the American position even more important than it was. San Francisco is and will long remain the greatest seaport on the shores of the North Pacific. Even now it has the means of constructing, supplying, and repairing ships of war of the largest class; and it is capable of serving as the base of a fleet far larger than any of which the needs could be met by the resources of Vladivostock for many years to come. Practically the United States have already a preponderance in the North Pacific and in the whole eastern part of the ocean, which it will be useless for Russia to try to diminish. From the Equator to Behring's Straits and from Panama to the meridian of Petropaulski there is not an islet concerning the fate of which American susceptibilities will not have to be considered and American views respected.

The centre of gravity of British power in the ocean lies more to the south-west. The progress of our Australasian colonies and the new naval arrangements, in accordance



with which our squadron in their waters has been strongly reinforced, have made us masters in that region. We have recognised, tardily, but completely, that security for us is simply a question of naval force; and that, given British squadrons strong enough and well distributed, we may regard the Russian position in the North Pacific attentively, indeed, but without misgiving. The British Columbian province is in some ways a weak point. Its remoteness from the Eastern Siberian ports gives it a modified immunity from attack, which immunity carelessness and want of perception are apt to exaggerate. There will probably be no great demand in war for the services of our commerce-protecting cruisers in its immediate vicinity. The seal-fishery, if it continues to exist, will never employ more than a small fraction of the number of ships formerly employed in whaling. An American man of science tells us:—

‘This great expanse of the Pacific Ocean between us [near Sitka] and Kadiak Island, five hundred and sixty miles to the west, and again down to Victoria, nine hundred miles farther south, was the rendezvous of the most successful and numerous whaling fleet that the history of the business records. In these waters the large “right” whale did most congregate, and the capture of it between 1846 and 1851 drew not less than three hundred and four hundred ships with their hardy crews to this area backed by the Alaskan coast.’ (‘An Arctic Province.’ London, 1886, p. 71.)

British Columbia, as we have already mentioned, owes much of its prosperity, and will owe much more of it, to its railway communication with Eastern Canada, which, in its turn, would be seriously crippled were this communication to be interrupted. Our fellow-subjects in the Dominion in general, and in British Columbia in particular, have a direct and special interest in so defending Esquimaux that no raiding squadron will feel tempted to make a dash at the Pacific end of the great Canadian railway.

In 1880, when dealing with the Pacific question, we drew attention to the position held by France in Indo-China; and it must again be taken note of when we are reconsidering the question. France and Russia are known to be intimate friends just now, and they are believed to be formal allies. In a struggle with Russia in which we might be involved, it cannot be doubted that the intervention of France would create an important diversion in favour of the side to which she inclined. We may repeat now what we said before, that in reality French Indo-China is ‘as isolated as Taiti.’ Therefore, though we may be annoyed, proper measures—in

other words, the employment of a strong squadron—will enable us to escape being seriously injured from Indo-China in a maritime war. What is more probable is that mischief will be done to our interests during a time of European peace by the progress of one of those ‘semi-official’ local wars which are for ever occurring where the dominions of a civilised and a semi-civilised State are conterminous. Everybody will admit that—if we are to have an eye to the future—we should avoid weakening our own position and strengthening that of France in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Looked at in this way, affairs in Siam deserve careful attention.

It is the old story. Contact with Western civilisation, and the influence of European nations, have led to a pouring of new wine into old bottles with the inevitable result. Oriental customs and ideas have not been expelled, but have combined with intrusive Western methods to set up a fermentation resulting in imminent anarchy and threatening ultimate ruin. What are held by Eastern princes to be the pleasures of life have enfeebled the constitution of the sovereign, and led to his withdrawal from the conduct of affairs. Members of the royal caste get hold of one branch or another of the administration and manage it as they please, whilst each tries to undermine the influence of the others. Policy is determined by palace intrigues, in which, naturally, several of the queens play an active part. Already the primary duty of government is neglected. Order is not preserved. Disturbances occur in the outlying provinces, and outrages are too common in the capital itself. The old noble families, disgusted by the decline of their influence over the rulers, are dissatisfied and give no help—probably they can give no help—towards preserving tranquillity. A worse sign, perhaps, is that the people generally seem to have lost their sense of devout admiration for the throne.

The French have the advantage or disadvantage—as we may please to consider it—of an ill-defined frontier in the Upper Mekong country. Apparently they wish to make the river their boundary; but we shall be doing them no great injustice if we suppose that they see in the present state of Siam an opportunity for extension of their territory too good to be neglected. Of course, we have the familiar tales of border raids and unwarrantable infringements of the French rights of sovereignty. These are the ordinary foundations on which remonstrance, menace, and ultimatum rest when an Eastern State is supposed to require correction.

The part that the other European nations which have interests in Siam ought to play is plain enough. The Siamese must not be led to imagine that they will be supported in resisting any reasonable claim of France. There is something positively cruel in the action of a great nation in encouraging on the part of a weak one hopes of assistance which it is not for a moment intended to give. It is more than cruel, it is suicidal; for the legitimate influence of the great nation is for ever destroyed when the insincerity of her promises is discovered.

Our survey of the affairs of the North Pacific has enabled us to see that, whilst we acknowledge the strength of the Russian position there, we need not dread it. It will be our own fault if we do not resort to the right methods of neutralising it or diminishing it considerably. Whilst the opening of railway communication between Russia in Europe and the coast provinces of Eastern Siberia may add to the defensive, and even offensive, capabilities of the latter, we have seen that they may be viewed also in another aspect. The new line will be a hostage to China. At the same time—though its inception may be due to strategic considerations alone—it can hardly fail to assist in bringing to the support of mankind the natural resources with which Southern Siberia is believed to be so abundantly endowed. That the distribution of these must proceed along lines issuing from ports on the Northern Pacific we can hardly doubt, and we may anticipate with a fair approach to confidence that the most important result of making the Siberian railway will be an increased demand for those facilities of sea-transport which the British mercantile marine can alone supply.

ART. VII.—*Le Capital, la Spéculation et la Finance au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* Par CLAUDIO JANNET, Professeur d'Economie Politique à l'Institut Catholique de Paris. Paris : 1892.

**I**N this comprehensive and excellent work, M. Jannet has travelled over a very wide field. He has traced the growth of wealth, and has examined the crude theories which are constantly propounded for the improvement of the condition of mankind by the destruction of property and the annihilation of capital. He has explained the proceedings of the Stock Exchange, and has shown how operations, in themselves useful, have led to abuses involving commercial disrepute, and occasionally national ruin; while throughout his protracted narrative he has displayed an extent of knowledge, and a breadth of judgement, which are as instructive as they are unusual. In an age of economical heresy, he has proved himself an orthodox economist; and his book, unless we are greatly mistaken, will do much to bring back political economy from the distant planet to which, of late years, it has been banished.

But, at the same time, the excellence of M. Jannet's work makes the task of his reviewer unusually difficult. It is no easy matter to give even a summary of a book which ranges over the whole field of commerce and finance. Each of the thirteen chapters into which it is divided might supply a theme for a separate article; while the appendix contains an account of the monetary crisis of our own day, which both monometallists and biometallists might study with advantage. As, then, in the space at our disposal we cannot hope to give an exhaustive account of a treatise which, we trust, many Englishmen will read for themselves, we shall content ourselves with examining such of M. Jannet's facts and arguments as illustrate the lessons to be drawn from his pages. They are embodied in the title which we have given to this article, 'The Use and Abuse of Wealth in Industry and Commerce.'

Few people, even among professed politicians, have much idea of the wealth of the world, or of the manner in which that wealth is growing. Still fewer have any notion of the potentiality of wealth to increase. M. Jannet quotes the elaborate calculation of an ingenious author to show that 100 francs, accumulating at 5 per cent. compound interest for seven centuries, would be sufficient to buy the whole surface of the globe, both land and water, at the rate of 1,000,000.

francs (40,000*l.*) the hectare. The actual growth of riches has not hitherto assumed such inconvenient proportions. M. Jannet cites various authorities to show that the wealth of the United Kingdom exceeds 10,000,000,000*l.*; that of France, 8,000,000,000*l.*; that of all Europe, 40,000,000,000*l.*; that of the United States, 14,000,000,000*l.* If we place the wealth of the rest of the world at 26,000,000,000*l.*, we shall arrive at an aggregate of 80,000,000,000*l.* We should have, we may add, to multiply this vast sum 30,000 times before we reached the total to which, according to M. Jannet's ingenious authority, 100 francs, accumulating at 5 per cent. compound interest for 700 years, would grow.

The figures which we have given are so vast that they convey no appreciable idea to the ordinary reader. It may assist the apprehension if it be added that France, on an average, possesses more than 200*l.*, the United Kingdom more than 250*l.* for each member of the population. Just 200 years ago, Sir W. Petty estimated the entire wealth of England at only 250,000,000*l.* Two centuries, therefore, have increased it fortyfold. But the chief additions to it have been made in the last fifty years; and we believe that we are not far wrong in saying that the sum which is annually added to the capital of this country amounts to 200,000,000*l.*, or, in other words, is nearly equal to its entire wealth at the time of the Revolution of 1688.

'*La propriété c'est le vol,*' said a famous Frenchman; and the Socialist of to-day seems prepared to display his faith in the saying, by commencing a general attack upon all kinds of property. People who write in this way usually assume that property, acquired originally by force, has been unduly favoured by class legislation; that an unearned increment is constantly added to it by the efforts of the people; that great fortunes tend steadily to increase; that there is a marked and stable division between rich and poor; that the profits of capital absorb the earnings which might otherwise be distributed as wages; and that the true remedy for the evils which the world endures are to be found consequently in the 'nationalisation' of land and the abolition of the capitalist.

Before we embark on the crusade to which writers of the Fabian School invite us, we shall do well to remember that the desire to attain wealth has been the cause of all progress in the past, and that its expansion has promoted the prosperity of every class. Wealth in former ages may have been acquired in war, or have been promoted by class

legislation. In our own time it is created by the energy of the labouring classes struggling from their manhood to their age to gain for themselves and for their children the opportunity for greater leisure or greater comfort. If, however, the struggle to obtain wealth is prompted by the desire which each man feels to improve his own position, its honest acquisition always promotes the common weal, and improves the lot of the labouring poor.

'We talk of capitalists as if their riches conferred a benefit only upon themselves. Take even such a man as Vanderbilt, and ask what he did with the enormous sums which he accumulated. The answer is that tens of thousands of working men were in his employ; that he constructed a railway from New York to Chicago, and that he was the means of reducing the cost of transit. True, he built a palace and adorned it with works of art. But this personal expenditure represented, at the most, only a minute fraction of the sums which he devoted to creating new means of communication by land and by water. Society has want of more of such capitalists. It has need of them to bring the machinery of commerce to perfection, and to enable us to procure the necessities of life at the cheapest possible rates.'

It is, moreover, illogical to complain that rich men should devote a portion of their wealth to the luxuries of their position. The taste for luxury, and the demands which it creates, encourage invention. The desire of the educated classes in the fifteenth century to possess books of their own led to the discovery of printing; and the determination of rich people to have sugar at any cost forty years ago stimulated in Europe the cultivation of beetroot, which has provided the people to-day with a commodity as wholesome as it is cheap. Even when the desire for luxury or for pleasure assumes a form which may possibly be prejudicial to the interests of a nation, the harm done is not so great as it appears. M. Jannet, for example, does not attempt to defend the wholesale conversion of sheep walks into deer forests; but he says, with much point, that the expropriation of crofters, made with this object, has had a trifling influence compared with the expenditure of nations on war and on armaments, or even with the expenditure of the people on spirits and tobacco.

Luxury, in short, is an evil which the moralist may deplore, but which the economist cannot wholly condemn. As society is organised, it is the desire for luxury which is the chief incentive for saving, and consequently for exertion: it is saving which amasses capital; it is capital which employs industry. The writers who propose to eliminate capital, propose to destroy the one thing which has hitherto

produced progress. They ask us to abandon the lessons derived from experience, and to embark with them on an unknown ocean in pursuit of an idea.

These writers, too, usually overlook the manner in which wealth is distributed at the present time. They seem to imagine that there is a broad line of division between capital and labour; and that the rich are on one side of the line, and the poor on the other side of it. There was a period in the world's history, there are probably countries now, when this was and is true. In former days, and possibly in backward States, like Russia, in our own time, no mean could or can be found between poverty and wealth. The Old Testament indicates that the trade of the Jews with the East was in the hands of Solomon, and that its profits enriched the king and not the people. Herodotus tells us of a Lydian who had nearly 5,000,000*l.* in gold and silver, while, in another passage, he mentions a Greek who drew 90,000*l.* a year from a single mine. According to M. Jannet, in the time of the Cæsars seven men owned between them the Roman province of Africa; up to a certain period of the Middle Ages, the Church held one-third of Western Europe; and, before the Revolution, one-seventh of the whole soil of France was held by princes of the blood. Individual fortunes of to-day may possibly be larger than those which existed in Rome or Greece, though, if the fall in the value of the precious metals which has occurred in the interval, be taken into account, even this is doubtful. But while, in the old time, wealth was concentrated in a few hands, it is now dispersed among many holders. As M. Jannet says:

‘The colossal fortunes of a Hirsch or a Rothschild are no doubt important, for they occasionally enable these men to exert a decisive influence on the markets of the world. Yet, contrasted with the wealth of a nation, they are really insignificant. They are like the point of a pyramid, which attracts attention because it is high, though the centre of gravity lies near the soil in the massive blocks which compose its lower courses.’

In fact, the great additions which have been made to the wealth of the world during the last thirty years have not been due to the accumulation of great, but to the multiplication of small, fortunes. M. Jannet says that there is no doubt that there are not more than 700 or 800 persons in France in enjoyment of 10,000*l.* a year, and that there are not more than 18,000 or 20,000 with 2,000*l.* a year and upwards. Nor is it only true that the great incomes are comparatively few; the striking fact is that the masses of

the people are the owners of property. From 1869 to 1881 the debt of France was doubled; in the same period its holders were quadrupled. In 1889 it was held by 4,708,000 persons. The holdings of individual shareholders in the great railway companies similarly tend constantly to decrease; one-half of the bonds of the city of Paris are held by holders of a single bond; there are 7,000,000 depositors in French savings banks, with an average of 20*l.* each; while, most striking fact of all, out of 8,302,672 inhabited houses in France, 5,460,355, or 65 per cent., are occupied by their owners.

The diffusion of property, which can be traced so clearly from M. Jannet's statistics in the case of France, may be found in England, in the United States, and among all advanced communities. In England during the last thirty years the incomes of the richest class have decreased 30 per cent., while the incomes of the middle class have increased 37 per cent. M. Jannet, indeed, thinks that the most striking phenomenon in this country is the almost complete check which has been given to the growth of large fortunes, and the rapid accumulation of small and moderate fortunes. In fact, it is only because men will persist in gazing at the apex of the pyramid, and in ignoring the solid blocks at its base, that the real truth is so generally misapprehended.

If few people have realised how widely wealth is diffused, still fewer are aware how frequently it changes hands. M. Jannet writes that Thierry was completely wrong in saying that the peasants of to-day are descended from the serfs of the Middle Ages, and that their employers represented the feudal barons; on the contrary, omitting a few great families, the *noblesse* has been completely renewed at least three times in England, France, and Germany since the tenth century; and the instability of wealth is such that property in France changes hands, either from succession or sale, at least once in every nineteen years. It is hardly too much to say that the rich of to-day are the poor of to-morrow.

But if the wide distribution of wealth and its constant tendency to change hands are features in the present age, which the politician will do well to remember, and which the Socialist is apt to overlook, the growth of wealth has, in its turn, led to a constant decrease in the profits of capital. The savings of the world are so large that it is annually more difficult to invest them in profitable undertakings; and the investor is consequently compelled to content himself with lower and lower rates of interest. How great the competi-



tion of capitalists has become may be inferred from the circumstance, which M. Jannet records, that, in the opinion of the business world, one-third of the capital embarked in industry is lost, another third yields nothing to the investor, the remaining third alone yields any return to the capitalist. No doubt there are some companies which pay high dividends. But men with money would not run the risk of loss if they had no chance of occasionally obtaining large profits. The economist, therefore, must fix his attention not on isolated cases of unusual success, but on the average rate of profit on capital embarked in industrial enterprise; and in almost every instance this is low; in probably every case it is steadily declining; and M. Jannet agrees with M. Leroy Beaulieu in thinking that should there be no great European war or no violent social revolution the rate of profit on sound commercial undertakings will inevitably fall to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 per cent.

Even at the present time the shares of the soundest companies are commonly sold at from 28 to 33 years' purchase; the price at which railway stock can be bought usually largely exceeds its nominal value; while the return which the railways make on the capital invested in them is seldom great. The French railways pay an average dividend of 5 per cent., the English of 4 per cent. But even this rate of profit has not been attained in the United States, where in 1888 the American railway companies paid only 4.67 per cent. on their debentures and 1.77 per cent. on their shares.

The tendency of profits to decline is the necessary consequence of the growth of capital, which is lowering the rate of interest on all securities. Exactly the same influences which enabled Mr. Goschen to effect his great scheme of conversion have compelled the trader to content himself with smaller profits. When consols sell for 40 instead of 30 years' purchase, investors will be satisfied with a 3 per cent. instead of a 4 per cent. dividend on their railway stock. The increase of the capital of the world and the difficulty of employing it is continually tending to raise the price of all good securities, and to diminish the profits of every industry. And this circumstance is favoured by the formation of limited companies. The company whose shares are divided among numerous proprietors, none of whom are entirely dependent on it, can work on conditions which would ruin a single capitalist. And hence a great change has taken place in our own time in the organisation of trade. 'The merchant princes, who depended on their own re-

'sources, are already passing into ancient history. They cannot live in the surroundings of modern commerce. They required a profit of 20 or 30 per cent., which was frequent enough a century ago, and they will not risk the fortunes, which are theirs by inheritance, for the sake of a 5 or 6 per cent. return.' And, in fact, if they were willing to run the risk, they would be placed at a disadvantage by the conditions under which trade is now conducted. According to Bagehot, who is quoted by M. Jannet :—

'The new trader has obviously an immense advantage in the struggle of trade. If a merchant have 50,000*l.* all his own, to gain 10 per cent. on it he must make 5,000*l.* a year, and must charge for his goods accordingly; but if another has only 10,000*l.*, and borrows 40,000*l.* by discounts (no extreme instance in our modern trade), he has the same capital of 50,000*l.* to use, and can sell much cheaper. If the rate at which he borrows is 5*l.* per cent., he will have to pay 2,000*l.* a year; and if, like the old trader, he makes 5,000*l.* a year, he will still, after paying his interest, obtain 3,000*l.* a year, or 30 per cent. on his own 10,000*l.* As most merchants are content with much less than 30 per cent., he will be able—if he wishes—to forego some of that profit, and drive the old-fashioned trader—the man who trades on his own capital—out of the market. In modern English business, owing to the certainty of obtaining loans, on discount of bills or otherwise, at a moderate rate of interest, there is a steady bounty on trading with borrowed capital, and a constant discouragement to confine yourself solely or mainly to your own capital.'

Bagehot has himself pointed out that the effects of the change which he thus described have been 'exceedingly mixed.' On the one hand, he considered that it had not been favourable to commercial morality.

'Great firms, with a reputation which they have received from the past, and which they wish to transmit to the future, cannot be guilty of small frauds. They live by a continuity of trade which detected fraud would spoil. When we scrutinise the reason of the impaired reputation of English goods, we find it is the fault of new men, with little money of their own, created by bank discounts. These men want business at once, and they produce an inferior article to get it. They rely on cheapness, and they rely successfully. But these defects and others are compensated by one great excellence. No country of great hereditary trade was ever so little "sleepy," to use the only fit word, as England: no other was ever so prompt at once to seize new advantages. A country dependent mainly on great merchant princes will never be so prompt; their commerce perpetually slips more and more into routine. . . . But a new man, who has to make his way in the world, knows that changes are his opportunities: he is always on the look out for them. . . . The rough and vulgar structure of English commerce is the secret of its life; for it contains

the propensity to variation, which, in the social as in the animal kingdom, is the principle of progress.'

Thus, then, the accumulation of capital, the suppression of the old merchant princes by new men, and the formation of limited liability companies have, in various ways, had the effect of diminishing the rate of profits. But, while the profits of capital are constantly declining, the rate of wages has, of late years, been steadily rising. This fact is so opposed to the view which Socialist writers are constantly unfolding, that it is worth while to examine it in some little detail.

M. Jannet thus summarises the Socialist doctrine :

'Capital, according to Karl Marx, involves the continuous absorption of one moiety of the produce of labour by the employer. A workman can obtain the value of his subsistence by working six hours a day : the employer makes him work twelve hours, and gives him no corresponding equivalent in wages. The fruits of six hours' additional toil go to the employer, who turns it into capital, and allows it to go on accumulating at compound interest.'

It is difficult to imagine any statement more opposed to experience than that which is contained in the foregoing sentences.

In the first place it is a matter of common knowledge that, in Western Europe, at any rate, the hours of work, so far from increasing, are steadily diminishing. During the first half of this century operatives in almost every industry in this country worked twelve hours ; since the passage of the Ten Hours Bill they have worked ten hours ; they are now agitating for, and in some cases successfully insisting on, the duration of their labour being limited to eight hours. So far as the United Kingdom is concerned, therefore, the employer does not make the workman work twelve hours. Moreover, while the duration of the day's work has been reduced, the wages of the workmen have increased. We have already pointed out that, during the last thirty years, the incomes of the richest class in this country have decreased 33 per cent., while the incomes of the middle classes have been increased 37 per cent. In the same period, the wages of labour have increased 59 per cent.

The rapid additions which have thus been made to the rate of wages have probably been chiefly attributable to the introduction of machinery into every industry. Nothing that had ever previously happened in the history of the world had done so much to improve the condition of the labouring poor.

The steam engine, in the first place, has relieved the workman of the hardest portion of his toil; but, in the next place, it has uniformly added to his individual earnings. Experience has shown that every improvement in machinery tends to diminish the gross wages paid in producing any particular article, but to raise the wages of each individual labourer. A smith, working at his own forge, for instance, has the whole profits of his toil to himself. The puddler, labouring for a great ironmaster, probably does not receive more than one-third of the profits he is making. The remaining two-thirds pay for the capital invested in the factory, and its machinery, and for the expenses of management. But if the puddler earns four shillings and the smith only three, which is the better off? The man who takes the whole profit, and earns three shillings, or the man who takes only one-third of it, and earns four shillings?

And this is no hypothetical case. M. Jannet has shown, from the experience of Westphalia, that wages are always highest in those coal mines where the output is largest in proportion to the men employed. Wherever, in short, the employer, either by improving his machinery or in any other way, is able to increase the efficiency of the employed, he is concurrently enabled, and is practically compelled, to raise the rate of their wages. Every industrial invention, therefore, tends to improve the condition of the workmen; and industrial inventions, at any rate as the world is at present organised, can only be introduced through the intervention of the capitalist.

But, if the whole profits of every industry were divided among the operatives, we should not arrive at the Utopia at which Karl Marx and other writers are aiming. It appears, for instance, from the statistics which M. Jannet has quoted, that the miners received 5·04 francs, the owners 1·47 franc for every ton of coal raised from French collieries in 1888. If the whole profits had been divided among the miners, they would, at the most, have only been sufficient to raise their wages from 3·89 francs to 4·98 francs a day. As a matter of fact they would not even have done this, as several of the mines were worked at a loss. In these cases the miners must have been actually paid out of capital. The profit of the owner, moreover, was partly expended in opening out fresh workings. And if the necessary deductions be made on these accounts, it is plain that the division of the remaining profits among the miners would have raised to a very slight extent their present earnings. The same

thing is certainly true in other industries. For example, M. Jannet calculates that, in 1889, the American railway companies paid four dollars in wages for every dollar which they distributed in dividends.

Thus we see that the views which Socialist writers are fond of propounding are commonly based on a defective hypothesis. So far from great fortunes tending steadily to increase, the characteristic of the age is the multiplication of moderate and small fortunes. So far from there being any marked dividing line between rich and poor, no definite boundary can be drawn between them: so far from the profits of capital absorbing the wages of labour, the profits of the capitalists are constantly declining, while the rate of wages is as steadily increasing. So far from it being the interest of the labouring classes to insist on an equal division of profits between themselves and their employers, wages already absorb the greater portion of these profits, and the share which the labourer receives tends constantly to increase. Thus the reasons which have led Socialist writers to demand the nationalisation of land and the abolition of capital are founded on faulty hypotheses. The Utopia at which Mr. Sidney Webb and his fellow workers are aiming may, or may not, be attainable. But before they invite us to abandon the old methods by which progress has hitherto been secured, we have a right to expect that they should base their demands on accurate, and not on inaccurate data.

We have hitherto endeavoured to show that the economical characteristic of the present age is not the accumulation of great, but the multiplication of small, fortunes; that the desire to attain wealth has been the chief incentive to exertion, and therefore the main cause of progress; that the savings of the people have led to a constant and progressive fall in the rate of interest; that, in consequence of the decline of profits, the great merchant princes of a previous age have withdrawn from business, and been replaced by new men, trading with borrowed capital, and by limited companies; and that these changes have tended to confer great benefits on the labouring classes, who have obtained a constantly increasing proportion of the profits of each industry. The wealth of the world, however, it must be recollected, is not entirely invested in industrial undertakings. Much of it has been advanced in loans, which great countries and great towns have found it necessary to raise for various purposes. Still more of it is represented by the

land of each country, and the buildings erected upon it. We should hardly fulfil the object of this article if we did not add a few words on these forms of wealth.

Oddly enough, while the modern Socialist is ready to denounce and destroy the capital engaged in industry with such marked advantage to the labouring classes, he has little or nothing to urge against the national debts of the world, which hang like a heavy burden on the people of many countries. Perhaps it would be difficult for him to inveigh against the indebtedness of communities. For the Socialist, who desires to place the conduct of the great carrying companies, for example, in the hands either of the State or of the municipality, must necessarily contemplate a large addition to the debts of governments. Such an addition need not, indeed, necessarily involve any increased pressure on the taxpayer. India and many of our own colonies afford proof that enterprises of this character may be promoted by the State, and M. Jannet is probably right in saying that 'the rapidity with which such countries have developed their resources during the last century, contrasted with the slow growth of the American colonies during the preceding three hundred years, testifies to the superiority of the modern economical system.'

In the great majority of cases, however, the debts of the world have been raised for other and less beneficial purposes than the development of the resources of the countries which have contracted them. War, 'which is the harvest time of capitalists,' has been the fertile cause of national indebtedness. But even in these cases it is necessary to draw a marked distinction between those countries which have been able to raise the money which they required at home and those which have been obliged to procure it from abroad. It is the latter course which has involved so many States in our own time in financial embarrassment. It has ruined the finances of Spain, and M. Jannet thinks will in the long run ruin the finances of Italy.

France and the United Kingdom are the two countries which have the largest debts in the world. But the lapse of a single generation has seen a marked change in their relative positions in this matter. In 1860 the French debt was less than 400,000,000*l.*; our own debt exceeded 800,000,000*l.* At the present time our own debt has been reduced to less than 680,000,000*l.*, while the French debt has been increased to at least 1,260,000,000*l.*, and is probably still higher. Thus, at the beginning of the period, our own debt was more

than twice as large as that of France; while the French debt is now nearly twice as large as our own. It is no doubt satisfactory to know that this huge debt is divided, as we have already pointed out, among many holders. When the masses of the people have a direct interest in maintaining the credit of the nation, there is little immediate danger of any rash proposals for reducing the burden by applying the sponge to the slate; and the French debt seems to rest on a firmer basis when we once realise that one person out of every ten people in France is directly interested in it. Yet the enormous debt of France, imposing, as it does, a charge of more than 50,000,000*l.* a year on her taxpayers, is a fact which, sooner or later, may entail a day of reckoning. No other country in the world has hitherto supported such a mortgage on its industry.

The English debt was, of course, mainly created during the great revolutionary war, which commenced just a century ago. The French debt is practically the legacy of the Second Empire and the catastrophe of 1870. And it is interesting to observe that the French, during the latter half of the present century, have made precisely the mistakes which accounted for the rapid growth of the English debt from 1793 to 1815. Pitt failed to realise, at the commencement of hostilities, the character of the struggle in which he was engaged. He thought that the war would be short, and that consequently no evil would arise from paying for it out of borrowed money. The loans, too, were raised on the most extravagant terms. Much of the money was borrowed at 3 per cent. when the 3 per cents. were far below par, and the exchequer, consequently, only obtained 558,000,000*l.* in money for 850,000,000*l.* stock created. When the value of the stock rose after the war, the fundholders, and not the Government, reaped the advantage of the rise; and M. Leroy Beaulieu has calculated that, as a result of the policy, the Treasury, up to the date of Mr. Goschen's measure of conversion, had to pay annually 4,000,000*l.* more in interest than it would have been required to furnish if the stock had originally been raised at par at 5 or 5½ per cent., and had been gradually converted into a security bearing lower interest as its price rose in the money market.

So far from taking warning by the example of this country, French financiers have unfortunately fallen into the same errors. Throughout the Second Empire they failed in the courage necessary to impose the required taxation, and in

the crisis of 1870 they raised the indemnity loan at a ruinous discount. The Crimean War affords a striking example of the truth of the first of these allegations. France entered it comparatively free from debt, England crushed with a debt of 800,000,000*l.* To both countries the cost was practically the same (about 70,000,000*l.*). But England raised three-sevenths of the whole sum by taxation, and only borrowed the remaining four-sevenths; while France only obtained one-sixteenth of it by new taxes, and threw the remaining fifteen-sixteenths on posterity.

If the French Government, under the Second Empire, habitually neglected to make adequate provision by taxation for the expenses thrown upon it by war and the preparations for war, it unfortunately, after the catastrophe of 1870, committed the same mistakes as those into which this country fell at the close of the last century. The 5 per cent. loan of 1871—amounting to 80,000,000*l.*—was issued at 82·50; these rentes ten years afterwards were sold at 120, and their holders in this way secured a bonus of 33 per cent. on their advances. M. Jaunet thinks that, as the 3 per cent. rentes were quoted at 53 in 1871, there was no reason why a 5 per cent. stock should not have been floated at 88. The difference between the 88*f.* which the stock was worth, and the 82·50*f.* at which it was issued, was practically given to the great financial houses. In addition to this enormous bonus, these financiers were allowed a sum of more than 3,000,000*l.* in discounts and commission. The mind begins to understand the causes of the alarming rapidity with which the debt of France has grown, when it realises the extravagant manner in which it has been issued.

No other country in the world can claim the pre-eminence of indebtedness which has been attained by France in our own times, and which, till lately, was enjoyed by the United Kingdom. But many other countries are rapidly following the same course. Germany in 1877, for example, had no debt. In the fifteen following years, according to M. Jannet, the empire and the kingdom of Prussia borrowed between them 136,000,000*l.*, and they were contemplating further loans of 57,000,000*l.* Austria has been in constant financial embarrassment since 1792; and, according to M. Fromm, the debt of Hungary has been multiplied sevenfold in the last dozen years.

These countries all occupy a solid position in the money markets of the world. But there are many other countries, both in Europe and in America, whose necessities have



placed them at the mercy of financiers, and which are obliged continually to submit to harder and harder conditions. And the progress of these countries towards ruin is accelerated by the circumstance that the governments are forced to obtain from abroad the money which they are wholly unable to borrow at home. For the evils of a public debt are naturally lessened when it is held by the people of the country. The interest which it is necessary to pay is, in this case, extracted from the community at large, and given to certain members of it. So far as the country is concerned, there is a transfer rather than a loss of wealth. As Moore wrote long ago in his amusing lines—

My debt not a penny takes from me,  
As sages the matter explain;  
Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy  
Just owes it to Bob back again.

In such a case the real objections to a debt are twofold. In the first place, the taxation which it necessitates falls on industry, and the fruits of it are given to leisure. And, in the next place, the capital which is absorbed by the loan is diverted from being applied to some other—and perhaps more profitable—purposes. But when a country borrows from abroad these evils are increased by a much more formidable circumstance. The interest on the loan is paid to the people of another nation; and the borrowing, and therefore presumably poorer, country is forced to pay—perhaps for all time—the equivalent of a tribute to the lending, and therefore presumably richer, one.

So large a proportion of what is known as wealth is represented by the debts of governments, and the indebtedness of nations is growing with such rapidity and is leading to such alarming consequences, that it seemed desirable to dwell at some length on this part of our subject. But the most important part of the wealth of a country usually consists of its real property. The value of the land of France, for example, is estimated at 3,200,000,000*l.*; the buildings erected upon it are worth 1,600,000,000*l.* Land and buildings may, therefore, be placed at 4,800,000,000*l.*, or nearly four times the amount of the French debt. In this country the value of land and buildings is estimated at 3,600,000,000*l.*, or more than five times the amount of our own debt. A certain class of politicians is disposed to regard property of this kind with very little favour. But, if we are right in contending that the security of property is the chief induce-

ment to labour, and consequently the great cause of progress, caution and knowledge are obviously necessary before we deal with so vast an interest.

The Duke of Argyll has recently endeavoured to show that no part of the value which attaches to real property can rightly be described as the free gift of Nature. M. Jannet is of a contrary opinion. According to him, the value of land consists of two things—first, properties, which are the gift of Nature, and which fit it, more or less efficiently, for the production of food; second, improvements which have been effected by man, and which have made it either more fertile or more accessible and convenient. The difference between the Duke and M. Jannet is not, however, very serious, since the latter admits that in practice it is almost impossible to distinguish between these two values and to decide what portion of the rent of a particular estate is due to its inherent properties, and what portion has been created by the industry and expenditure of its proprietors. M. Jannet, indeed, tells us that the rental of the land of France amounts in its aggregate to less than the normal interest of the capital which has been invested upon it in buildings, drainage improvements, and roads during the last two centuries.

If this is true of land taken as a whole, it is not true of land in particular places. The increased value of property in large towns is a fact which everybody is aware of. But few people observe that this increase is counterbalanced by the fall of rents in smaller towns. Enormous sums, spent on buildings in these towns during previous ages, have been practically lost. Palaces remarkable for the beauty of their architecture are let to working men at low and unremunerative rents. Taking, then, the owners of real property as a class, the large sums which some of them have realised by the development of the larger towns and in other ways are compensated by the equally large sums which others of them have lost by the fall in the value of property in other places. But the man who buys property in the neighbourhood of a town, foreseeing its rise in value, is no more to be blamed than the speculator who bought Italian rentes at 40 in 1866 or Suez Canal shares at 250 (francs) in 1859. These people all acquired a vast addition to their wealth, which was due to the exercise of a clear foresight. Nothing can be more legitimate than a speculation of this character.

At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the land-owners during the last two centuries have obtained a

distinct advantage from the increased number of years' purchase for which land is sold. According to Mr. Giffen, land sold in 1679 for eighteen times its rent, in 1875 for thirty times its rent; while even in 1885, notwithstanding agricultural depression, it sold for twenty-eight times its rent. Exactly the same thing has occurred in France. A century ago land sold for from twenty to twenty-five years' purchase, while it now sells for from twenty-five to forty years' purchase. Thus, money invested in real property tends constantly to yield a smaller return to its purchaser. This circumstance, M. Jannet thinks, makes it more difficult for the landlords of Europe to compete with the competition of new countries like the United States. They are over-weighted by the amount of capital which their land represents.

It is evident, from what we have already said, that M. Jannet is no more disposed to interfere with the landlord than with the owner of any kind of property. But then, perhaps, it ought in justice to be added that, writing as a Frenchman, he has not thought it necessary to examine the particular questions which occupy the attention of land reformers in this country. He has, indeed, condemned in strong language the inclosure of commons in the sixteenth century, the Irish policy of Cromwell in the seventeenth century, and the expropriation of Scotch crofters in the eighteenth century. But he has not given us any detailed opinion on the rival merits of the English and French land laws. He has, however, cited some remarkable statistics proving the minute subdivision of the soil of France. There are, he assures us, at least 4,000,000 little proprietors who owned less than 10 hectares; there were 2,380,000 farmers who cultivated exclusively land of their own; in the east and south of France from 80 to 90 per cent. of the people lived in houses of their own; and in 2,270 communes there was not a single property let to a tenant.

This state of things, so different from that with which we are acquainted in this country, is, of course, mainly due to the French law of succession, and M. Jannet gives us no hint as to his own opinion of the law. We infer, however, from his general reasoning that, however much he would approve the constitution of a great conservative force by the rapid multiplication of proprietors, he would not be prepared to refuse complete liberty of bequest to each individual. Though, with the example of French thrift before us—we speak with hesitation, the incentive to exertion is apparently weakened

if the man who saves cannot leave his savings to whom he will. Our own law, of course, operates in an opposite manner to that of the French. By making the eldest son the heir to the real property of the intestate, it encourages the aggregation instead of the diffusion of land, and by drawing a distinction in cases of intestacy between realty and personalty it creates a confusion which is probably puzzling to many small proprietors.

On this subject, however, we get no assistance from M. Jannet. He is equally silent on the scheme which is occasionally propounded in this country, and which Mr. Goschen persuaded the Legislature partially to adopt, for the progressive taxation of the larger properties. Impressed, however, as he is with the facts that the larger fortunes are not increasing, and that the moderate and small fortunes are being rapidly multiplied, he is probably of opinion that the interference of the Legislature is not required to hasten a result which is already in rapid progress.

The great lessons, then, which we derive from M. Jannet's pages are that improvement is dependent on the security of property, and that whatever the condition of the poor may be it would be far more wretched if property were insecure; for it is the desire to obtain the comforts which money can acquire that is the chief incentive to saving, and it is the capital which saving accumulates that sets in motion labour. Once destroy the security which the investor feels, and saving will be discouraged; once reduce the aggregate savings of the nation, and the fund out of which wages are paid will be diminished. It is clear, therefore, that the wealth of a people is a chief factor in its prosperity, and that we are not far wrong in using a term which originally meant welfare as a synonym for riches.

Recognising, as we fully do, the use of wealth, we have no desire to close our eyes to the abuse to which it occasionally leads. Abuses arise both in the manner in which it is spent, and in the manner in which it is acquired. The reckless expenditure of a spendthrift is rather a moral than an economical evil; for even when a man squanders his estate on the turf or on the gaming table the loss of one is another's gain, and society, as a whole, is neither richer nor poorer from the transfer.

It is otherwise, however, with the abuses which occur in the acquisition of wealth. Unscrupulous promoters of bubble companies, for example, may be the means of spreading ruin among thousands of possibly very simple but very innocent

shareholders. Rings, corners, and syndicates, the machinery with which rich men of our own time endeavour to control prices, may inflict an almost irreparable injury on the trader and on the consumer; while the moral tone of a people may be lowered at least as much as its material interests may be affected by the frauds and corruption which occasionally occur in the money markets of the world. -

And these abuses are, it must be recollected, the most difficult to deal with. You cannot condemn all companies because some projectors are unscrupulous; you cannot destroy all association because rings and corners are abused; you cannot prohibit speculation because some dealers on the Stock Exchange are dishonest. All that it is possible to do in such cases is to make projectors of companies responsible for the promises of their prospectus; to oppose combination by competition; to punish dishonesty and fraud; and, above all, to promote a healthy moral tone which may tend to check unscrupulous and corrupt practices.

The disrepute into which men of business occasionally fall existed long before our own time. 'It is no easy thing,' said Trithemius, 'for the man who is engaged in commerce 'to be always strictly honest.' 'The merchants,' wrote Erasmus, 'are among the falsest and basest of mankind. 'They carry on the most despicable of industries. Liars, 'perjurers, thieves, they occupy themselves by duping other 'people. They wish everywhere to be first, and, thanks to 'their money, they succeed.' The disrepute into which commerce thus fell has hardly yet been removed. The middleman, who stands between the producer and the consumer, is among the most useful of mankind; but the producer is always ready to denounce him for diminishing his profits, the consumer for increasing prices. And their invective is not unnatural; for the skilled merchant, who buys with a view to sell, has a marked advantage over the producer, who is obliged to sell at once. He has a better knowledge of the state of the markets, and his opinion helps to regulate the price: 'The merchant, too, realises his largest profits in years of famine and distress. He can amass a fortune during periods of calamity or war. Yet even in the olden time the merchant was fulfilling a useful purpose. The man, for instance, who bought all the corn he could procure in a year of plenty, insured the farmer a market, which he would otherwise with difficulty have obtained; the man, who held the corn which he thus bought till a bad year raised the price, provided against the famine which

would otherwise have occurred. He played, in his own way, the part of Joseph in Egypt.

When locomotion was difficult and markets were scattered, the merchant in such transactions as these had an advantage which he no longer enjoys. For the concentration of markets and the improvement of communication have tended in our own time both to steady prices and to diminish profits. Merchants now make large fortunes because their operations are large, and not because their profits on any particular transaction are great; and producers and consumers equally benefit from their presence. But these results could not have been obtained without commercial liberty and the existence of competition, for, as M. Jannet well says, 'competition is at once a principle of justice and an instrument of progress.'

The vigour with which competition is conducted, and the narrow margin of profit which it leaves to the merchant, have created in our own time new devices for defeating it. Syndicates, trusts, and corners, to use the words which are commonly applied to them, have been organised with the object of controlling the markets and of increasing profits by raising prices. Powerful railway companies in our own country have found that their interests lay in amalgamation or working agreements; while in the United States 140,000 miles of line, or two-thirds of the whole railway system of the country, are under the control of sixteen syndicates, which in their turn are practically at the mercy of a few powerful capitalists. Railways, however, form only one example of the extent to which these combinations are carried. Corn, copper, coal, coffee, silk, salt, and many other articles have all in their turn of late years been dealt with in this way by wealthy speculators. The history of any one of these trusts will explain the machinery on which their originators rely, and perhaps the copper syndicate is as good an example as can be taken for the purpose. We shall give it as nearly as possible in M. Jannet's words.

The year 1882, to which it must be traced, was remarkable throughout the world for a cessation of commercial activity. Production, during the preceding years, had overtaken the demand; the markets were overstocked, and the prices of many articles fell rapidly. Chilian copper, which had been sold in London from 120*l.* to 130*l.* a ton, fell to 74*l.*; but this was not the lowest price reached. The fall continued after 1882, and in 1887 copper could be purchased for 40*l.* This rapid fall in the price led to a diminished production; the

stocks diminished from 60,000 to 40,000 tons. But the shrinking of the supply did not at once affect the price, which fell ultimately to 36%.

At this moment Secrétan, a Frenchman, who was largely interested in copper, determined to obtain control over the markets by buying up all the copper of the world. With the help of a few wealthy financiers he formed a syndicate with a capital of 2,500,000*l.* and began to buy. At the end of 1887 he had purchased some 12,000 tons of the metal, and by doing so gradually raised the price to 84%. In 1888 he continued his operations and bought 130,000 tons of copper. Naturally these purchases stimulated production. The mines increased their operations, and Secrétan saw that if no further steps were taken his whole scheme would be frustrated. In these circumstances he made arrangements with the great mines in every part of the world to sell him during the next three years 542,000 tons of copper, or 180,000 tons a year. In a great many of these contracts a clause was inserted prohibiting the contractors from selling to anyone except Secrétan himself. As the whole annual production of the world only amounted to 220,000 tons, Secrétan by this gigantic operation succeeded in obtaining absolute control over three-fourths of the entire production. At the price at which copper was quoted at the time, he had committed the syndicate which he represented to an expenditure of more than 36,000,000*l.*

Comparatively large as were the funds which the syndicate with its capital of 2,500,000*l.* could control, they were quite unequal for such transactions as those to which Secrétan was committing it. Its members were obliged to resort to extraneous support, and they applied in their difficulty to the Comptoir d'Escompte. This institution was under the presidency of Denfert-Rochereau, but some of its directors were largely interested in Secrétan's syndicate. In defiance of its statutes, the Comptoir d'Escompte undertook to guarantee the contracts made by the syndicate with several Spanish and American mines. Thus one of the largest financial establishments in the world made itself responsible for the success of the huge speculation on which Secrétan had embarked. And it was soon apparent that the speculation could not succeed. It depended on the syndicate being able to buy cheap and to sell dear, and in the event it proved unable to control prices. Though the produce of the mines outside bore a small proportion to that of those under Secrétan's influence, it proved sufficient to defeat his plans.

Hence the difficulties of the syndicate became continually greater. In vain it formed subsidiary or auxiliary companies to relieve it from a portion of the huge quantities of copper on its hands; in vain the Comptoir d'Escompte continued its advances, till it had lent more than 5,000,000*l.* on the security of copper without any margin on its existing value to cover the chances of a fall. Nothing could avert the coming crash. At last, on March 5, 1889, Denfert-Rochereau, staggered at the consequences of his own reckless action, destroyed himself. His death at once produced the fall of the great financial establishment of which he was the head, as well as of the copper syndicate. The bubble, which had assumed such imposing appearances, burst and disappeared.

M. Jannet thinks, probably with good reason, that the speculation from its very nature was doomed to failure. Copper is a mineral found in too many places ever to become the object of a wide-world monopoly. Its failure, he conceives, saved us from a great danger. For if Secrétan had succeeded in crushing out competition, he would have paved the way for universal Socialism.

Opposed, however, as our author is to syndicates of this kind, he is careful to point out that such an abuse of wealth as is inherent in their formation is an evil which cannot be checked by law. When public opinion insisted on the prosecution of Secrétan and his accomplices, all that the law proved able to do was to inflict on them slight punishments for distributing dividends which had not been earned. Any attempt to put down combinations of this character by legislation would probably only lead to worse mischief than that which it was intended to cure. For there is nothing immoral in the operations of the syndicate itself. Commercial liberty requires that every one should be free to buy an article when prices are low, and to abstain from selling it till he considers that the right time has arrived for doing so. The syndicate is only mischievous because it exaggerates the transactions of the ordinary trader, and conspires against the interests of the general public precisely in the same way as trades unions conspire against the interests of the employer.

But if it is impossible to provide a legislative remedy for such an abuse of the power of wealth, we may console ourselves with reflecting that the persons who have hitherto suffered most from syndicates are those who have formed them; corners in corn, silver, coffee, sugar have all failed. As M. Jannet says:—



'At first sight, one is induced to think that a corner must infallibly succeed if its organisers have sufficient power and sufficient credit. But only a small number of corners have had any success, and success in these cases has been due to exceptional circumstances. In fact there is an inherent fault in the operation. Suppose it deals with the natural products of the soil. The centres of supply are many; the small stocks are numerous, and the low price of transport permits these articles to be carried from the most distant parts of the world. Thus in 1889 cargoes of corn were actually brought from Roumania to the United States. . . . Or suppose it deals with the products of mines or factories. The formation of the corner stimulates production, since mines and factories are all equipped to produce much more than the ordinary outturn. While production is increased, the rise in prices restricts consumption. Every one, reckoning on an inevitable reaction, buys only what is required for his daily use. That is why a corner cannot permanently control a market, and the disturbance which it produces is only temporary. As the *Economist* said on the failure of a corner in cotton at Liverpool, this proves once more that, in the ordinary conditions of supply and demand, it is fortunately impossible to establish a corner in an article which, like cotton, is produced in great quantities.'

The foregoing paragraph will have shown that the most powerful agencies in defeating the corners have been free trade and facilities of communication. And this fact is confirmed by experience in another way, since syndicates and their near relations, trusts, flourish in those countries which, like the United States, are still wedded to protection, and fail in those which, like our own, have adopted free trade.

'Protection in all countries forces the producers to combine. If these combinations are almost unknown in England, we must thank free trade. In Germany, it is precisely in those industries which enjoy most protection that the first *Kartelle* were formed. And in France, if the refiners should succeed in obtaining control over the sugar market, they will owe their success to the fact that their industry is not merely protected but subsidised.'

And again :—

'There can be no doubt that the best means of crushing trusts in the United States would be to remove the barriers of the Custom House, entrenched behind which the organisers of these monopolies are able to control the internal markets. The competition which would be stimulated by free imports would oblige them to benefit the public by a reduction of their charges, and would force them to dissolve their combinations.'

Thus, then, if the first moral to be drawn from M. Jannet's pages is that progress is dependent on the security of property, the second lesson to be deduced from them is that

prosperity is best promoted, and injurious combinations best defeated, by freedom. It is by freedom, and not by legal restrictions on syndicates, that the interests of the people are to be preserved. 'It is competition alone which regulates 'prices, both in fact and by right,' and competition should in consequence be encouraged by every practicable method. It is true that competition involves speculation, and that speculation occasionally leads to many evils. But these abuses must not blind us to its uses, or induce us to forget that speculation is the essence of commerce, and that in practice it is universal. The householder who buys his stores wholesale when they are cheap, the farmer who stores his grain awaiting a better price, the capitalist who buys or builds a house in an improving neighbourhood, all speculate. A society with no ambition beyond 3 per cent. would be the victim of routine.

Speculation, too, it must not be forgotten, is in its true sense, as the name implies, the reverse of gambling. The gambler trusts to chance, the speculator to foresight. The successful speculator is the man who is best able to forecast the progress of those events which are likely to influence prices, and who, relying on the soundness of his judgement and the accuracy of his information, is prepared to act on his opinion.

But though speculation in itself is perfectly legitimate and useful, it unfortunately leads to grave abuses, and these abuses have been intensified in our own time by the concentration of markets. All trade tends to concentrate in certain places; the operators who frequent the exchanges in these towns are engaged in enormous transactions, and in their desire for gain they frequently resort to practices which are both dishonest and immoral. Dishonesty may unfortunately be found almost everywhere, but so far as the general public is concerned its consequences are most acutely felt on the great money markets of the world, such as the Bourse in Paris, the Stock Exchange in London, and Wall Street in New York.

There are necessarily two classes of operators on every bourse—the 'bulls,' who speculate on the rise; 'the bears,' who speculate on the fall. But in former times these two classes were regarded with very different feelings. The man who sought to depress the value of securities was thought to be the enemy of the public. But that opinion was obviously illogical, for no man can speculate on a probable rise in values unless he can find some one ready to

support the contrary opinion and to speculate on their fall. The existence of the 'bull' presupposes the necessity of the 'bear.' With more reason, therefore, those who have desired to limit speculation have inveighed against sales on account, and have suggested that these operations should either be checked or taxed. Gambling, it is thought, would be checked, speculation would certainly be reduced, if a man were only at liberty to dispose of the shares or stocks which were actually in his possession. But sales on account ('opérations à terme,' as the French call them) are almost indispensable in many branches of commerce, and perhaps it is impossible to offer a clearer defence for them than Mollien's answer to Napoleon: 'I deal on account with my water-carrier when he undertakes to supply me every morning with two vessels of water. He has not got them himself, but he is sure to find them in the Seine. In precisely the same way a whole river of rentes is always running through the Bourse.'

On the Stock Exchange, then, as in trade, the operations which take place every day are or may be legitimate in themselves; it is only in the abuses which are connected with them that there is room for fault-finding. A man is perfectly blameless who, acting on his own opinion, buys or sells a particular security because he fancies that he foresees its rise or its fall in value. He obtains his reward if his forecast should prove just; he incurs, on the contrary, loss if his anticipation prove incorrect. The most successful speculators are consequently those who succeed in obtaining the most accurate information; and as the professional financier enjoys means of gaining intelligence which the private individual cannot as a rule command, M. Jannet is probably right in saying that the amateur speculator must in the long run fail. Whether the professional financier is justified in availing himself of knowledge to which those with whom he deals have not access, is a question of morals which M. Jannet does not help us to determine. The City would decide the point in the affirmative; the moralist, we hope, in the negative. The story which M. Jannet quotes to show the advantage of early news does not reconcile us to the practice:—

'On June 18, 1815,' he writes, 'Nathan Mayer Rothschild was at Waterloo. As soon as the battle was decided, he rode in hot haste to Ostend: crossed the Channel, at considerable expense to his purse, and risk to his life: and on the morrow was on the Stock Exchange, pursuing his ordinary business, but with a disconsolate appearance. No

one else knew more than that, on the 16th, Blucher had been beaten at Ligny. Rothschild's downcast look, and the sales which his ordinary employés were instructed to make, forced down the markets; and, during the whole time, secret agents were purchasing for him enormous masses of consols. Some few hours later, the news arrived, and he found himself richer by millions.'

If this story is correct, we can only say that, though such conduct as this may be condoned by opinion on the Stock Exchange, we cannot think that any man of real honour would stoop to it. And we have less hesitation in expressing this opinion because we believe the story is not accurately told. There is, indeed, no doubt that Rothschild received early intelligence of Waterloo, and that the following day he used his knowledge to make millions in the City. But we have always understood that, on receiving the news, he carried it straight to Lord Liverpool; that Lord Liverpool told him that his intelligence was inaccurate, and that he regretted to say that the last reports from the seat of war were unfavourable; and that on Rothschild then saying that if that were Lord Liverpool's view, would he think it wrong in Rothschild backing his own opinion on the Exchange, the Prime Minister replied certainly not, but advised him as a friend not to do so. If our version of the story is correct, Rothschild's conduct was much more honourable than we should infer from M. Jannet's account of it.

The obvious importance of early intelligence on the Bourse, and the advantage which the rich man who can command it enjoys over the poor dealer, has led to the suggestion that governments themselves should undertake to supply the Bourse with news. But M. Jannet is probably right in saying that such a course would be much more likely to demoralise a government than to produce morality on the Bourse. Speculators, moreover, will always be suspecting that Government, either for financial or political reasons, hesitates to disclose some particular news, and the mysterious rumours which periodically perplex the Stock Exchange will acquire additional gravity from the circumstance.

If the dealer, who acts on news only known to himself, is guilty of conduct which in any atmosphere except that of the Bourse would be condemned, far more reprehensible is the man who wilfully propagates false reports for the sake of the gain which he may derive from them. M. Jannet rightly says that such men turn speculation into theft; but we are afraid he adds with equal truth: 'Such reports are

‘ however, among the most common of devices, for they are practised by a set of men who are very rarely affected by considerations of justice.’

It is a melancholy reflection that law is powerless to repress dishonest practices of this character. Nothing is so difficult as to trace a rumour to its source, or to fix the consequence of it on its originator. Law, if we may summarise an excellent paragraph of our author, cannot punish every fault; but this very circumstance makes it important to elevate the consciences of the individual and of the public. Of the individual, for it is on the penetration of the ideas of justice into the minds of men that the moralist depends; of the public, because opinion, whether it is expressed in the press or in society, can infuse morality into business, when laws and lawmakers are powerless to enforce it.

This ideal, however, is far from being attained. The unscrupulous dealers, who do not disdain to profit by the false news which they propagate, furnish only one example of proceedings which every right-thinking man must condemn. The manner in which limited companies are formed affords another example of similar abuses. Companies are formed for objects which careful men ought to see are unattainable, and are placed under the management of directors who have no knowledge of the business they undertake to supervise. M. Jannet, indeed, considers that

‘ one of the saddest traits of the present day is the readiness with which politicians and men of rank accept a seat on a board of directors for the management of some business of which they have no knowledge. In France, 200 or 300 senators or deputies have been tempted by the prospects held out to them, to assume this position; while in England, out of 508 peers in 1888, 87 were directors of limited companies, 23 among them had seats on 122 different boards, and 16 sons of peers were on the boards of 103 companies. Some of them were no doubt responsible for solvent concerns; but many of them displayed a remarkable capacity for the administration of undertakings which never paid a dividend. The public has apparently no desire to be cured of a snobbishness which makes it believe in the stability of a company having a certain number of dukes, lords, or ex-ministers on its board. Yet their presence should put prudent men on their guard, for great industrial concerns are never or rarely founded by persons of this class.’

The reckless manner in which persons whose name and whose position should make them doubly cautious allow their names to be used by the projectors of bubble companies, forms only one of the abuses connected with their

formation. Equally reprehensible is the fact that these projects are supported by a certain section of the newspaper press in articles which are notoriously paid for. The disclosures which have been made during the last few months in Paris in connexion with the Panama Canal form only an exaggerated sample of abuses which are very common, and M. Jannet quotes an instance of a French insurance company which in 1888 paid no less than 114,000*l.* out of a capital of 1,000,000*l.* for the public support which it received from the press.

For these abuses the public are, in one sense, responsible. At regular recurring periods they are seized with a mania for embarking in vast speculations; and, perhaps, it is only natural that unscrupulous persons should be ready to supply the bubbles, which, on these occasions, are so powerful to attract. But, though the fault is with the public, much might be done—M. Jannet evidently thinks—to limit these scandals. The promoters, who float companies, and the banks or financial associations, which issue the shares, might be held pecuniarily responsible for the statements in the prospectus. The newspaper press might similarly be answerable for any article which they insert in their favour, and, finally, directors might be saddled with the same responsibility. M. Jannet, in addition to such remedies as these, would not allow any share which was not fully paid up, to be transferable on delivery; he would forbid the issue of new shares when the old shares were not paid up in full; and he condemns, if he would not prevent, the payment of dividends which had not been fairly earned. But he recognises that such measures as these will not stop the abuses of which he is conscious. ‘Undoubtedly,’ he writes,

‘many abuses will still remain. But it is the duty of the Legislature to trace fraud step by step under the many forms which it assumes from time to time; and to draw back only when it finds that in repressing the evil it will interfere with the good, recollecting always that there can be no welfare in business without freedom.’

Rash speculations bring, of course, with them their own punishment. They are the natural consequence of a period of inflated prices; and, from the days of Law to the days of the failure of the Argentine Republic to meet its engagements, they have occurred at regular intervals. They are, in one sense, not merely unavoidable, but necessary. They clear the market of a mass of worthless securities, which ought never to have commanded the confidence of prudent

men, and they leave more solvent institutions in possession of the field, and free from the competition of unscrupulous competitors. Unfortunately they inflict enormous suffering on small and weak investors, whose only fault has been their improvidence. It is, indeed, the characteristic of the investing public that they rapidly vibrate from confidence to panic. In periods of inflation they buy shares at prices far above their real value, while when crises occur they sell their securities at prices equally below their value. In one case they seem unable to distinguish the bad from the good; in the other, they appear equally incapable of distinguishing the good from the bad. For the first effect of every crisis is a rapid depreciation in the value of all securities, whether they are sound or not. It does not necessarily follow that the securities are worth less. On the contrary, they may be just as valuable after as before the crisis. The Suez Canal shares were, for instance, quoted at 3,440 francs on January 5, 1882; they fell to 2,010 francs on February 2 following; and their real value had not, of course, been affected by the intervening crisis. The really long-sighted investor would have bought after the fall; the small and timid investor sells in consequence of the fall. Buying at a moment when the mania for speculation rages, he pays too much for his shares; selling in a moment of panic, he sells too cheap.

The true inference to be drawn from these circumstances is that the prudent investor should only place his savings in approved securities, and that he should not be tempted by the glittering attraction of high interest to meddle with concerns of which he has no knowledge. The mischiefs which arise from dealings on the Stock Exchange would be far less wide if the investing public would make up its mind only to purchase shares or bonds which it could afford to hold if their value should be decreased by some new crisis in the money market.

We must recollect, moreover, that all is not bad even on the Stock Exchange. 'In modern society good and evil are 'strangely intermixed.' Strongly as M. Jannet condemns the practices which we have just noticed, he is careful to add the other side of the picture. We must not forget, he tells us, that there are many companies whose management is above suspicion. 'Il en est d'elles comme des honnêtes femmes : on n'en parle pas.' He reminds us also that the rapid formation of companies, and the ease with which their shares are bought and sold, have given a lively impulse

to the spirit of saving, and have powerfully assisted the formation of small fortunes. Few men, in fact, have the wealth at their disposal which would enable them to undertake any business requiring much capital on their own account; but most men have sufficient means to enable them to acquire a few shares in a limited company, and in this way both to promote and to participate in the profits of industry.

We must now, however, take leave of M. Jannet. From one part of his work we have endeavoured to show how the rapid increase of wealth, which has been the characteristic of our own age, has promoted the progress of the world and has improved the condition of the poor; from another part of it we have tried to explain how, in the pursuit of wealth, men have stooped to practices which have been both fraudulent and injurious, and by their conduct have brought dishonour on themselves and ruin on those who have trusted to them. But, if one part of his work confirms us in our dislike of the new patent inventions for promoting progress by destroying riches, the other part of it makes us hesitate in adopting any drastic methods for purifying the Augean stable of commerce. The good and the bad on the Stock Exchange, like the tares and the wheat in the parable, must be suffered to a certain extent to grow together, since we cannot root out the bad without running the risk of destroying the good also. The law may punish dishonesty and fraud; but the law alone will not be able to repress practices which throw disrepute on commercial men. For improvement in this respect we must trust to the gradual leavening of the moral tone of society, and to the greater knowledge and caution of the saving classes. Experience may, we hope, teach those who save the folly of trusting their savings to the projector who dangles before them the attraction of large profits, and may remind them that now, as always, high interest necessarily means bad security. But these projectors may, in their turn, be taught that they will and must be held responsible in their persons and in their pockets for the promises which they make; that peers and members of Parliament, who, for the sake of a little gain, give the weight which attaches to their rank and position to schemes of which they have no knowledge, will be held legally and morally accountable for their conduct; and that such persons — where the law should fail to reach them — will be regarded as unworthy of the society of honourable men.



ART. VIII.—*Le Roman d'une Impératrice: Catherine II de Russie.* Par M. K. WALISZEWSKI. Paris: 1893.

THE expansion of Russia is one of the most striking facts of the second half of the eighteenth century. England founded an empire along the Ganges, and conquered vast provinces by the St. Lawrence; but she lost her noble American colonies. Prussia became the most rising state of Germany, but she was nearly destroyed by the Seven Years' War; the power of Austria steadily declined; Spain gradually sank into mere decrepitude; the France of Louis XV. and of Louis XVI. became the revolutionary France of 1799. But Russia, which even Peter the Great had scarcely extended to the Baltic, and had left bounded by the Dwina and the Dnieper, advanced during the next seventy years to the Niemen and the shores of the Euxine; it already threatened the decaying realms of Islam, from the Bosphorus to the south of the Caspian, and it had become a formidable power at sea, and had made its influence felt deeply in Western Europe.

It can hardly be denied that this immense progress was largely due to a remarkable woman, the most conspicuous figure among the sovereigns of the age, not even excepting Frederick the Great. The Semiramis of the North, indeed, as Catherine was called by Parisian *philosophes*, was very different from the almost divine being worshipped by those who saw an ideal of government in despotism given enchantment by distance, and artfully tricked out in a specious guise. She was distinctly deficient in some of the qualities which belong to rulers of the first order; her policy was often capricious and inconsiderate; she repeatedly sacrificed the welfare of the State to corrupt favouritism and selfish whims, and she was a charlatan in many passages of her career. The features, too, of an unrelenting tyrant can be easily seen behind the glittering mask of civilisation she constantly wore. Some of her deeds were worthy of Ivan the Terrible; she was suspected at least of hideous crimes, and she was a Messalina or a Theodora in her unbridled vices. Nevertheless, Catherine stands out in history as one of the chief founders of the Russian Empire, and she had many of the gifts of a great sovereign. She had a fixed belief in the national destinies and in the mission of the powerful Muscovite race, and she did much to accelerate its march of conquest. If her policy, too, was not always wise,

and more than once was imprudent and reckless, she showed extraordinary art and resource in adapting it to the occasion at hand. With perfect confidence in her own powers, she was a daring and skilful pilot in difficult crises, and she had the keen perception of the interests of the empire she ruled which is characteristic of the true statesman. She possessed, also, the genius of government, of directing, controlling, and managing men to a degree which has been hardly surpassed, and when passion and fancy did not distort her judgement, she knew how to choose subordinates of real merit. She accomplished little in raising the national life of the races under her sceptre to a higher level. Her legislation and administration, indeed, were somewhat reactionary in this respect; her conduct to the Poles was atrocious, and many of the boasted creations of her reign were mythical. But she had a tendency to the liberalism of the eighteenth century, which was not without genuine fruit; and if her attempts to promote civilisation in the main failed, they were not altogether insincere. A life, too, of gross sensual vice did not wholly pervert the moral nature of this strong-willed and capable woman; she never sank to the degradation of Louis XV.

The character and the reign of Catherine have been described by so many writers, from every conceivable point of view, that a new work on the subject might appear superfluous. This conclusion, however, would not be correct, and there is ample room for a careful study of the acts and the career of the great Empress, derived from fresh and original sources of information lately brought to light, and from a critical examination of the numberless books and memoirs which relate to her fortunes. M. Waliszewski has recognised this. He has drawn valuable materials for the elaborate review he has given us of the life of Catherine from the State papers of the Russian Government, from records of distinguished Russian families which have appeared only in recent years, and from the archives of the French Foreign Office; and he has brought together and confronted most of the writers who have left us their reminiscences of the imperial potentate. This volume is the result of these labours; and, though it bears the name of the 'Romance of an Empress,' it really is a tolerably well-filled survey of the course and the policy of the reign of Catherine, dwelling especially, however, on that side of it which was so largely shaped by her all-powerful influence, and on the features of her most striking character. The

industry of the author deserves the highest praise. He has left nothing undone to make his work complete, and from first to last his chapters give proof of diligent research and thorough inquiry. As a critic and an artist he has, however, failed; and he can only be classed as a studious compiler who has added not a little to our stock of knowledge respecting a subject of great interest, and not as an historic biographer. The book is exceedingly ill arranged; it is laid out in arbitrary yet indistinct divisions; it is not fused into a well-ordered narrative; it abounds in redundancies and repetitions; it is singularly deficient in well-expressed judgements; above all, it does not give us a clear conception of Catherine's personality in its many aspects. It abounds also in omissions which ought not to have been made. On some points of the highest importance—for example, on the conduct of the Empress to Poland—it is, we believe, almost wholly in error; and it contains nauseous details of Catherine's vices which make it scarcely fit for a lady's table. The language, too, is not Parisian French—the author is, we presume, a Pole—and we have detected several absurd mistakes. Soor, the scene of a combat in the Seven Years' War, and of a Prussian victory in 1866, is in Bohemia and not in Saxony; and it is new to us that Catherine gave birth, in 1758, to a child that became 'the Czarina Anna.'

Legends have gathered even round Catherine's cradle, but we may reject the fable that she was the offspring of an unknown amour of Frederick the Great or of Betkzy, a soldier in the Russian service, who gave her questionable aid in the *coup d'état* which placed her on the throne of Peter I. She was born in 1729, a child of Prince Christian of Anhalt-Zerbst, a kinsman of the famous trainer of the Prussian infantry, and of Jeanne Elizabeth, a daughter of the House of Holstein, one of the stems of the existing House of Romanzoff. Her birthplace, it seems certain, was Stettin. An old house in the town is still pointed out as the spot where she first saw the light—a mark of soot on its walls, tradition records, shows where a fire was placed beside the infant's cot. The child, christened Sophia and many other names, grew up, like other daughters of German princelets, in poverty that made Court state impossible; and Fighchen, as she was called by her parents, played with the boys and girls of the Stettin burghers until she had reached her early teens. Her education, however, was looked after; and, as was the fashion of the time in the high life of Germany, she learned the rudiments from a French governess, of whom

she speaks gratefully in her Memoirs—these, we may here remark, are believed to be genuine—but she had also masters of her native race, who instructed her in her own tongue, in music, and other accomplishments of the kind. Nevertheless, if we may judge from her writings, she was not thoroughly taught anything; of the three languages she boasted she knew, she was probably better versed in French than in German and Russian, and her French is absurdly uncouth and barbarous. Like all persons of strong intellect, Catherine could clearly and fully express her thoughts; but M. Waliszewski has given us strange samples of her French, even in her best years, long after she had been a correspondent of Voltaire. It is unnecessary to say that the graceful letters she addressed to the brilliant sage of Ferney did not emanate from her own pen, though Europe was for a time deceived:—

‘She says “qu’elle a un mal de tête qui ne se moucho pas du pied,” and that “cinquième roue au carrosse ne saurait rien gâter l’omelette.” Traces of Montaigne have been discovered in the extravagances of her style. This phrase has been cited from her letters to Grimm: “Ma visière à la minute passe comme une fusée, et s’enfuit dans l’avenir quelquefois, ne voyant qu’un trait caractéristique” . . . She writes, “Girouterie toupillage, pancarter, souffre doulourien.”’

Catherine was only in her fifteenth year when she met the flood tide that leads on to fortune. By this time one of those revolutions which have so often occurred in Russia had driven the Czarina Anne from the throne; had made Ivan, her intended successor, a captive; and had placed Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great, in power; and this change had destroyed the Prussian influence, which had hitherto been strong at St. Petersburg. Elizabeth inclined to take the side of Austria in the war with Frederick the Great, as she openly did many years afterwards; and the Prussian king—a master of statecraft—bethought himself how to create again a Prussian interest in the new Czarina’s counsels. An opportunity was afforded in the project to find a wife for Peter, of the House of Holstein, the appointed heir of the Russian crown, and Frederick skilfully seized the occasion. The princes of Anhalt-Zerbst were mere Prussian vassals; Elizabeth had been passionately attached to an uncle of Catherine, on the maternal side, who had been lost to her by premature death; and the Prussian king contrived to induce the Czarina to think of Catherine as Peter’s future consort. The young girl and her mother were received in great state by the Empress, and it was ere long

announced that Catherine was to wed the heir to the realms of the White Czars. The immense extent of the tracts she passed through on her journey to Moscow and St. Petersburg, and the half Oriental splendour of the Russian court, made a deep impression on Catherine's mind; and she has set down in her *Memoirs* that, whatever the cost, she had made up her mind to imperial destinies. Many an ambitious girl might have thought the same, but few girls would have given proof of the tact and art she displayed to effect her purpose. She separated herself from her mother, a spy of Frederick; completely won the heart of Elizabeth; ingratiated herself with the Russian noblesse; and worked so hard to acquire the Russian tongue that she caught a severe illness in her nightly studies, an accident that made her extremely popular:—

'She is scarcely fifteen, and already we perceive in her that true and penetrating insight, that soundness of judgement, that wonderful appreciation of circumstances, and that admirable good sense, which afterwards became parts of her genius—nay, perhaps, was its whole essence. To begin with, she understands that if she is to remain in Russia, to become a real personage—nay, possibly to play a great part—she must become a Russian. No doubt her cousin Peter has had no such thoughts. But she quickly becomes aware of the dislike and vexation he provokes around him with his jargon from Holstein and his German ways. She rises at night to repeat the lessons in Russian taught her by her master, Adalouf. As she does not care to dress, and she walks with naked feet in her bedroom to keep awake, she catches a chill, and her life is soon in danger.'

Catherine, however, was to pay a heavy price for the honours she had determined to make her own. Her intended husband, afterwards Peter III., was already a despicable and odious creature; and this cannot be kept out of sight when we pronounce a judgement on her domestic life. The youth, scarcely emerged from boyhood, had been brought up in a brutal fashion, at the petty court of the Dukes of Holstein; he had been subjected to teasing and vexatious tyranny; and he grew up diseased in body and mind, and profligate. 'In his first teens he had become a drunkard; he had not the slightest regard to truth or decency; and he had been initiated precociously in vicious excesses. Conversations like these with his affianced bride give us an idea of what he already was:—

'One day he thought of astounding her by talking of the mighty feats of arms he had performed against the Danes. She quietly asked when these great things had been done. "Three or four years before the death of my father." "Why, you were not then seven years old!"

He blushed and became cross. . . . His attentions were of the most singular kind. He tells his future wife of his amour with one of the maids of honour of the Empress, the Princess Lapoukine, whose mother had been lately sent to Siberia in exile. The Princess had been obliged to leave the Court.'

Fighchen, having been given her Russian name, was received in great state into the Greek Church, in the presence of a sympathetic and admiring court. Strange to say—humanity has such mysteries—the girl, who became an abandoned woman, who, if she had any belief, was a disciple of Voltaire, and who scoffed at forms of religion as 'mere mummery,' seems to have felt real scruples, on this occasion, at renouncing the Lutheran faith of her childhood. But if Catherine, like Henry VIII., had 'a tender conscience, she could, like Henry VIII., lay an unction to its stings, when passion and interest were in question; and years afterwards she declared that a 'conversion' was an 'affair of a fortnight in good society.' The marriage was solemnised with extraordinary state; the formalities of Versailles were studied; and, in honour of the joyous event, the palaces of the Czars were decked out anew, in the most gorgeous furniture of London and Paris. The mother of Catherine having been got rid of, after an angry scene with the Russian Empress, the young bride was launched, with her ill-assorted lord, into the splendours and dangers of imperial life. At this time, as it had always done, as it continued to do for many years afterwards, the Russian court presented the spectacle which has usually been seen when half-barbaric grandeur feels the influence of luxury, refinement, and wealth. The state of Elizabeth was like that of the Great Mogul; but she was already the *catin* of Frederick's jests, addicted to superstition, brandy, and vice, a fickle and worthless, but a cruel despot. Corruption and profligacy prevailed among the noblesse; they imitated in their palaces of the north the orgies of the regency and of the Duc de Bourbon; and female virtue and honour were almost unknown. A single anecdote shows what was the standard of propriety and morals amidst these scenes. Catherine was for months only a wife in name; and she was gravely invited by the Russian Chancellor, and by a lady of honour chosen to direct her conduct, to provide an heir for the throne of the Czars through the instrumentality of one of the lovers already known to have secured her favours.

'Speaking, as may be supposed, in the name of the Empress, the governess, the titular guardian of the virtue of the Grand Duchess, and

of the honour of her consort, explained to Catherine that cases arose in which State policy must rise above other considerations; for instance, one, the legitimate wish of a wife to be faithful to her husband provided he had proved himself incapable to guarantee the hereditary succession to the throne and to secure the repose of the empire. In fine, Catherine was given peremptorily the option to choose between Sergius Soltikoff and Lev Narychkin, Madame Tchoglokov saying she was convinced the Grand Duchess would prefer the last. Catherine made a protest. "In that case," retorted the governess, "the other will be the man." Catherine kept silent. Bestoucheff, with somewhat more reserve, spoke to Sergius in the same sense.'

It is in facts like these that an explanation of the private life of Catherine is to be found. Her marriage, too, was the extreme of misery; her nominal husband was simply a brute; and even when a child had been born to them, his conduct was revolting, insulting, odious. He quailed, indeed, under her commanding influence, already seen in a hundred ways, and he feared her as weak creatures fear the strong. But he was more than half mad, and became thoroughly depraved; he used to throw plates at his guests at table; he spent nights and days in drunken debauchery; he forced a pack of hounds into his wife's bedroom; heaped military exercises in a lunatic fashion; and he treated Catherine to the following scene, just as she was seized with the pains of childbirth.

'Peter, on hearing the news, arrives, dressed in his Holstein uniform, in jack boots and spurs, a scarf round his body, and a huge sword by his side. Catherine asked him what was the meaning of this accoutrement. His answer was, "That this was the occasion to show who are real friends, that he was ready to do his duty in this dress, that the duty of a Holstein officer is to defend, as he had made oath, the Ducal House against all its enemies, and that as he understood his wife was alone he was about to give her his aid." He was scarcely able to stand.'

Acts like these, however, were not the measure of the degradation of Peter's nature. He was soon possessed of a bevy of mistresses; and Elizabeth Vorontzoff, one of these—a chief cause, perhaps, of his tragic death—was, for a long time, the first of his favourites. The celebrated Poniatowski, in after years to become her vassal on the throne of Poland, was, just now, on the list of Catherine's lovers; and Peter openly encouraged the dishonour of his wife and his own. A scene such as this, we venture to say, could not have taken place at another court of Europe, even in the licentiousness of the eighteenth century.

'Elizabeth Vorontzoff tranquilly introduced Poniatowski into the chamber of his Imperial Highness. "You are a great fool," exclaimed Peter, when he saw who he was, "not to have made me your confidant." . . . The Grand Duke was in high good humour. "Since we are such good friends," he said, "some one else is wanting here." Upon this, Poniatowski tells us in his Memoirs, Peter walks into the room of his wife, pulls her out of bed, does not give her time to put on her stockings or shoes, and brings her in dressed in a night gown, without a petticoat, crying out to us, "There she is; I hope you are pleased." . . . "I often went to Oranienbaun," Poniatowski has added. "I arrived at night; I reached the apartments of the Grand Duchess by a secret staircase; I found the Grand Duke and his mistress there; we supped together, and then the Grand Duke took his mistress away, merely remarking, 'Well, my friend, you have no need of me;' and I then stayed as long as I liked behind."

Amidst these associations Catherine became lost to the sense of the becoming in woman in a few years. We need not repeat the names of her favourites before she ascended the throne of the Czars, and had her *Parc aux Cerfs* of the male sex. Her round of life may be guessed at from this passage :—

'Lev Narychkine, who, true to his habits as a buffoon, has been accustomed to mew like a cat at the door of the Grand Duchess in order to announce his presence, and to ask to be let in, makes one night the well-known signal just as Catherine is going to bed. Having entered, he proposes that they should visit the wife of his elder brother, Anna Nikitchina, who is ill. "But when?" "To-night." "You are mad." "I am all right, and nothing can be more easy." Upon this he explains his plan and the precautions he has arranged in his mind. They are to pass through the apartments of the Grand Duke, who will see nothing, being at supper with pleasant companions, ladies and gentlemen, unless, indeed, he is already under the table. There is no kind of risk. He is so persuasive that Catherine does not hesitate. She makes her tirewoman undress her and put her to bed, and then orders a Calmuck, trained by her to blind obedience, to prepare for her a man's attire. She gets up, and takes the arm of Lev Narychkine. They reach the house of Anna Nikitchina easily enough, and find her quite well and in jovial company. They have a fine time of it, and pledge themselves to do it again. Poniatowski, of course, is among the revellers. Sometimes they return on foot through the streets of St. Petersburg of evil fame. Then, as the winter becomes more severe, they bethink themselves of securing these amusements without exposing the Grand Duchess to inclement nights, and the happy companions end in taking their merriment to Catherine's bedroom, passing through the chamber of the Grand Duke, who is none the wiser.'

There was, however, another side to the picture; and Catherine, while in a probationary state, prepared herself



for the tasks of empire. During the long years that preceded her advent to the throne, she read a great deal, not without profit; and her studies were centred on politics, law, and government, the great occupations of her after life. She was acquainted with the great works of Montesquieu, though doubtless she did not reach their depths; drank inspiration from the writings of Voltaire, 'her master,' as she called him, before he became her friend; and curiously enough took pleasure in Tacitus, the object of the hatred of most despots. The French philosophy made a real impression on her mind, if it did not much affect her conduct on the throne; and few tyrants have been so profuse in fine French sentiments. The chief subject of her studies was, however, Russia; and she became, in fact, an enthusiastic Slav. The idea of Panslavism may be traced to Catherine; she found marks of the Slav in every part of Europe; and the cultivation of Russian history was one of the achievements of her reign. This feeling was one of the secrets of her power; and it is strange how a Teutonic princess could write in this strain of the Russians of her day.

'The universe has not produced a being more manly, more solid, more humane, more benevolent, more generous, more devoted to duty than the Russian. No man is his equal in regularity of features, in the beauty of his face, in colour, in form, in his figure, in height. His limbs are well set, nervous and muscular; his beard is thick, his hair long and curly, he has nothing in common with trickery and artifice, his straightforwardness and probity hate all that is illicit and crooked. He is the best horse and foot soldier, the best seaman, the most thrifty of men that can be found. No one is more attached to his children and friends. He has an innate deference for his kinsfolk and his superiors. He is ready, exact in obedience, and trustworthy.'

As years rolled on, it became apparent that the Empress Elizabeth was unfit for the charge of government. Her licentious habits had impaired her energies; she spent hours every day in devotion, begging pardon for sins that were soon repeated; she was irresolute, nerveless, and morally broken down. As had often been witnessed in Russia, the eyes of the court sought out her successor. Peter had already provoked contempt and disgust; but it was otherwise with his ill-treated consort, whose great parts had become manifest, and who had won the hearts of the heads of the noblesse. Catherine became a centre of busy intrigues; and even Bestoucheff, the Imperial Chancellor, abandoning his mistress for the rising sun, made overtures to the Grand Duchess for a kind of *coup d'état*. The

approach and subsequent outbreak of the Seven Years' War quickened what was already almost a conspiracy. Elizabeth maddened at Frederick's insults, threw in her lot with Maria Theresa; but Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, an envoy of England, and the King of Prussia still hoped to win Russia to their side, and they believed they would effect this through Catherine. Their efforts were seconded by Poniatowski, a kinsman of the Czartoryski family, which aimed at throwing Poland into the arms of Russia, and detaching her from the support of France, a policy that appears strange, but that was seconded by the mean double dealing of the open and secret ministers of Louis XV. The scandal, however, of Poniatowski's conduct gave Elizabeth an opportunity to send him away from Russia, and Catherine took care not to commit herself, though she accepted thousands of Hanbury's guineas, and lent an ear to Bestoucheff's schemes. She was, nevertheless, in grave peril at one conjuncture, and this might have been fatal but for her courage and presence of mind. Her husband had poisoned the mind of the Empress against her. Bestoucheff was arrested and charged with treason, a clue to his intrigues having been found, and Catherine was denounced by the French ambassador as having practised with a Russian general to lose the results of the battle of Jagersdorf in Prussian interests. Elizabeth sent for her in a fit of fury, and had Catherine hesitated, Russian history not obscurely tells us that she might have been lost. But the passion and weakness of the Czarina quailed before the tact and firmness of the younger woman, who possibly had been marked out as a victim:—

'In order to avoid that look which had made Boutourline and Tronbetzkoi tremble, Elizabeth moves to the other end of the room and speaks to the Grand Duke. Catherine listens. Peter seizes the occasion to abuse his wife; he believes her condemned beforehand. He denounces her wickedness and wrong-headed perversity in violent language. Catherine starts up—"Yes, I am wicked," she exclaims in a thrilling voice; "I am, and shall always be so in the case of those who act wrongly to me. Yes, I am perverse since I have learned that nothing is to be gained by yielding to your caprices!" "You see her," retorted the Grand Duke, addressing the Empress, and he thinks his triumph at hand. But the Empress keeps silence. She has more than once encountered the glance of Catherine, and he has heard the ring of her voice, and she, too, is cowed. She tries to intimidate the young Grand Duchess. She demands of her to acknowledge the guilty relations she has had with Bestoucheff and Apraxine, and to confess that she has written letters to the General, in addition to those in



the indictment. Upon her refusing, she threatens to put the ex-Chancellor to torture. "As your Majesty pleases," is Catherine's cold answer. Elizabeth is overcome.'

Elizabeth died in the first days of 1762, and though plots against her life had been often laid, and the Grand Duke was already detested, Peter III. quietly became her successor. Her character has been thus sketched by the well-known D'Eon, one of the secret envoys of Louis XV., and it should be compared with that of Catherine:—

'Her candour and good nature are only a mask. In France, for example, and throughout Europe she is deemed to be and is called the merciful Empress. When she came to the throne, in effect, she swore on the venerated image of St. Nicholas that no one should be put to death during her reign. She has kept her word to the letter, and no head, it is quite true, has fallen; but two thousand tongues and two thousand pairs of ears have been cut off. Doubtless you are acquainted with the history of the poor and interesting Eudoxia Lapoukine. She may have wronged her Majesty; but certainly the gravest wrong was that she had been her rival, and was more handsome. Elizabeth had her tongue pierced with a red hot iron, and at her orders the hangman gave her twenty strokes of the knout. The unhappy woman was pregnant and about to give birth to a child. In her private life you will see the same contradictions. She is sometimes a blasphemer, sometimes an enthusiast; sceptical as an atheist, a bigot of superstition, she spends whole hours on her knees before an image of the Virgin, addressing her, asking her fervent questions, and begging her to let her know in what company of the guards she is to find the lover of the day. I forgot one thing: her Majesty is very fond of strong drinks.'

The accession of Peter to the Empire of the Czars was chiefly notable for this immense result: it saved Frederick the Great when on the verge of ruin, and enabled Prussia to emerge from the Seven Years' War, cruelly scathed, indeed, but not the less a conqueror. This volume contains an account of the scene in which the young Czar, in one of his drunken orgies, abandoned Austria and France, his allies, and it is indeed curious that a creature of the sort should have wrought a complete change in the affairs of Europe. The calm of the first months of his reign was deceptive; and even before the death of Elizabeth a French ambassador had written that servility and fear alone prevented a violent *coup d'état*:—

'As I think on the hatred the nation feels for the Grand Duke, and the extravagant follies of this Prince, I look forward to a complete revolution upon the death of the Empress; but when I observe the mean and cowardly attitude of those who have the power to lift the

mask, I see terror and servility gain the ascendant as easily as at the time of the usurpation of the Empress.'

M. Waliszewski does not throw much new light on the revolution that overthrew the Czar and brought about his mysterious death. If we are to believe Catherine, she had resolved to supplant her consort before the death of Elizabeth, but the facts point to another conclusion. Peter had long been thought unfit for a crown, and his capricious acts of tyranny, his German ways and manners, and especially his anti-national policy, filled up the measure of indignation and contempt. He alienated nobles and priests alike; exasperated the army by making it adopt the discipline of Prussia, its late enemy; and especially irritated the choice body of the Guards—the successors of the renowned Strelitzes—the Prætorians of many a bloody change in the palace. The immediate cause possibly of his fall was his insolence to his strong-willed consort, already looked up to as the hope of Russia—already, perhaps, only biding her time. He flung outrages at Catherine in the presence of the Court; boasted, it is said, he would shut her up in prison; and infuriated her by his devotion to the favourite mistress, who, it is believed, was conspiring to share his throne. The future empress quietly allowed the leaven of hatred to work at the Court; took care to show what a contrast she was to her half-witted and brutish lord; and concealed her purpose with admirable craft.

'Catherine was sweetness itself. Those who approached her praised her affability, the evenness of her temper, the charm of her gracefulness. To the brutalities of the Emperor of which she was the victim she responded by maintaining an attitude at once dignified and calculated to arouse sympathy, but not to cause pity, or to let it be thought that she was falling. At the celebrated banquet, at which she heard herself abused as a fool, she let some tears drop, just enough to soften the hearts of the witnesses of a painful scene; and then turning to Count Strogonoff, who was behind her chair, she asked him to tell her something amusing, which made her laugh, and turned away the attention of all on the spot.'

Little is really known about the events which led immediately to a catastrophe impending for months. Princess Dashkoff, Catherine's companion and friend, claimed the credit of the preparations for herself; but Catherine has indignantly denied this, and Frederick the Great is probably correct in ascribing the enterprise to the Orloffs, the one the Czarina's love of the hour, the other all powerful with the Imperial Guard. Peter, who was at Oranienbaum

with his mistress, had heard that a plot was being hatched against him, and Alexis Orloff hurried to find out Catherine, and entreated her to strike while it was yet time. She set off from Peterhoff with her companion, and the pair hastened to St. Petersburg scarcely attended, to compass a revolution not as yet ventured.

'So,' Rulhière has written, 'as a prelude to becoming the despotic ruler of the greatest empire in the world, Catherine reached her destination at seven or eight in the morning, having set off on the faith of a soldier's word, escorted by peasants, conducted by her lover, and accompanied by her maid and a hair dresser.'

The rest of the story is well known. The Guards, with some hesitation, broke out into revolt; the populace of St. Petersburg declared against the Czar; and Catherine, showing great presence of mind and daring, held an assembly in the church of Kazan, and received the homage of the Senate, of the Synod of the Church, and of a multitude of her new-made subjects. The revolution, of the same kind as those which had occurred since the days of Boris Gudonov, was virtually accomplished in a single day, and messengers were despatched to all parts of the Empire to announce that Catherine held the sceptre of the Czars. Peter, a miserable craven, at once succumbed.

'The Emperor offered the Empress to share his home with her. Catherine disdained to reply. An hour afterwards she received the abdication of her husband. She stopped at Peterhoff, whither Peter was also taken. Panine, charged to signify to him the final decision of the Czarina, found him in a deplorable state. Peter tried to kiss his hand, and begged that he might obtain the favour of not being separated from his mistress. He cried like a whipped child. The favourite fell at the knees of Catherine's envoy, and entreated not to be parted from her paramour. They were separated.'

The reign of Catherine was inaugurated by a scene significant of the favouritism that marked its course, and thus described by Princess Dashkoff:—

'She found a man stretched upon a sofa as she entered the apartment of the Empress. It was Gregory Orloff. He had before him a mass of sealed papers, which he was about carelessly to open. "What are you doing?" exclaimed the Princess, for she recognised—she had become familiar with the sight in her uncle's house—documents emanating from the chancellor's office of state. "These are State papers. No one has a right to touch them but the Empress and those designated by her for the purpose." "Exactly so," replied Orloff, without changing his position, and with a look of contemptuous indifference. "She told me to look over all this." He seemed bored.'

The prisons of kings are near their graves, and the discrowned Czar was murdered a few days afterwards. Frederick the Great denied that Catherine had a part in the crime, but the evidence is the other way. She was at least consenting to her consort's death.

'She assuredly connived at the deed, a connivance with the result, if not with the design. There is a stain of blood on the hands that had seized the Imperial sceptre.'

The fate of Ivan, the captive heir of the Czars, a great-great-grandnephew of Peter the Great, involved, we have seen, in the revolution which had brought the *régime* of the Empress Anne to an end, was another tragedy of the same kind. Ivan, it seems certain, was cruelly murdered, and probably Catherine sanctioned the crime.

'He was a menace. He gave disquiet even to Voltaire, who foresaw that the philosophers would have no friend in him. In September 1764 he disappeared. This event has been a subject of tales and commentaries that contradict each other, and history is likely to lose its way. In order to do service to his Imperial benefactress the patriarch of Ferney took the trouble to give his version of the story. Others did the same, and Catherine first of all. . . . By the express orders of the Empress, no attempt was made to discover those who were privy to the deed of Mirovitch, although these perhaps existed, and the relations of Mirovitch were not prosecuted.'

Every diplomatist of the first rank in Europe expressed a belief that the reign of Catherine, a foreigner raised to the throne by a Prætorian revolt, would be unstable and almost certainly brief. Yet she governed Russia for more than a third of a century, enormously extended the realms of the Czars, and, until Napoleon appeared on the scene, was the most remarkable sovereign of the age. As much at least as Peter the Great, Catherine shaped the fortunes of Muscovite power; she was the real author of the Eastern Question in the numberless forms it has ever since assumed; her influence was felt in the negotiations at Tilsit, and has not disappeared to the present day, and her successors have carried out her foreign policy. Her personality stands high on the tracts of time, and all that is associated with it still possesses interest. A crowd of flatterers and lovers, as is well known, extolled the majesty and beauty of her form and countenance; she was not only a Minerva in wisdom, but a Cleopatra and an all-subduing Venus. Her stature, however, like that of Louis XIV., exaggerated, too, amidst the incense of Versailles, was hardly above the ordinary height; she tells us herself she was not handsome, and she

had nothing of the charm and loveliness of her sex. Her appearance has thus been sketched by Richardson, but probably the creator of *Clarissa Harlowe* had little sympathy with a kind of heroine of vice :—

‘The Empress of Russia is slightly above the middle height, well proportioned, and of graceful appearance; but she inclines to *embonpoint*. She has a good complexion, but tries to embellish it with rouge after the fashion of all the women of this country. The mouth is well defined; the teeth fine. Her blue eyes have a scrutinising look; it is not as strong as an inquisitorial glance, nor as mean as one that expresses mistrust. Her features, in general, are regular and pleasing. The figure, on the whole, is such that it would be unjust to say it has a masculine air, but it would not be correct to describe it as altogether feminine.’

According to D'Eon, who did not like her, there was something sinister and terrible in Catherine's presence :—

‘The Grand Duchess is romantic, full of ardour, and passionate; she has a brilliant eye, a fascinating, piercing look, the look of a wild beast. Her forehead is high, and, if I do not err, a long and fearful destiny is written upon it. She is obliging and affable in her demeanour; but when she comes near me I draw back, and cannot help it. I am not master of myself, she inspires me with fear.’

One remark we will add. The sensual vice that plainly appears in Elizabeth's portraits is not visible in those of Catherine; the countenance is majestic and not unpleasing. If she was a Clytemnestra in passages of her life, she was, like Clytemnestra, a bad great woman.

M. Waliszewski has devoted several chapters to analysing what we may call the ground plan of Catherine's intellectual and moral character. A better writer, however, would not have detached her qualities from the exhibitions of them; he would have brought them out in his account of her reign. Her intellect was by no means of the highest order. She said herself she had not ‘the creative gift;’ there is little thought, insight, humour, or wit in the writings emanating from her industrious pen. If she really studied anything it was legislation, and yet the elaborate tract she composed on the subject, a prelude to her scheme for reforming the laws of Russia, is without an original idea or a fine conception :—

‘It is the commonplace performance of a pupil in rhetoric given, as a thesis, the task of analysing Montesquieu and Beccaria, and diligent in his work, but not conspicuous for his talents.’

Catherine, too, was, like Elizabeth Tudor, vain, capricious,

fickle, and often inconstant. These defects more than once crossed and marred her policy, and cost her empire and people dear.

'The Empress,' wrote Ségur, who knew her well, 'has many great qualities, but she is variable, restless, and suspicious, and her course in politics is influenced by her *amour-propre* if offended or flattered. A light word dropped at Versailles about her, a sign of coolness in our Court, or in that of the Emperor—nay, the slightest want of tact on my part—might suffice to change her whole conduct.'

Even Potemkin did not scruple to dwell on these foibles:—

"I have only one word of advice," the favourite said to Lord Harris; "flatter her. That is the only way to get anything from her, and by that way you can get anything. Do not address her in the language of reason; she would not understand you. Speak to her sentiments and passions."

So, again, the Emperor Joseph:—

'He was trying to overcome the repugnance of his mother to bestow on the Empress the Golden Fleece, which she was coveting. "I think I know her Majesty; vanity is her only fault."'

The favouritism of Catherine is well known, and was one of the gross scandals of her reign. This kind of corruption was largely due to her vices; but she was often mistaken in her opinion of men, and not skilful in choosing her agents.

'This great director of men was not a good judge of men. She was admirably skilful in making use of them, but not in selecting them. Her judgement, usually so correct and penetrating, forsook her on this subject. . . . The general, the statesman, she was trying to discover she beheld in the man who pleased or displeased her. What she looked for chiefly in those she raised to high places was a romantic nature, an external bearing more or less attractive. She may be excused for having thought Potemkin an able man; he was, perhaps, a fool, but he was genial in his folly. . . . But after Potemkin came Zouboff. He was a phantom; she saw in him a genius.'

Catherine, too, was a grand impostor in much of her conduct, a builder of castles in the air, a romantic dreamer. The imposing attitude she assumed and her reckless daring sometimes, indeed, deceived European statesmen, and saved her from danger in difficult straits. Her grandiose projects and extravagant views fell in, besides, with the Muscovite genius, and were really one of the secrets of her power. But much of her ambitious policy failed, and many of the gorgeous visions of her domestic government resembled the



painted pasteboard villages of her celebrated journey to the Crimea. There is truth in the following:—‘She spent ‘thirty-four years as a ruler in constructing castles in the ‘air, magnificent edifices, which had no foundations and ‘vanished into space at a breath.’

The nature of Catherine was not inhuman or cruel; but we know how atrocious were many of the acts of her reign, and she had the temperament of a despot in the highest degree. She could not brook contradiction or interference; she was jealous and suspicious as a ruler; the force of her volition was intense; she was an indefatigable worker, and took delight in prying, meddling, and directing everything. Yet, many and grave as were her faults, she had the master faculties of a great sovereign. One of the most striking of these was her settled faith in the rising fortunes of the Russian Empire.

‘She has to sustain her, like all of the Slavic race, the belief of the fatalist, a dim, unreasoning, but not the less absolute conviction, that something unknown, and yet all powerful, directs destinies such as hers. . . . To this strong faith she adds an optimism, quiet, not to be spoken of, so full of confidence, and so persistent, that it sometimes makes her blind and deaf to fact. . . . This becomes a part of her policy, of her conduct as a ruler, and of her diplomacy.’

Catherine, too, had a gift which was really great. She identified herself throughout her reign with the tendencies of the Muscovite race.

‘The transformation which took place in her united her to her adopted country by the most vital fibres of her being; her foreign and domestic policy is Russian, and so are her thoughts and sentiments and her genius. The personal elements of success which she makes use of to serve her ambition, as well as the defects which check its development, are Russian, not German.’

It was this quality which, perhaps, of all others contributed to the success she achieved.

‘Her attitude commands and fascinates; her energy, her passion, her youthful impetuosity, her daring, her enthusiasm, her skill in representing things as they appear in her eyes—that is, in the most attractive light—her contempt of dangers and difficulties, partly due to ignorance, and partly to adventurous recklessness, the kind of atmosphere of vast imagination in which she exists, and from which she excludes realities—all this helps her to push forward the human instruments, be they good or bad, able or worthless, which she has at her disposal.’

The slightest acquaintance with Russian history proves that these are characteristics of the mightiest of the race.

The policy of the Empress was often wrong ; she called politics, indeed, an affair of guess work ; she was a political empiric in much of her conduct. But she possessed, in the very highest degree, sagacity, skill in seizing occasions, unflagging energy, undaunted courage, and wonderful power of dissimulation and craft.

‘ The distinctive marks of the great breed of men, of whom Napoleon in modern times is beyond comparison the chief representative, are to be found in her. . . . She is audacious, but her audacity is well founded and usually based on reason ; she is calmly resolute in the face of the most hazardous enterprises, once the chances have been discussed and weighed. . . . Then she has supreme faith in herself, that faith without which success is not possible ; that freedom from hesitation and doubt without which men cannot be fortunate in what they attempt to do.’

If Catherine, too, had bad and corrupt favourites, and was not skilful in estimating men, she managed admirably the instruments she used ; and she had more than one able and successful minister, while she placed Suvoroff at the head of her armies.

‘ In the direction of men she is simply marvellous. She employs all the resources of a diplomatist experienced in his profession, of a skilful psychologist, and of a woman, all powerful in the art of pleasing. She makes use of them separately or together, and she adapts them with wonderful art. If it is true that she sometimes finds generals and statesmen in lovers, it is also true that she sometimes treats as lovers her generals and statesmen.’

There is no reason to doubt that Catherine’s mind felt deeply the influence of the philosophy which had been the subject of her youthful studies. That philosophy was, in many respects, in accord with her autocratic instincts ; the ideal of Voltaire was enlightened despotism, and Rousseau’s sovereign people was a many-headed tyrant. Her writings show that she had set to heart much that was best in Montesquieu’s and Voltaire’s teaching ; and she was sincere when she enunciated doctrines like these—doctrines which would have been thought damnable by Louis XV. and even Maria Theresa—if many of her acts belied her professions.

‘ Inasmuch as God permits all kinds of creeds, languages, and religions to exist on earth, the Empress, following in this His Holy Will and precepts, acts in the same way, and only requires that her subjects should love each other and be at peace. . . . I have no thought or wish save for the good of the country where God has placed me. Liberty is the very soul of existence, everything is dead without it.’

The reign of Catherine forms the best commentary on her

many-sided and strongly marked character. Some parts, certainly, of her foreign policy do not bear the stamp of forethought or wisdom. M. Waliszewski, we think, is greatly in error in his description of her conduct in Poland, and we dissent from him as to the responsibility for that European crime, the ill-starred Partition. Frederick the Great had, from an early age, marked down Poland as an object to despoil; and Catherine—a German, we must not forget—gradually yielded to the counsels of the German king, though she perhaps never approved of them. M. Waliszewski keeps out of sight the duplicity and evil craft of the two confederates, the hypocritical intervention in the affairs of Poland, in the name forsooth of religious liberty, and the barbarities of the Dniester Cossacks; and Catherine and Frederick had agreed to a scheme of annexation before the crisis of 1772. This was a mistake as regards a great Slavic power. Russia, a Slavic nationality, would have fared better had she gradually absorbed Poland, a Slav state; and, in making part of Poland her own prey, and aiding Germans to take the remaining fragments, she has turned the Poles into deadly enemies, and raised a barrier against her advance westwards. Catherine seems to have held this view for a time; she placed her vassal Poniatowski on the throne of Poland, and practically ruled the Poles through him; and it was the Machiavellian influence of the Prussian king that led her into an opposite course. We can well believe that she regretted the First Partition, though she did not hesitate to complete the Second. The following is curious:—

‘In 1787 Ségur wrote: “I am confident of this, and it is wholly in our interests, the Empress is resolved not to permit another dismemberment of Poland. That which has taken place, and which she was compelled to agree to, in order to avoid war in Germany, is the only act of her reign that causes her remorse, and makes her reproach herself.”’

M. Waliszewski, we believe, is quite wrong in laying the guilt of the Partition mainly to the charge of Austria. Undoubtedly Joseph II. and Kaunitz listened to Frederick’s perfidious advice; but Maria Theresa abhorred this policy; and, as a matter of fact, the Partition of 1772 was the result of a compromise, in virtue of which Catherine abandoned her conquests on the Danube; Austria averted a serious peril from herself; and Frederick gained a long-coveted prey. Very possibly Catherine was sorry for the arrangement; the miserable government of Louis XV., swayed

by D'Aiguillon and Du Barry, was greatly to blame. M. Waliszewski has indicated the general results, so far as regards the Russian empire :—

‘Russia, aggrandised by a third part of Poland, is a very great power. But she was already a great power before 1772, and she had more convenient neighbours. The Seven Years’ War gave the measure of the power of Prussia, even with such a chief as Frederick, against Russia, even under the rule of Elizabeth. A Russian general quietly entered Berlin. Success of this kind is not among the probabilities of the near future. Another Russian general, in the same age, very nearly marched victoriously on Constantinople. Since then, the way from St. Petersburg to Constantinople has been lengthened ; it passes now by Vienna ; and among the numerous obstacles to Russia appear first and foremost seven millions of Slavs, annexed since 1772 to the monarchy of the House of Hapsburg. Nor is this all. As affairs stood in Poland, before the First Partition, Russia was in possession of a supremacy which, even if, sooner or later, it would not have led to a complete annexation of the country, as many historians say, was nearly equivalent to an annexation.’

The policy of Catherine, moreover, as respects Austria can hardly be deemed farsighted or prudent. She, indeed, won over the Emperor Joseph to consent to a dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, the object of her ambition through life ; but the alliance aroused, nearly for the first time, the fear of Russia now felt by Austrian statesmen : it showed how opposed were Russian and Austrian interests ; it provoked alarm and anger in England, and changed the course of our Russian policy ; and though the Empress made large conquests, she was really foiled at the Peace of Reichenbach. England and Austria have ever since, we may say, been jealous of the growing power of the Czars. Catherine never forgave Prussia for the part she then played :—

‘ Her indignation carried her beyond self-control. She is especially wroth with the king of Prussia ; he is an odious parvenu, a beastly fool ! The *chargé d'affaires* of Prussia, Hüttel, having had a fit at a court reception, and hurt himself as he fell, she remarked, “ Prussia has broken her nose on the steps of the throne of Russia.” ’

In her attitude to Sweden—still a real power—Catherine was often utterly reckless and insolent. Gustavus III., it is not generally known, nearly reached St. Petersburg with a hostile army, for nothing had been done to check his progress. Napoleon dwelt on these reminiscences at Tilsit :—

‘ Count Langeron says in his memoirs, “ The King of Sweden could have got there without much risk. He could have rapidly marched

over the forty versts which separated him from the capital, he could even have disembarked his infantry."

The military operations by which Catherine sustained her policy of fraud and conquest were often inconsiderate in the highest degree. She put bad fleets on the sea, and had bad armies on land; she had worthless favourites to command her troops; and, in fact, much of her success was due to the weakness of her foes and the peculiar state of Europe, as Frederick the Great sagaciously remarked. The battle of Tchesmè and the treaty that followed marked the complete ascendancy of the Czars over Islam, and yet Catherine went to war as to a kind of adventure, and her resources were wholly inadequate to her aims:—

"When M. de Romanzoff was fortunate enough to conclude the treaty of Kainardji," wrote Montmorin in one of his despatches to Count Ségur, "it is now known that he had not 13,000 men, fit for the field, against an army of more than 100,000. These strokes of fortune do not occur twice in a century."

The same thing, however, happened in 1829, when Diebitsch reached Adrianople with a handful of men, and dictated peace at the point of his sword.

Like every one of the crowned heads of her time, Catherine had no perception of the real nature and tremendous power of the French Revolution. She thought it at first a mere rising of the *canaille*—she had compared the revolt of the American colonies to a servile war of Muscovite peasants; and though she made a happy guess that a strong dictator would emerge out of the national chaos, she ridiculed the efforts of France even after 1793. As late as 1794 she wrote thus of an allied invasion, from which, however, she kept steadily aloof:—

"I maintain that all that is required is to seize two or three small fortresses in France, and the whole thing will come tumbling down. I bet, as surely as two and two make four, that if two little places are stormed by main force—I care not by whom—these sheep will jump over the stick wherever you present it. Twenty thousand Cossacks would be far more than is wanted to make a clear way from Strasburg to Paris. Two thousand Cossacks and 6,000 Croats would suffice."

The foreign policy of Catherine, nevertheless, was that of the founders of great empires. She was, like a woman, much swayed by her feelings; she was fascinated, for instance, by Frederick the Great; she misunderstood the Emperor Joseph; she looked on George III. with contempt; she despised Louis XV. and his weak successor; and all

this occasionally led her astray. She was favoured by circumstances, too, in an extraordinary way; and she said herself she was the spoiled child of Fortune. But in her confidence in her star, and in Russia's destinies, she sent the Muscovite race on the march of conquest, which ever since it has steadily pursued; as a Russian statesman has truly observed, her genius still directs the course of the empire. Peter the Great retreated from the shores of Azoff; Catherine swept away the Khanates of the South, and planted Russia beside the Black Sea and the Caspian. She probably cast her eyes on India; the tradition was accepted by her son and her grandson; it was due to her that Russia has crossed the Oxus, and menaces the ranges that approach the Indus. The most striking instance, however, of her ambition and craft is to be seen in her long contest with the power of Islam. Russia, indeed, had long been a foe of the Turk; she had been for centuries the hope of the Slavs held under the cruel yoke of the Sultans; and the idea of a Slav crusade against the infidel Crescent originated, perhaps, with the German Munich, a soldier and statesman of no ordinary gifts. But Catherine carried out this policy with a perseverance, a firmness of purpose, a skill in deception, a marvellous art in winning universal opinion to her side, which none of her predecessors showed; and, wildly adventurous as she often was, her success was complete and transformed Eastern Europe. She reduced Turkey to a third-rate power; nearly seized the imperial prize on the Bosphorus; and, as we have said, was the real author of the great Eastern Question, which has disturbed the world for more than a century. The triumph of this statecraft was that, as in Poland, she masked her designs in the guise of religion and freedom, and gained the applause of leading minds in Europe by concealing the conqueror in the philanthropist. This letter to the Emperor Joseph reveals her aims:—

‘If our success in this war should enable us to deliver Europe from the enemy of Christendom, and to expel him from Constantinople, his Imperial Majesty, I am convinced, would not refuse me his assistance in re-establishing the ancient Greek monarchy on the ruins of the Barbarian power at present dominant; but on the express condition that the monarchy thus restored would be wholly independent of anyone, for the youngest of my grandsons, the Grand Duke Constantine, would occupy its throne.’

The Empress had also the quick intelligence which marks the set and course of events, perceives how they affect the

interests of the state, and seeks to turn them to the best advantage. This was conspicuously seen in her conduct to England and France, if personal sympathies doubtless intervened. England had been the ally of Russia for ages; she had been the great carrier of Russian commerce; she had given admirals and captains to Russian fleets; she had placed a British settlement along the Neva. The great fight of Tchesmè had been really won by an Englishman; the friendship of Russia and England, Chatham declared, was a corner-stone of his Continental policy. But England became the mistress of the seas; the navy of Russia increased in power; and Catherine did not hesitate to form the Armed Neutrality of 1780—the precursor of the League of 1801—when England's pretensions came in conflict with her own. M. Waliszewski gives a different account of this celebrated change in Russian policy from that given by other writers; but we may accept the dictum of Frederick the Great, that the Armed Neutrality was wholly the work of Catherine. The Empress again perceived that England would be an obstacle to her progress in the East; the affair of Ocksakoff, indeed, marks the first beginning of the antagonism of the two powers in the Eastern Question, and she made great efforts to baffle the second Pitt, and even to resist the British fleets. She saw here into the depths of the future; and her successors have been true to her policy.

The same perception and tact appear also in the attitude of Catherine with regard to France. She saw an enemy in France for many years of her reign. France was the ally of the Swede, the Turk, and the Pole, impediments to the march of the Czars; and she detested the double dealing of Louis XV., and despised his mean, worthless, and unmanly character. She had no confidence either in Louis XVI., and long before the Revolution broke out she ridiculed the weakness of the French Government. Potemkin, her mouthpiece, thus described the *régime* of Brienne to Ségur:—

‘Can a diplomatist, like me, be surprised? I have seen the monarchy of France turned into an archbishopric, a prelate dismiss two marshals of France from the council, and allow the English and Prussians to take Holland from you without striking a blow, and I indulged in a jest. I said that I would have advised my mistress to ally himself with Louis le Gros, Louis the Young, St. Louis, the cunning Louis XI., the prudent Louis XII., Louis the Great, even Louis the Well-beloved, but not with Louis the Suffragan.’

When the interests of Russia, however, as Catherine

believed, were threatened by the power of England at sea, from 1787 to 1791, the Empress began to think of France as an ally. This was, perhaps, the reason that she sent Paul, her son and heir, with his wife, to Versailles, to pay assiduous court to Marie Antoinette, and that she promoted the tendency of Russia to turn towards France, which has been witnessed within the last few years. Certain it is that she backed the Emperor Joseph in his efforts to make the Austrian Netherlands a maritime power, as a check on the domination of England; and, in 1788, on the verge of the Revolution, she endeavoured to make France the head of a league avowedly hostile to British interests:—

‘The triple alliance of France, Austria, and Russia became, at the pressing instances of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, a quadruple alliance between the same powers, with the addition of Spain, and this was aimed at England.’

We need not enlarge on the art of Catherine in turning the French Revolution to account; it has been described by many historians. She unquestionably felt that the ruin of France, as a great power, would be against her interests; but she believed the Revolution would be put down with ease; and she cunningly set Austria and Prussia at odds with France, in order to compass her own ends in Poland. If she was perhaps opposed to the First Partition, she did not hesitate in devouring the remains of her prey.

The domestic policy of Catherine reflects her character; but, to a greater extent, was the result of circumstance. In the first years of her reign she was a professed reformer; and there is every reason to believe she was in earnest in convening the Assembly of 1767—not wholly unlike the States-General of Versailles—in order to deal with national grievances, and with the codification of the laws of Russia. This work engaged her for a long time; and the famous ‘Instruction’ to the deputies was composed by herself. She has thus described its tenor and spirit:—

‘“You see how,” she wrote to D’Alembert, “in the interests of my empire, I have borrowed from President Montesquieu without acknowledging it; I hope that if in the other world he sees me at work, he will forgive me the plagiarism on account of the good which will be bestowed on twenty millions of men. He loved humanity too well to take offence. . . . Heaven forbid that, should the work we have begun be brought to an end, there will be found another nation on the earth in which justice shall have been better dealt with, and general prosperity have been greater.”’



She told Grimm what her attitude to the Assembly was :—

‘ Well, these are my principles, express your complaints; where does the shoe pinch? Come, let us find a remedy. I have no fixed system, I am all for the public good; it is my own. Let us set to work, make plans of your own, see what you are.’

The Empress, too, in those early years professed the liberalism of Montesquieu and Voltaire, and in all probability meant what she said. She condemned torture, confiscation, and inhuman punishments :—

‘ There is nothing I abhor more than the confiscation of the possessions of criminals; for who has a right to deprive the children of those people of the inheritance God has given them? . . . A certain Vasili Bouskakoff argues against the complete suppression of torture proposed by the Empress. . . . “ That must not be listened to,” wrote Catherine on the margin of the report.’

Even as late as the First Partition of Poland, Catherine’s orders to the rulers of the conquered provinces were enlightened, and breathe a merciful spirit :—

‘ You will see to it, that as soon as these lands pass under our sceptre, an end shall be put to oppression of all kinds, to injustice, to brigandage, to murders, and, in judicial inquiries, to torture and cruel punishments. In a word, our wish is that these provinces shall not only be subdued by force of arms, but that you should endeavour to attach the inhabitants to our empire, by a mode of government beneficent, well ordered, just, humane, and kindly.’

She turned her attention specially to the condition of the serf, and she expressed sentiments on Russian serfdom—the dark plague-spot and danger of the empire—not unworthy of the *Esprit des lois* :—

‘ The existence at the same time of personal and feudal slavery is a gross abuse. Every serf ought to possess enough to dress himself, and to be fed according to his condition, and this should be fixed by law. The laws ought to make provision that serfs are not to be abandoned in old age and sickness. Punishments inflicted on serfs by their masters should be inflicted by virtue of a right of jurisdiction, not of property. The condition of the peasantry might be regulated by law, and law might afford them the means of being enfranchised. . . . If you cannot regard a serf as a person, he is not a man, and you had better call him an animal.’

The activity of Catherine was prodigious, and her autocratic instincts extremely strong, and these impulses, affected by the French doctrines, which we must not forget set up despotism, if enlightened, as the perfection of wisdom, made her government attempt to accomplish all things and

to meddle in every department of the national life. She tried to force civilisation into premature growths; established modern institutions of many kinds in a backward and half-barbaric empire; arranged industrial and economic projects and works in the minutest details; and rigidly prescribed even court dress and fashions. Ségur thus describes this omnipresent and ubiquitous interference:—

‘It is sought to create at the same time a third estate, to attract foreign commerce, to establish all kind of manufactures, to extend agriculture, to increase paper money, to raise the exchanges, to reduce the interest of money, to found cities, to people deserts, to cover the Black Sea with a new navy, to conquer one neighbour and circumvent another, and finally to extend Russian influence all over Europe.’

These liberal reforms and grand aspirations came, however, for the most part to nothing; and Catherine’s internal government grew by degrees into a grievous, cruel, and prying despotism. The Assembly of 1767 was a mere exotic; the deputies did scarcely any work, and spent weeks in flattering their Imperial mistress; and diplomatists on the spot described the proceedings as a farce. A French *chargé d’affaires* wrote thus:—

‘I follow very attentively the operations of the Russian National Assembly or Diet, though I believe, as is the general opinion here, that this strange phenomenon is a comedy. The favourites and confidential agents of the Empress manage everything; they read out the laws in so hurried or so low a voice that they can scarcely be heard, and the meaning of what they say is often missed. They then ask for the approbation of the Assembly, which takes care not to oppose what it has not heard, and still less understood.’

Catherine’s theories of clemency were a dead letter, and her centralised administration was soon harsh in the extreme. Her confiscations in Poland were widespread and ruthless, and the practice was extended in all parts of the empire. Her satraps obtained a free hand to punish and tyrannise, and if the system of ancient tortures disappeared, the barbarities of the knout were multiplied. It is, however, in all that relates to serfdom that her profession and acts formed the most striking contrast. One or two examples, no doubt, were made in the case of extreme oppression on the part of the lords; but the status of the serfs was distinctly made worse in her reign; they were deprived of immunities they possessed by usage; and they were so disaffected in 1812 that, had Napoleon proclaimed them free, he possibly would have disarmed the Czar, even after the conflagration of Moscow:—

'The serfs attached to the secularised lands gained their liberty. Catherine put a stop to this enfranchisement. . . . The existing law placed no limit on the rights of the lord, as regards the corporal punishment of his serfs. Catherine empowered him to banish them to Siberia. . . . As for the treatment of the serfs by their masters, she suppressed their right to complain directly to the sovereign, and thus removed the only remedy, insufficient as it was, that, in some degree, mitigated the most monstrous abuses. . . . As regards the general law of serfdom, the chief work of Catherine's reign was the introduction of the customary Russian law into the ancient Polish provinces of Little Russia; that is, the free peasants were transformed into serfs bound to the soil.'

The system, too, of Catherine's domestic government was jealous, suspicious, and stained with crime. Her ministers were allowed to perpetrate acts surpassing the worst deeds of the Council of Ten; and M. Waliszewski gives us this account of the chief of the secret police:—

'Chechkoffski had no official duties corresponding to his place; and there was no visible organisation to give effect to his inquisitorial work. But his hand and eye were everywhere. He seemed to possess the gift of ubiquity. He did not arrest anyone; he invited a guest to dinner, and no one dared to refuse the invitation. After dinner there was conversation, and the walls of his decent and comfortable dwelling did not disclose what was said in secret. An armchair, it seems, was appropriated to the guest who had been induced by a pleasant but significant word or two to cross the dreaded threshold. On a sudden, the armchair imprisoned the victim, who had been politely asked to sit in it, and was let down to a lower story, but so that the head and shoulders of the sitter remained above. The assistants of Chechkoffski, therefore, did not know his identity.'

The antithesis of the liberalism in words and of the tyranny in deeds in Catherine's reign may be attributed to four main causes. She gradually found out that reform and progress were impossible in the Russian Empire—half Asiatic, backward, and corrupt—and she swung back to the old tyranny of the past. The great rising of the serfs under Pugacheff, too—a servile outbreak of the worst kind—changed to a great extent the type of her government, and gave it a harsh and cruel complexion:—

'The domestic policy of Catherine bore, until the end, the traces of these terrible years, and showed, as it were, the bloody cicatrices of blows given and received in a death struggle. Others died besides those sacrificed by fire and sword. Some of the ideas of Catherine as to the government of the empire perished on this battle field, and they were perhaps her best ideas.'

The conquest of Poland had a similar effect; it promoted

absolutism and the rule of the sword everywhere. Catherine, besides, became by degrees accustomed to the despotism which she at first disliked ; it was an instrument to her hand, useful, perhaps necessary :—

‘ Catherine had, in fact, condemned, in theory, the principle of the government which became her own. But this happened : the power she deemed barbarous, and destined to pass away, sooner or later, was exercised by her, provisionally, and from the nature of the case ; in exercising it she came under its influence ; she grew habituated to it ; she lost sight of its evils, she saw the advantages it gave. In short, she acquired a taste for it.’

The French philosophy, too, we repeat, tended to despotism in its essential doctrines, however inviting and attractive was the mask of despotism :—

‘ The theory of enlightened despotism was set forth by this school, and it was calculated to please the successor of Peter the Great. There was no doubt a vast gulf between this theory, as it was understood by the philosopher, and the practice of the autocratic Czarina of Russia. But Catherine was led by destiny to bridge that gulf over.’

Finally the French Revolution had some influence in increasing Catherine’s system of tyranny. The ukases by which she tried to exclude French ideas and principles from her borders, and the tests she imposed on French subjects in Russia, are specimens of her *régime* near its close. Even Potemkin protested :—

‘ You have drawn from your arsenal the oldest piece of artillery in it, and certainly it will fire as you please, for it has no hand to direct it ; but beware lest in the judgement of posterity it may leave a stain of blood on your Majesty’s name.’

The greater number of the efforts made by Catherine, in her passionate and despotic meddling, to make civilisation prematurely grow ended in complete and ridiculous failures. She succeeded, indeed, in floating a forced paper currency, resembling the well-known French assignats, and there can be no stronger proof of her enormous influence, and of the credulous ignorance of the millions she ruled. But many of the towns she projected were never built ; her schools, her press, her judicial reforms could not flourish in the corrupt Russian soil ; her sumptuary laws and regulations were quite abortive. M. Waliszewski truly remarks :—

‘ Catherine undertook and began many things, and really accomplished little. It was part of her nature to go forward and not to cast a look behind. She left many ruins on her way. “ Before the death

of Catherine," it has been written, "the great mass of the monuments of her reign were mere wrecks."

The foreign policy of Catherine was more successful than her government and administration at home, and the reasons are sufficiently plain. She found grand opportunities to extend her power in the long quarrels between France and England, in the alliance she maintained with Frederick the Great—an alliance she clung to, though she felt the burden—in the instability and weakness of the Austrian councils, in the confusion and strife of the French Revolution, above all in the decay of Islam; and Russia justly hailed her as a great conqueror. In her domestic policy Russia was not fit for the civilisation the Empress thrust on her; Catherine's projects of reform nearly all proved vain; and her *régime* was marked with the worst signs of tyranny. An unfavourable observer has thus described her conduct: Take as canvas the map of the Russian Empire, the darkness of ignorance as the background, the spoils of Poland as drapery, human blood as colouring, the monuments of her reign as objects to be sketched, and six months of her son as a shadow. Yet she was respected and greatly beloved by her subjects; the Muscovite race would not see her misdeeds in the march of conquest she opened for it; and her reputation has steadily increased in its eyes. 'The spirit of the people passes, in its fulness, into her. It was this that enabled her to make a complete conquest of her empire, and by this we do not mean the power which she wrested from the weakness, the cowardice, and the folly of Peter III.; but the position which this German woman attained at the close of her life, and especially after her death, in the history, and the national life, and development of a foreign and hostile race. For it may be said that it is since her death, above all, that she has become what she appears now—the sublime figure, colossal alike and splendid, majestic and attractive, before which incline, with an equal impulse of gratitude, the humble Moujik and the man of letters, who shakes the dust of reminiscences and legends already a century old.'

In one particular, Catherine gave proof of being far in advance of the ideas of her day, and of extraordinary craft and adroitness. She anticipated the growing power of opinion in Europe, and skilfully turned it to her side by the patronage of the philosophers of France. In Napoleon's phrase, she did not spike the battery, she seized it and directed its fire; she had Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert, admiring mouthpieces, to apologise for, nay to extol, her government.

This great force had prodigious influence in throwing a glamour over the evil deeds of her reign, and in deceiving the world as to parts of her conduct :—

‘ All this forms part of a system—a system due to the wonderful intuition of a woman, born in a petty German court, and placed on the most despotic throne of Europe ; due, too—and so better—to her clear apprehension of the great power of the modern world—public opinion. It is, we do not hesitate to believe and affirm, because Catherine discovered this force, and resolved to make use of it, that she was able to play the part she played in history. Half of her reputation in Europe was caused by the admiration of Voltaire, solicited, won, managed by her with infinite art, nay, paid for when necessary. And this reputation was not only advantageous to her foreign policy, but gave her as a ruler at home a splendour and an authority which alone permitted her to demand of her subjects, and to obtain from them, the gigantic efforts which made her grandeur and glory what they were. In this respect she was an innovator and a precursor ; she forestalled the great agitators of ideas, and of men, who belong to the history of our times.’

M. Waliszewski has not referred to some important passages of Catherine’s reign—for example, to her secularisation of the lands of the Church—the policy of Peter the Great and of the Czars, and indeed, generally, of the eighteenth century—and to the persecution of the Jews in Russia, a phenomenon often seen in the empire. Nor has he dwelt much on the suspicious jealousy she showed towards her son and successor, Paul—the half-mad enthusiast of 1799–1801 ; she wished Alexander to hold her sceptre ; and this may have been one of the causes of Paul’s murder. The volume contains many pleasing sketches of the Empress in the course of her daily life, but we can do little more than allude to them. Catherine loved magnificence and representation ; she tried to imitate the splendours of Versailles on occasions of state and great receptions ; she surrounded herself with diplomatists, wits, and courtiers. Ségur gives this account of her at Tzarskoie-Sielo :—

‘ Catherine II. was kind enough to show me herself the beauties of this magnificent retreat. The limpid waters, the fresh groves, the graceful pavilions, the noble architecture, the precious furniture, the cabinets overlaid with porphyry, lapis lazuli, or malachite, had a fairy look, and reminded admiring observers of the gardens of Armida. Our complete liberty, the gaiety of our conversation, the absence of all restraint and dulness, might have led me to think, when I turned my eyes away from the imposing majesty of the palace of Tzarskoie-Sielo, that I was at the country house of a most agreeable host. M. de Cobenzel displayed his incessant gaiety, M. Fitz-Herbert a refined and graceful wit, General Potemkin an originality that made him seem always some-

thing new, even in his frequent moments of ill humour and abstraction. The Empress conversed, in a familiar way, on all subjects besides politics; she liked to listen to stories, amused herself in inventing them, and if by chance conversation began to flag, the master of the horse, Narychkine, made laughter and jests revive by his fooling, rather than that of a buffoon.'

In the retirement, however, of private life—setting aside the hours of pleasure and vice—Catherine was hardworking, regular, and simple in her tastes. She read and wrote much to the end of her days; never neglected a petition that reached her hands, and was easy of access to her humble subjects. Her natural disposition was certainly kindly; she was a good mistress, and overlooked the faults of servants:—

'Her domestics are spoiled children. The story of the chimney sweep is well known. Always up early to work at her ease in the silence of the morning hours, the Empress sometimes chooses to light her own fire in order to give no trouble. One morning as she lit the faggot, she hears shrieks in the chimney and imprecations; she understands what has happened, puts the fire out, and makes humble excuses to the unhappy little sweep who was near roasting. Tradition abounds in anecdotes of this kind. One morning Lady Bruce, having entered the room when the Empress was at her toilet, found her Majesty alone, half dressed, and with her arms crossed in an attitude of enforced patience. Catherine explains the state of affairs to her surprised visitor. "Well, all my dressers have deserted me. I had tried on a gown which fitted me so badly I became cross; they left me then, and I am waiting until their ill temper is over."'

Of her vicious excesses the less said the better; but, we repeat, they never wholly depraved her nature:—

'Catherine is order itself. She retires to rest and gets up early; she adapts her occupations and her amusements to a plan settled beforehand, and exactly followed. Elizabeth used to get drunk; Catherine is sober, eats little, drinks scarcely anything at her chief meal, never takes supper. In public, and even in her most intimate circle, apart from the mysteries of her couch, she maintains a perfect bearing; she never utters an improper expression or permits one. And this is not hypocrisy; she shows her favourites to the public eye.'

History has not placed Catherine among its greatest names; but, many as were her misdeeds and failings, she was one of the master builders of the Russian Empire.

**ART. IX.—***Where Three Empires Meet: A Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Gilgit, and the Adjoining Countries.* By E. F. KNIGHT. London: 1893.

**I**N one of the pretty passages with which this volume abounds, Mr. Knight calls the Himalayas ‘gigantic ‘steps into the heavens.’ In a more prosaic and practical sense they have been regarded as an insuperable obstacle to an invasion of India from the north, and nowhere were they deemed more formidable than where they joined their brother range the Hindoo Koosh on the north-west borders of Kashmir. When it was suggested some fourteen years ago that a Russian force might make its way across the Pamirs, that a Russian descent into Kashmir would turn the flank of India’s defences, and that Gilgit was as essential a watch-tower as Peshawur or Quettah, the remark was listened to with an air of incredulity even by Anglo-Indians. But events have more than supported this view, and fortunately the Indian Government has shown its capacity to turn without delay the teachings of geographical exploration into a practical lesson of State policy. Exploration soon proved, as is the case with the loftiest ranges in the world, that there are passes through and across the Himalayas and Hindoo Koosh which might be traversed by troops even where they have been deemed most inaccessible, and that amid the glaciers of those ranges are productive valleys which would provide sustenance for a small army. If this knowledge had only been brought home to us by the secret reports of English officers our action might have been as tardy as it has too often proved, but it was impossible to remain apathetic when it was seen that the Russian Government possessed as good information as ours, and that its agents were pointing out with unmistakeable clearness a road to India, where no steps had been taken to oppose an enemy, and also inciting the border clans to acts of hostility, in the belief that they could rely on the Czar for protection. From these causes arose the events of which Mr. Knight gives in his graphic and interesting volume the history; and it may be said without fear of contradiction that he has for the first time brought before the stay-at-home Englishman with the proper vividness the heroism exhibited by a mere handful of English officers and their native soldiers in face of a brave determined foe and of incredible natural difficulties. The dry official narrative of the Blue Book gives but an



inadequate idea of the gallantry and devotion to duty of the men who upheld their country's honour and interest in the remote Kanjut valley, of which few persons had so much as heard before Colonel Durand's campaign made it famous; and it may be pronounced fortunate for them that Mr. Knight was a personal witness of their deeds, and that he has set them down in vigorous and attractive language for the benefit of their admiring countrymen. As a chapter in the developement of the trans-frontier policy of India, as an episode of what might be called Homeric fighting—the Puniali chief, himself the leader of a brave race, exclaimed at Nilt, 'This is the fighting of giants, not of men'—the campaign in the Kanjut valley, crowned by the conquest of Hunza and Nagar, is well worth attentive consideration and detailed description.

Events in the Kanjut valley can only be understood by the light of the policy that had been pursued for a number of years with regard to Gilgit. That place had formed the base of several exploring parties into Yasin and Chitral, and the murder of Mr. Hayward by the petty chief of the former had attracted momentary attention to the affairs of this region which seemed likely to endure as long as the agency of Major Biddulph at Gilgit continued; but on the withdrawal of that officer there was a cessation of interest, which was not revived until the party of the Afghan Frontier Commission, that was under the command of the present Sir William Lockhart, passed through on its way to and from the Hindoo Koosh. The discovery by this party of more than one pass across that range which might be traversed by artillery opened the eyes of the authorities to the importance of Gilgit. It was soon ascertained that the hold of the Maharajah of Kashmir on this place was very precarious, and a brief experience sufficed to show that his lieutenants, far from being able to coerce the neighbouring tribes and to keep them in order, were in terror of them, and that whenever they attempted to assume the offensive they only met with discomfiture. The Indian Government could not derogate from its dignity by attempting to maintain even indirect control over any place on such terms, and as soon as Gilgit was marked out as a strategical position it followed as an inevitable consequence that the relations with the neighbouring tribes, many of whom were slave dealers, would have to be revised. Mr. Knight gives the following succinct account of the reasons for regarding Gilgit as an important position:—

'Gilgit, the northernmost outpost of the Indian Empire, covers all the passes over the Hindoo Koosh, from the easternmost one, the Shimshal, to those at the head of the Yasin river in the west. It will be seen on referring to a good map that all these passes descend to the valleys of the Gilgit river and its tributaries. But the possession of the Gilgit river does more than this: it affords us a direct communication through Kashmir territory to the protected State of Chitral, which would be otherwise removed from our influence by the interposition of countries at present practically closed to us. We now guarantee the independence of Chitral against Afghanistan, as we do that of Afghanistan against Russian aggression. Our friendship with Chitral dates from the Lockhart mission in 1886, when these regions were fully explored. The information that was then gathered concerning the routes and passes was not made public; but French and Russian explorers have recently gone over the same ground, so that the facts can no longer be kept secret. During the reign of the late Mehtar of Chitral, a most sagacious ruler, who died a few months ago, this State was aggrandised by the absorption of several tribes, which placed themselves under the protection of their powerful neighbour. It is of the utmost importance to us that Afghanistan does not acquire Chitral, and of course it is quite as urgent that Russian influence does not extend in this direction. Constant relations are kept up between the Gilgit Agency and Chitral, and we have supplied the Chitralis with arms wherewith to defend their frontier posts. But the valley of Chitral should be as completely under our control as is that of Gilgit, for it commands some of the lowest and easiest passes across the Hindoo Koosh, and affords a ready road to India from Bokhara *via* Badakshan. It is known that the Russian military authorities consider this a favourable route for the invasion of India; it avoids the great natural difficulties presented by the lofty and inhospitable Pamirs, and moreover there is an easy and much used caravan road running direct from Chitral to Peshawar *via* Bajur. The town of Chitral itself is situated at the junction of several valleys leading to the very passes which an invader would have to attempt, commanding them all. We should certainly maintain an agency here as at Gilgit. This has long been meditated, and the late Mehtar himself repeatedly expressed a wish that a resident British officer should be appointed to his State. The strategical road which will connect Gilgit with India is all but completed. Some authorities are of opinion that this road should be continued up the higher Gilgit valley through Yasin to Chitral. Then we should have the key of the Hindoo Koosh, and, what is more, by commanding the lower Chitral valley, be enabled to outflank a Russian army advancing from Herat. Such arrangements might be made with the native States on our frontier as to permit of our constructing still other strategical roads and establishing outposts where necessary. It is unfortunate that our road to Gilgit should be through Kashmir, across passes closed by snow for two-thirds of the year, whereas there is a direct natural route by the Indus valley into British India, traversing no passes and open all the year, but which is at present entirely closed as far as we are concerned by the hostility of the Shinaka

and other tribes who inhabit the country between Boonji and our territory.\*

Mr. Knight attributes the past inability of the Kashmir Government to exact the respect and obedience of its turbulent neighbours to the corruptness of its own administration. The distance from Gilgit to Srinagar, the fact of all communications being cut off for more than six months in the year, enabled the officers entrusted with the local command to deceive the head Durbar as to their plans and operations. Pay was drawn for many troops who had no existence except on paper, and while the Durbar thought that a large and efficient force was quartered at Gilgit, there were in reality only a few hundred inefficient and disheartened soldiers, who were left unsupplied with common necessities. It is not surprising that this thoroughly demoralised garrison was indisposed to offer any serious resistance to the truculent Kanjutis, and when Sir Edward Durand first reached the scene he found the Kashmir troops thoroughly cowed, and the robber clans confident of their own superiority. It became necessary to alter this state of things, and at first it was hoped that an arrangement with the Kanjut tribes might be effected by diplomatic means, and that these marauders would observe a more deferential attitude towards the representatives of the Supreme Government of India than they did to the officers of the Kashmir Maharajah. But a little experience sufficed to show that this expectation would not be realised, and that the Kanjutis would not abdicate their marauding privileges except under compulsion. The efforts to attain a pacific understanding with them are thus described in Mr. Knight's narrative:—

‘In 1889 the Hunza-Nagar chiefs entered into a treaty with Col. Durand. They undertook to put an end to the raiding on the Yarkand road, and promised to allow properly accredited British officers to travel through their territories when necessary. On the other hand, the Government of India agreed to grant small yearly allowances to both Thums. It was not long before the Thums broke their engagements, and the old disturbances commenced afresh. The Thum of Hunza told Captain Younghusband that unless a larger subsidy was allowed him he would resume his caravan raids, as that was his legitimate source of income. Later on, at a critical time, he would not allow letters to be carried through his territories to Captain Younghusband,

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\* ‘The Statesman's Manual’ for 1893 contains an excellent map of this remarkable district, on a small but perfectly clear scale, which places the whole question before the eye of the reader.

then on the Pamirs. In May 1891, Rajah Uzr Khan murdered his two brothers, partly because he was jealous of their friendship with the British, and wrote an insolent letter to Colonel Durand announcing what he had done. News was now brought to Gilgit that the Kanjut raids had recommenced and that people had been kidnapped near Chalt and sold into slavery. At last this defiant attitude was changed for active hostilities, and in the middle of May, as I had heard in Ladak, the Hunza and Nagar chiefs gathered their fighting men and marched upon Chalt, with the intention of capturing that fortress. Colonel Durand having had timely information of the intention of the tribesmen, made a forced march to Chalt with only two hundred of his men and one British officer, and reinforced the garrison. The tribesmen, disconcerted by this prompt step, after some hostile demonstrations, having exhausted their supplies, withdrew to their own country. It was, of course, impossible for Colonel Durand to bring the insolent descendant of Alexander the Great to reason at that time, as he only had the lately organised Dogra Imperial Service troops at his disposal, men who had never seen real service, and could scarcely be relied upon in the case of severe fighting.'

There is no doubt that the Thums of Hunza and Nagar were emboldened to proceed to the lengths that they did by the honeyed words and bold counsels of the Russian officer Gromschevsky, who as far back as the year 1888 had made his way by the Kilik pass into Hunza, and who repeated his visit annually until our conquest rendered it impossible. They believed, just as the Afghan rulers Dost Mahomed and Sher Ali had believed, to their cost, that the promises of a Russian emissary could be relied on, and that when he exhorted them to oppose us by force of arms they had only to do as he advised to obtain the effectual support of the Great White Czar. Gromschevsky played on the miniature stage of Hunza exactly the same part which Vickovitch represented at Cabul in 1838, and with the same result. The specious representations and the unfulfilled promises of the Russian officers in both cases brought ruin and disgrace on the Asiatic chiefs who allowed themselves to believe in the guarantee of Russian protection, but of the two the failure of Gromschevsky was the more conspicuous and irretrievable because the Hunza-Nagaris will never again trust a Russian's promises, however plausible they may appear. It is impossible not to feel a certain amount of gratitude to this Russian officer, whose activity and enterprise were the direct incentive of the vigorous measures which nipped the danger in the bud and prevented the realisation of his schemes of planting an armed ally in an advantageous position on the threshold of India. Had Gromschevsky not

induced the Thum of Hunza to depart from the terms of his engagement with Colonel Durand a hollow peace might have continued for many years, thus enabling the Russians to derive great advantage from their control of the formidable natural stronghold in the Kanjut valley. Before describing the action taken by the Government of India, it will be appropriate to quote Mr. Knight's description of these States and their inhabitants :—

‘The allied States of Hunza and Nagar, as will be seen on reference to the map, comprise the valleys draining into the upper portion of the Kanjut or Hunza river, which flows into the Gilgit river two miles below Gilgit fort. This region is extremely difficult of access, to which fact is due the impunity with which the tribesmen have hitherto been able to carry on their raids into the countries of their neighbours. These valleys are buried in a gigantic mountain system containing some of the highest peaks in the Himalayas, Mount Rakaposhi, which towers above Chalt, being 25,560 feet above the sea level, while several other summits exceed 24,000 feet. Immense glaciers descend into the ravines, the Nagar river itself rising in the vastest of known glaciers, covering hundreds of square miles. Surmounted thus by granite precipices and huge wastes of ice and snow, affording only a hazardous passage during a few summer months into the neighbouring countries, Hunza-Nagar has but one vulnerable point on the southern side of the Hindoo Koosh, the ravine of the Kanjut river; while the junction of that torrent with the Gilgit river is the one gateway of the country assailable by an invading force. Even this entrance is practically closed during the summer months, for then the river, swollen by the melting snows, becomes an unfordable and raging torrent overflowing the whole bottom of the valley at many points, so that the only way left by which one can ascend the gorge is a rough track high upon the cliff side, carried along narrow ledges and overhanging frightful precipices—a road fit only for goats and cragsmen, which could easily be held by a handful of determined men against a large force; while at this season the river can only be crossed by means of the frail twig-rope bridges, which will support but two or three men, and can be cut adrift with a knife in a few minutes. Such is the road into Hunza-Nagar from one side; but at the head of the Kanjut valley there is a group of comparatively easy and low passes leading across the Hindoo Koosh on to the Tagdumbash Pamiir in Chinese territory, which are used by the Kanjuts on their raiding expeditions, and by one of which, a short time since, Gromschevsky and his Cossacks entered the valley. After ascending the Hunza valley for thirty miles from its junction with the Gilgit valley, the fort of Chalt is reached, the furthest outpost of the Kashmir State in that direction. Thirty miles above Chalt are the villages of Hunza and Nagar, the first on the right, the second on the left bank of the river, almost facing each other, the respective capitals of these two little robber States, which, despite all the trouble they have caused, can turn out between them not many more than

5,000 fighting men. In name they were tributary to Kashmir, the King of Hunza paying a yearly tribute of twenty ounces of gold dust, two horses and two hounds, the King of Nagar a certain quantity of gold dust and two baskets of apicots. These rulers received for some years small subsidies from the Government of India and from the Maharajah of Kashmir. But till now both States have been practically independent; for though the Kashmir Durbar made repeated efforts to reduce them to submission, these proved entirely unsuccessful, and only resulted in puffing up the Hunza-Nagaris with an implicit confidence in their own power and prowess, and encouraging their insolent aggressiveness. On several occasions the tribesmen have repulsed the regiments of the Maharajah and attempted to invest Gilgit, and in 1888 they captured Chalt fort, held it for some time, and were not driven out again without considerable difficulty, though no less than 6,000 Kashmir troops were then stationed at Gilgit. The tribesmen succeeded in carrying away the guns of the fort with them, which were employed against us later on.

Of the characteristics and mode of living of the Kanjutis, more especially with regard to their delinquencies as neighbours, Mr. Knight gives the following account:—

‘It is strange to find two rival nations existing in one narrow ravine, occupying the opposite sides of a torrent, but this is the case in the Kanjut valley. The torrent forms the frontier, and its precipitous banks, which can only be scaled at certain points, are carefully guarded on either side. For thirty miles up the valley the forts of Hunza face those of Nagar, the defences being evidently intended as against each other; whereas at the strong position which forms the gate of their country, by Nilt and Maiun, a strong line of fortifications faces down the valley, ready for resistance to an invader from below. Hunza and Nagar, though they were at other times almost constantly at war with each other, always united their forces against a foreign enemy. These Hunza-Nagaris, generally known to their neighbours as the Kanjutis, though this name strictly applies to the Hunzas alone, have for centuries been the terror of all the people between Afghanistan and Yarkand. Inhabiting these scarcely accessible defiles, they have been in the habit of making frequent raids across the Hindoo Koosh and earning their livelihood by a well-organised brigandage, the Thums or kings of these two little States deriving the greater portion of their revenue from this source. So great was the dread inspired by these robbers that large districts have been abandoned by their inhabitants, and land formerly cultivated has lapsed into wilderness under the perpetual menace of the Kanjut raids. The most profitable hunting ground of the Kanjutis was the great trade route between Leh and Yarkand over the Karakoram Pass, and many a rich caravan on its way from India to Central Asia has been waylaid and pillaged in the neighbourhood of Shadulah. The Thums used to maintain their regular agents at Yarkand, who gave them notice of an expected caravan. On one memorable occasion a caravan of fifty laden camels and 500 laden ponies was captured. The Kashmiris and the Chinese found themselves powerless

to put a stop to these raids, and the Kanjutis acquired a great prestige, and were considered as quite invincible. The Hunzas, indeed, had never known defeat before Colonel Durand's successful campaign. But this wholesale brigandage, bad as it was, was only a minor offence when put by the side of the systematised slave dealing in which these scourges of the frontier have been engaged from time immemorial. All prisoners of any commercial value—men, women, and children—captured in these raids were driven across the mountains, to be sold either directly to the slave owners in Chinese Turkestan or to Kirghiz dealers, who served as middlemen in this trade. The forced marches across the snowy ranges that these unfortunate captives were compelled to undertake, thinly clad as they were and provided with but a minimum of food, caused the death of a considerable proportion; and the abominable cruelty with which the Kanjutis treat their prisoners has been remarked by most travellers on the Painsirs. Numbers of the subjects of the Maharajah of Kashmir are at this moment slaves in Central Asia—these are for the most part poor, honest, harmless Baltis—while entire outlying garrisons of Kashmir sepoy have been surprised and carried off into captivity by these daring ruffians. This intolerable state of things has at last been put an end to once and for all. . . . The Hunzas and Nagars cordially hate each other. They are of the same type of the Dard race, but the Hunzas have the greatest reputation for courage. The Nagars are of the Shiah sect, and do not drink wine, whereas the Hunzas are of that curious sect known as the Maulai, and are abhorred as Kafirs by stricter Mahomedans for their winebibbing propensities and their generally irreligious way of living. The Hunzas, indeed, appear to be entirely free from any Mussulman prejudices or bigotry. Agha Khan of Bombay is the present spiritual head of the Maulais, and is supposed to be the descendant of the original Assassin or Old Man of the Mountains. The Maulais proselytise a good deal in secret; an emissary of the faith will travel into a Suni or Shiah country, work himself into the confidence and affection of a man, undermine his religion with subtle suggestions, and finally, when the time is ripe, will confess that he is a Maulai, and make a convert of his friend. The Maulais reject the Koran, and have a Holy Book of their own. If a Maulai makes due presents to his Pir or spiritual chief and obeys his orders, he need be restrained by no other considerations. It is not necessary for him to pray or fast, or lead a moral life; he need not busy himself about religious observances in the slightest degree. One has no religious fanaticism to contend with when dealing with this liberal-minded people. No one could preach a holy war among Maulais.'

Such were the region and people with whom Colonel Durand found he had to deal in the summer of 1891, when the arrangement by which the Thums were to keep the peace in return for the payment of a sum of money was repudiated, and the acts of the Hunza chief showed that no pacific course was practicable. As Mr. Knight explains, the English officer

did not then possess the force necessary to bring these chiefs to reason, and he accordingly proceeded to Simla, not merely to place the whole situation before the Viceroy, but also to obtain the reinforcements required. It was well that he was able to show that the Russian schemes had advanced too far to admit of any trifling, and that the problem to be solved would only be rendered more difficult by delay. Thanks to the movements of Russian troops on the Pamirs, and to the appearance of their exploring parties south of the Hindoo Koosh, which great mountain range forms, according to Mr. Knight and others, 'the natural frontier of India,' no hesitation was shown in accepting Colonel Durand's view of the situation and in authorising the despatch of the requisite reinforcements. Two hundred picked men from a Gurkha regiment, two mountain guns, and a further contingent of the Imperial Service Corps of Kashmir were ordered up to Gilgit, and at the same time large quantities of supplies were despatched with the view of enabling the force to carry on its operations during the winter, when communications would be cut off with India. Thus reinforced, the troops on the spot were composed as follows: 188 men of the 5th Gurkha Regiment, two guns of the Hazara mountain battery, 30 men of the 20th Punjab Infantry, three regiments of the Imperial Service Corps of Kashmir, a Kashmir mountain battery, a few sappers and miners, 160 Puniali levies, and an auxiliary corps of 200 Pathans formed out of the labourers employed by Mr. Spedding in the construction of the roads. A large part of this force had to be left in garrison at Gilgit and other places, so that only 1,000 men were left for the advance into the Kanjut valley. As at this time the troops who constituted the Imperial Service Corps had only received a slight amount of training, and had never been under fire, considerable doubt was felt as to their military value, and the brunt of the fighting was expected to be borne by the Gurkha sepoy and the small handful of Pathans who constituted Colonel Durand's personal guard. At the same time what was supposed to be the best, or body-guard, regiment was selected to accompany the attacking column, and it may be stated at once that it rendered most efficient service and fully established the utility of the force it represented for co-operating in the Imperial defence of India.

The decision to assume the offensive against the defiant chiefs of Hunza and Nagar was unfortunately taken at so late a period of the summer that the troops and supplies



were only got through the Barzil pass with great difficulty and some loss before it was closed by the snow and communications were effectually severed with the force to which, as was found, was entrusted a most perilous undertaking. Difficult as under any circumstances the campaign would have proved, it was rendered still more arduous by having to be conducted in midwinter, and the responsibility thrown on the commander was immeasurably enhanced by the impossibility of feeding a large force and by the serious consequences that would ensue in his isolated position from any reverse. It speaks volumes for the efficiency and *élan* of this small army and its handful of English officers that it proved equal to every call upon it, and that neither the intrepidity of the Kanjutis nor the extraordinary difficulties of their country availed to alter the result of the war. Not the least efficient part of the force were the 200 Pathan labourers, all of whom had served a military apprenticeship in their own tribal wars, and some as sepoys in our native regiments.

At this point it will be convenient to refer to the excellent work done by Mr. Spedding in the construction of roads along the main route to Gilgit and higher up the valley towards Hunza. To understand the difficulties that had to be overcome the reader must refer to Mr. Knight's description of this road making under Titanic conditions. In many places work had to be carried on in such dark ravines or gorges that the noonday sun only lit them up for half an hour. At others a road had to be levelled for the passage of guns across exposed passes where the keen wind carried death in its course and more effectually closed communication than even the snowfall. There is no doubt that Mr. Spedding's operations largely facilitated the progress of men and stores, and that without them the campaign must have been deferred to another year; but the practical task of making roads, on however grandiose a scale, as it was in this case—blowing up the sides of mountains, and constructing galleries along the brink of a foaming mountain torrent—does not admit of detailed treatment, and its full significance in this instance can best be measured by an incident casually mentioned by Mr. Knight. He declares that the transport mules were so distrustful of the newly traced-out road that they avoided it with every sign of suspicion, and exhibited a marked preference for the rugged mountain side to which they had always been accustomed. Before leaving this subject we may quote Mr. Knight's tribute to the excellence of Mr. Spedding's work, and his share in the success of the expedition.

‘Spedding had volunteered to place himself and his men at the disposal of the Government for the purposes of this expedition. Their work had been most arduous, their conduct under fire and their discipline had been admirable. It would be difficult, I imagine, to mention an instance since the Mutiny days of such splendid service rendered by civilians in time of war. Spedding, with his talent for organisation and his great experience in the transport and the feeding of large bodies of men in a desert country hundreds of miles from the base, was an invaluable aid to Colonel Durand. This good work was done in a patriotic spirit, not for pecuniary remuneration, but at a considerable cost to Spedding himself. Such men deserve well of their country, and the Indian Government ought to be especially grateful to him.’

The military preparations having been thus completed, there remained no reason for deferring the advance against the Kanjutis. The rumour of the coming hostilities must have spread far and wide among the valleys of Kashmir, for fanatics were passed on the road hastening to the scene of coming conflict. It is not known what part, if any, such fanatical emissaries took in inciting the Hunzas to resistance, but certainly the Hindostani fugitives of Swat have been very active in stirring up the tribes of Chilas and the Indus Kohistan to acts of hostility down to the present moment. No other race but the English would, on the eve of a campaign, have allowed these ‘sharpeners of swords,’ as they declared themselves, to pass on to the scene of coming strife, and the incident throws an informing light on some of our most deeply rooted characteristics. Superstition as well as fanaticism guarded the approach to the Hunza valley. The Kashmiris had invested its Thum with supernatural powers, and trembled at the magic which he could employ against his enemies. A high official of the Maharajah declared that the Thum controlled the weather, and that as soon as we began our march he would throw a bit of ox hide into a stream and summon hurricanes and snow storms to his aid, to the utter confusion of our plans. A magic drum on the topmost tower of the Thum’s castle was also to be beaten by fairy hands, presaging the victory of his cause; but on this occasion it lied, and the charm has since departed.

Before advancing, Colonel Durand sent an ultimatum to the Thums stating that their misdeeds would be condoned provided they did not oppose the making of a road through their valley, and that whether they opposed it or not the road would be made. An unsatisfactory and defiant reply was received to this ultimatum towards the end of November,

and their hostile intentions were emphasised by the maltreatment of the British messenger. The Thum of Hunza declared that he cared nothing for 'the womanly English,' and that he hung on to the skirts of 'the manly Russians,' and he also invoked the name and aid of China. He wrote: 'I have been tributary to China for hundreds of years. Trespass into China if you dare. I will withstand you if I have to use bullets of gold. If you venture here be prepared to fight three nations—Hunza, China, and Russia.' To give effect to these threats the Kanjutis had for two years concentrated their efforts on the strengthening of their fort at Nilt, which they believed they had made absolutely impregnable, and, sending their women and children up the valley, they were prepared to hold the repellent and formidable southern entrance to their territory. It was fortunate for us that they had such a belief in the strength of Nilt, for that place had to be reached by our troops ascending a kotal of 800 or 900 feet, which, if the Kanjutis had held it, could only have been done with considerable loss and delay. The operations of December 1 began with the unopposed capture by fifty Kashmir sepoy of the ridge above the river, the hillmen hastily evacuating the sanga on the top and retiring to Nilt without firing a shot. Under cover of this movement the whole force crossed the Hunza stream, while Spedding's Pathans were busily engaged in making a path up the side of the kotal practicable for the passage of the mountain guns.

Before daybreak on December 2 the whole force was on the move, and the ascent of the kotal by 1,000 fighting men and 2,000 coolies began. It was accomplished without accident, and then the advance across the maidan or plateau was made as rapidly as possible. Two difficult nullahs cut the maidan at different points, and these had to be surmounted before the troops reached the elevated plain on which Nilt fort stood, but no resistance was attempted and not a shot was fired. Although the force had marched as early as five o'clock, it was one before the eight miles had been covered, and then the supply of water was exhausted, and could not be replenished owing to the canals having been tapped and the enemy commanding the banks of the river. There was no choice left between an immediate attack and retreat, and although no hesitation was shown in deciding on the former, the following description of Nilt will prove that the task of capturing it promised to be very severe and risky:—

'Nilt is indeed a very formidable place. As is the case in all Kan-

jut villages, the villagers live within the fort, which is a very rabbit warren of strongly built stone houses, two or three storeys high in places, with narrow alleys between, the whole inclosed within a great wall carefully built of stones and strengthened with massive timbers. This wall is 15 feet to 20 feet in height, and is 12 feet thick in most places, with large square towers at intervals. The flat roofs of this fortified village are covered with stones, and are so well constructed that they were proof against our shell when dropped upon them, while guns of very much heavier calibre than ours would have failed to make any impression on the great wall, the loopholes of which, again, are very small, and offered little mark to our riflemen. The garrison of Nilt was indeed practically secure from any ordinary mode of attack. Another wall, about 8 feet high and also loopholed for musketry, surrounds the main wall, and from here the ground falls away precipitously on all sides save at one point where is the narrow approach to the chief gate. A steep watercourse serves as a trench to that side of the fort which faced us as we approached, and here the enemy had placed a strong abattis of branches to oppose us. In all their preparations the Kanjuts exhibited considerable foresight and skill, and there can be no doubt that they had with them leaders of no mean military ability. And now it will be understood that our men had no light task before them, for it was absolutely necessary to capture this strongly defended place, which the Thum had flattered himself he could hold against us for a year or more, in the course of a few hours. It was a question of effecting this or retiring. The difficulties of the road had so delayed us that it was now past one o'clock, and since we had set out from our camping place seven hours before we had come across no water by the way. The men had by now doubtless consumed the contents of their bottles, and we discovered, as had been anticipated, that the enemy had cut off the artificial canal which, tapping the stream of the Nilt nullah, irrigates these cultivated terraces. The bed of the river was an absolutely untenable position, so that we could not rely upon that for our water supply. In short, Nilt had to be captured before our men could satisfy their thirst.'

Mr. Knight gives an excellent account of the early stages of the fight, which promised by the little result of our rifle and artillery fire to be protracted, and during this part of the action Colonel Durand was seriously wounded. Before being compelled to leave the field he had given the orders which resulted in the capture of the place. It was clear that the only chance of capturing Nilt that day was by blowing in one of the gates, in the same fashion as Ghuzni was carried during the first Afghan war, and the task was not less gallantly performed on this occasion by Captain Aylmer than it was by Durand—the father, by the way, of Colonel Durand—at Ghuzni. Mr. Knight, who was an active participator in the attack, and who had an excellent view of the assault on the fort, gives a very spirited account of its capture, which

we quote at length, and there can be no difference of opinion as to the gallantry of the few English officers and the brave Gurkha soldiers who followed them, and dispelled for ever the character of impregnability which Nilt had enjoyed. Mr. Knight writes that :—

‘ The whole stirring story of the taking of Nilt we did not learn for some hours later. In fact, I believe our entire force—with the exception of the handful of gallant men who did the deed—was in the dark as to what had happened. I will now explain how Nilt was stormed. Any other method of attacking so strong a place being evidently unavailing, Colonel Durand, just before he was wounded, had given the order that the fort should be taken by assault. How this was done will long be remembered as one of the most gallant things recorded in Indian warfare. Captain Aylmer, as our engineer, was now instructed to blow up the main gate of the fort so as to admit the storming party. This gate, the only assailable one, did not face the direction from which our force had advanced, but was on the side of the fort which is under the mountain, and was difficult of approach. First our guns and rifles opened a very heavy fire upon the fort, under cover of which 100 of the 5th Gurkhas, led by Lieutenants Boisragon and Badcock, made a rush at the outer wall and began to cut their way through the abattis with their kukris, the garrison the while firing steadily into them. A small opening having thus been made, the three officers, closely followed by about half a dozen men, pushed their way through it. They then made for the wooden gate of the outer wall, which they soon hacked to pieces. They now found themselves in front of the main wall, and while his companions fired into the loopholes—the officers using their revolvers—Captain Aylmer, accompanied by his Pathan orderly, rushed forward to the foot of the main gate, which was strongly built and had been barricaded within with stones in anticipation of our coming. The enemy now concentrated their fire upon this gallant little band, and it is marvellous that any escaped death. Captain Aylmer placed his slabs of gun cotton at the foot of the gate, packed them with stones, and ignited the fuse, all the while being exposed to the fire from the towers which flanked the gate, as well as from some loopholes in the gate itself. He was shot in the leg from so short a distance that his clothes and flesh were burnt by the gunpowder. He and his orderly then followed the wall of the fort to a safe distance, and stood there awaiting the explosion. But there came no explosion, for the fuse was a faulty one, so Captain Aylmer had once more to face an almost certain death. He returned to the gate, readjusted the fuse, cut it with his knife, lit a match after two or three attempts, and re-ignited the fuse. While doing this he received another wound, his hand being terribly crushed by a stone that was thrown from the battlements. This time a terrific explosion followed, and at once, before even the dust had cleared or the stones had ceased dropping from the crumbling wall, the three British officers with the six men at their back clambered through the breach and were within Nilt fort. Enveloped in dense smoke and dust, their comrades who

had been cutting their way through the abattis could not find the breach; indeed, they did not realise that one had been effected, and that their officers were within the gates; so for many minutes that little handful of gallant Englishmen and Gurkhas was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the garrison in the narrow alley leading from the gate. Having gained this position they held it resolutely, but soon two were killed and most of them were wounded, and it was obvious that not one of them would be left alive unless they were soon supported. Accordingly Lieutenant Boisragon went outside the gate once more to find his men, and thus exposed himself not only to the fire of the enemy at the loopholes but to that of our own covering party. In a very short time he was back again at the head of a number of little Gurkhas eager to avenge the comrades they had lost. The Gurkhas poured into the narrow alleys of the fort, and fought as they always do fight. The Kanjuts defended themselves like fanatical dervishes at first, but soon lost heart before the fierce attack. While this was going on a fire was still kept up from the loopholes on our supports, the detachment of the Ragu Pertab Regiment (Imperial Service) which now came up led by Lieutenant Townshend. The fort was soon swarming with our men, who hunted the Kanjuts through the intricate alleys and holes. The Wazir of Nagar himself was killed, but the principal leaders escaped, as did most of the garrison, who, availing themselves of their knowledge of the maze which was their home, found their way to a small gate opening on to a steep nullah behind the fort. Thus was Nilt fort taken, after a daring rush which perhaps has not had its equal since Umbeyla. As is so often the case, the boldest course of action here proved to be the safest; our total loss was only six killed and twenty-seven wounded, a number which would have been much exceeded had what some might consider a more prudent course of action been adopted. The loss of the enemy was uncertain, but it was estimated that over eighty were killed in the course of the action. Of the gallant handful of men who followed the three officers through the breach two were killed, and nearly all were wounded. Lieutenant Badcock was severely wounded, and Captain Aylmer received no fewer than three severe wounds, which may be considered as a very lucky escape when it is remembered what he did. Captain Aylmer and Lieutenant Boisragon have both been decorated with the Victoria Cross which they so thoroughly deserved, while Lieutenant Badcock, who in the opinion of his brother officers had earned that highest reward of valour, received the distinguished service order.

The capture of Nilt fort did not, as was generally expected, entail the collapse of the Kanjut defence at the southern entrance to their territory. They had taken up a strong and carefully defended position on the other side of the Nilt nullah, and it proved more difficult to expel them from this position than it had been to capture Nilt fort. But in the first flush of our success on December 2 this contingency was not thought of, and when operations were resumed

on the following morning it was not expected that any severe or prolonged resistance would be offered. But from this delusion the assailants were speedily aroused. On attempting to improve the way across the nullah fire was opened on us from numerous sangas opposite, and in a few minutes several of our men were killed and others wounded. It was soon discovered to be impossible to carry the enemy's position across the nullah by an open attack, and therefore orders were issued to discontinue the roadmaking and to remain on the defensive until some mode of turning the Kanjut position had been discovered, and nearly three weeks elapsed before the search was rewarded. Mr. Knight's description of this extraordinarily strong position will give an idea of the task that had to be performed :—

‘The Kanjut valley between the bases of the mountains is about 1,500 yards wide. On the Nilt side of the river the precipitous tributary Nilt nullah descending from the glaciers of Mount Rakaposhi barred our advance; the opposite side of this nullah was defended by numerous sangas and sher lachas, the enemy's defences, indeed, extending up the mountain side to the edge of the deeply crevassed glacier. On the other side of the Kanjut river another tributary nullah, equally precipitous, and with its further side defended by the cliff-encompassed fortress of Maiun, also formed a seemingly insuperable obstacle. Here, too, the sangas lined the cliffs from the glaciers to the river bed. On the Nagar side of the river, beyond the Nilt nullah, a well-cultivated flat extends along the foot of the mountains, and falls in precipitous cliffs some hundreds of feet in height towards the river bed. On this plateau stood the large square fortress of Thol, with four towers on each of its side, surrounded by a deep moat, and a strongly fortified ziaat, or shrine, both within 2,000 yards of Nilt. We found that the enemy had spared no pains to make it impossible for us to turn this position by crossing either of these two nullahs. They had broken away what roads there had been and left walls of rock in their place, and where the slopes of the cliffs were not so steep as to be inaccessible they had turned the watercourses over the edge of them, so that, as it was now freezing hard in the valley, smooth ramparts of solid ice were quickly formed. Such a position as this is surely unexampled even in Himalayan warfare. From the glaciers to the river bed we were faced by these impregnable cliffs, lined with marksmen, and easily defended by what is so far more terrifying to men than any rifle fire, the avalanche of rocks, only requiring the displacing of a single stone to start it from above. . . . It is estimated that some 4,000 men were holding this wonderful position.’

There is nothing to excite surprise in the fact that the small British force was detained in front of this position for seventeen days, and that, as forty men had either been killed or incapacitated by wounds, the greatest caution was neces-

sary in making any attack that might entail slaughter. Mr. Knight gives a vivid picture of the many attempts made to discover some weak point in the hostile position, and of the daily rifle duel between the opposing forces, but although no chance was thrown away nothing resulted; and the extraordinary vigilance of the Kanjutis was on a par with their other military qualities. It seems probable that their instincts were assisted to no inconsiderable extent by the information of traitors in our camp. This was especially the case with regard to the abortive attack of December 8; and the only good that came from these repeated attempts to carry the lower sangas in the nullah was that it distracted attention from the point which was eventually attacked high up the mountain side. The credit of discovering the only vulnerable point in the Kanjut position belongs to a young Dogra soldier of the Kashmir army, and what he did may be left for Mr. Knight to explain:—

‘Still we remained day after day before these seemingly impregnable heights, but there were never wanting men to volunteer for the dangerous service of exploring the precipices by night to find a road. A plucky Dogra in that regiment named Nagdu was engaged night after night in these reconnaissances, and, as I shall show, much of the credit for our victory of December 20 is due to this man’s perseverance and heroism. He was a skilled cragsman, and it was his idea that it would be possible to scale the high cliffs where they faced our block-house on the ridge. He suggested that he should take with him twelve good men accustomed to hill climbing, and make the attempt on a dark night. He would himself go first and lower a rope when necessary to assist the others. On reaching the summit they would surprise the little sangha that stood at the cliff edge, and by holding it would prevent the enemy from rolling down rocks on our troops, who, according to his plan, were to ascend by the same route on the following dawn and carry the whole position. It was a bold design, and it appeared to be practicable, so the brave Nagdu was allowed to try what he could do. One dark night he and a party of men of his regiment noiselessly ascended the Nilt nullah. But the watchful—or well-informed—Kanjuts were aware of the presence of our sepoys, and they had not gone far before the alarm was given. First a gun was fired as signal in the enemy’s lower sangha, and at once a loud shout was carried up the mountain side from sangha to sangha, the tom-toms beat, the fireballs and rock avalanches plunged down the precipices, and fire was opened from a hundred rifles and jezails. Nagdu and his men had to shelter themselves behind a rock for a time, and then to seize what opportunities they could to creep from cover to cover back to the fort. On the following day it was observed that two new sanghas had arisen in the night just over the portion of the cliff that Nagdu had proposed to scale. This did not discourage the indomitable Nagdu, who tried again and again, and at last his perseverance was rewarded. He, and



ceeded in climbing alone unobserved to the foot of the enemy's sangas; and now, having satisfied himself that the thing could be done, he returned and promptly thought out the outline of the scheme of attack which was afterwards adopted with success.'

The most important fact discovered by Nagdu was that the cliff fell away so steeply from the sangas that the defenders could not possibly see what was going on below, or the approach of our troops from the nullah, without leaving the cover of their entrenchments, when, if they did so, they would be exposed to our fire. It was therefore determined to make the attack by daylight, only the assaulting party was to assemble in the nullah during the night. The attack was to be entrusted to one hundred men of the Kashmir bodyguard, half Gurkhas and half Dogras, under the command of two English officers, Lieutenants Manners Smith and Taylor. They succeeded in gaining their position in the nullah without attracting the enemy's attention during the night, and in the early morning of December 20 one hundred and thirty-five picked shots from the force were placed on the ridge opposite the sangas to be attacked, so that their fire might keep the Kanjutis confined to their entrenchments. Soon after dawn this part of the force began a vigorous fire on the sangas, which were between four and five hundred yards distant, and with such accuracy and effect that the Kanjutis, after some hours' fusillade, were compelled to cease firing and to remain closely concealed. Meantime the escalading party 1,200 feet below, whom the garrison of the sangas could not see, were beginning the ascent, and although the enemy judged from the extent and energy of our fire that something unusual was going to happen, they did not ascertain exactly what it was for some time. The capture of Thol, however, can be best told, like that of Nilt, in the language of Mr. Knight, who wielded his Martini-Henry on the day with as excellent effect as he afterwards did his pen in recording these remarkable occurrences. The attack was even more thrilling than that on Nilt, and reflected as much credit on Manners Smith as the earlier one had done on Aylmer.

'It was certainly an extraordinary scene for a fight. From our ridge we looked down the crags on the far-stretching landscape of the Kanjut valley, with its winding, rushing river, its belts of terraced cultivation, and its numerous fortified villages that lay beneath the stupendous cliffs; while high above the lesser mountains that enclose the valley the snowy summits of the Hindoo Koosh rose into the cloudless sky. Scarce had the first faint wreaths of smoke from the

morning fires begun to rise above the houses than all the parapets and roofs of the towered fortresses below—Maiun, Thol, and the ziarat—were crowded with spectators anxiously watching the decisive action that was being fought on the mountain skyline high above them; while from every sanga and rough sher bacha battery all along the enemy's line of defence, from the mountains on one side of the Kanjut river to those on the other, the tribesmen looked on in their hundreds awaiting the result. Lieutenant Manners Smith had been instructed not to commence his ascent until we had carried on this fire for half an hour. Accordingly, after the specified time had elapsed, he with his fifty Gurkhas began to clamber up the steep rocks, Lieutenant Taylor following with the fifty Dogras. There were 1,200 feet of hard climbing before them, and from our ridge we could see the little stream of men gradually winding up—now turning to the right, now to the left, now going down again for a little way when some insurmountable obstacle presented itself, to try again at some other point, presenting very much the appearance of a scattered line of ants picking their way up a rugged wall. At last Manners Smith, who had been scrambling up active as a cat ahead of his men, attained a point some 800 feet above the nullah bed, and here he met with a check. After a thorough trial it was obvious to him, and still more so to us who could see the whole situation from our ridge, that the precipice above him was absolutely inaccessible; it was therefore now necessary for him and his men to turn round and retrace their steps down to the nullah bed. Nearly two hours had thus been wasted. Looking on with some dismay, we began to fear lest this should prove yet another of our failures. But though this check had caused considerable delay, the attack was by no means to be abandoned yet. Lieutenant Manners Smith is not a man to be easily discouraged; he was determined to accomplish the scaling of the cliff somewhere, and he now flag-signalled to Captain Colin Mackenzie that he would make another attempt a little lower down the nullah. This he accordingly did as soon as he had got his scattered party together again. He now hit upon an easier route, probably the one Nagdu had originally taken in the night. As we fired over his head at the now silenced sangas, we saw him start from this fresh point and clamber higher and higher, till he and a handful of the more active and venturesome sepoys who immediately followed him were within sixty yards of one of the four sangas on the edge of the cliff. It was, happily, not until this moment that the enemy had any idea that a party of sepoys was scaling the heights. The Maiun people first detected our men, and shouted a warning across the river, which was carried up the mountain side from sanga to sanga, until the men holding the four sangas with which we were immediately concerned realised that their position was being stormed, and that unless they bestirred themselves to make a resolute defence our sepoys would be amongst them and their retreat would be cut off. Rocks were now thrown over the sanga walls, and showers of stones poured down the cliff. Happily by this time most of the gallant little party had passed the points most exposed to this deadly method of defence, and the rocks either swept down the steep shoots

to the left of our men or bounded harmlessly over their heads. Several men, however, were more or less seriously wounded. Lieutenant Taylor himself was knocked down by a rock, but luckily received no injuries of any account. The two British officers manœuvred their men admirably, watching their opportunities, working their way from point to point with cool judgement between the avalanches, and slowly gaining the heights foot by foot. It was a fearful thing to watch from our side; a little lack of caution or an unlucky accident might have so easily led to scores of our men being swept off the face of the cliff during this perilous ascent. We poured in a fiercer fire than ever to silence the sangas, but we could not prevent the defenders from throwing rocks from the inside of their breastworks, which, dislodging others, produced dangerous cataracts of stones. Still our men pushed pluckily on up the steep slopes under the sangas, while the Kanjuts became desperate, knowing that there was no hope for them should the sepoys once attain the summit. Some of the enemy exhibited great bravery, boldly standing out in the open and rolling down the ready piled-up rocks as fast as they were able, until they were shot down by the marksmen on our side of the ridge. At last—and it was a moment of intense suspense for the onlookers—we saw Lieutenant Manners Smith make a sudden dash forward, reach the foot of the first sanga, clamber round to the right of it, and step on to the flat ground beside it. A few sepoys were close at his heels, and then, the men having got to the back of the sanga, the rifles of the storming party were for the first time brought into play. A few shots in rapid succession, a rush through the opening behind with bayonets and kukris, Lieutenant Manners Smith himself pistolling the first man, and the sanga was ours, those of the garrison who were not killed within being shot as they fled down the hillside by our marksmen on the ridge and from the battlements of Nilt fort. More men having now re-joined Lieutenant Manners Smith, the other three sangas were rapidly cleared in the same way, Nagdu, bold as ever, rushing into one sanga and fighting the defenders single-handed. The position being now secure, Lieutenant Manners Smith collected his men, and a short halt was called until the remaining Guikhas and the Dogras under Lieutenant Taylor had come up. Then, dividing into parties, the sepoys attacked and carried the numerous sangas which studded the hillside, firing their roofs as they emptied each one. Some of our men swarmed high up the mountain side, captured the sher bachas posted there, and rolled them down the precipices. A determined resistance was offered by some of the enemy's marksmen, who fought to the death and asked no quarter; but, seeing how desperate was their situation between the storming party on one side and our party on the ridge, the Kanjuts became flurried, their fire was unsteady, and the casualties on our side amounted only to four men wounded. Then the tribesmen lost heart, and began to bolt precipitately from their defences: at least a hundred of them were shot down as they attempted to escape, and many of those who succeeded in getting away from the ridge were picked off by our riflemen in the fort. And now the tom-toms that had been

beating in the distance became silent, and suddenly we saw a strange sight beneath us, which made our men raise cheer upon cheer. The garrisons of the enemy's fortresses realising that we had effectively turned this position on whose impregnability they had relied, that we had outflanked them, and that their retreat would be speedily cut off did they remain where they were, were seized with panic, and we looked down upon long streams of men hurrying up the valley on both sides of the river—the defenders of Maiun, Thol, and the ziarat, hundreds upon hundreds of Kanjuts, racing up to Hunza and Nagar for their lives, and abandoning to us all the country within sight.'

The capture of Thol ended the campaign, and the Kanjutis, expelled in fair fight from their strongest positions, did not attempt to prolong a useless resistance. The rapidity of our advance under Captain Colin Mackenzie, who having got the enemy on the run determined to keep them on the run, had no doubt something to do with quickening their pacific intentions. The Thum of Nagar was the first to give in his submission, and the people of that State, who had only a few hours before been fighting with us, were profuse in their offers of friendship. The clans of Hunza followed this example, but their chief fled to the Tagdumbash Pamir, and the attempt to capture him failed. But the pursuing party at least carried the conquest of the valley up to the limit of habitation, the entrance to the Kilik pass, and everywhere the people hastened in to make their peace with the conquerors, and, once they realised that they were safe and sure of good treatment, to testify to their loyalty towards their new rulers. They exclaimed, 'Now that this country is yours we have no need of forts. We shall have no more fighting; you will always protect us.' There can be no doubt that the conquest of Hunza-Nagar, two States which had the reputation of invincibility, produced an immense impression on all the hill tribes of this region, and added to the reputation we had acquired in the same quarter by running the murderer of Mr. Dalgleish to ground in the heart of Central Asia. When Dad Mahomed was captured at Samarcand people exclaimed, 'How far-reaching is the arm of the Indian Sarkar! It can even stretch across Kashmir to seize and destroy in the depths of Asia the man who has had the temerity to slay a sahib.' Mr. Knight has some very telling remarks to make in this connexion about the exceptional and enviable reputation possessed by Englishmen in Asia. He says:—

'It is gratifying to observe in what extraordinary estimation the Englishman is held throughout these regions, and how he is always

appealed to in every difficulty, and his fiat is accepted without question. "The sahib has said it, it is enough," a man will declare, bowing his head in submission to a decision given against himself. The natives of these districts have only seen English gentlemen—officers and civil servants from India for the most part—and have acquired an absolute confidence in the integrity and justice of our race, a confidence which is seldom, if ever, abused; for happily the mean white does not extend his travels here. The Asiatics do not understand us, neither do they love us; but they respect Englishmen as being straight and brave, and it is only because we have the right men in India, who maintain this reputation, that we are able to rule the land at all. This is all very trite, and has often been said before; but it would be difficult to convince those strange people at home (fortunately fewer than they were some years ago) to whom it appears to be an unpleasant reflection that the British breed should be respected beyond the seas, and to whom every gross misrepresentation which throws discredit on the English in India is more acceptable than the truth.'

Of the extraordinary difficulty of the campaign in the Kanjut valley there can be no question, and the considerable excerpts we have made from Mr. Knight's interesting narrative will have brought its main features before the reader. The master of the greatest number of battalions on the Continent might feel proud to possess officers as efficient and daring as those who stormed Nilt and the entrenchments on the ridge, or soldiers as gallant and intrepid as the Gurkhas and the Dogra sepoy showed themselves to be. The great Moltke would have appreciated at its just worth this feat not merely of human courage, but of modern organisation. When that eminent strategist heard some of his officers disparaging the little wars of the English, he observed somewhat sarcastically, 'You must remember, gentlemen, that the British officers in India do not go to the front in first-class railway carriages;' and among our little wars that in the Kanjut valley is entitled to a memorable and conspicuous place. It was noteworthy for the natural surroundings amid which it was conducted, for the conspicuous valour shown on both sides, and, above all, for the complete harmony which seems to have resulted from it. Before Colonel Durand's advance the Kanjutis were at heart the allies of Russia. They had been led to believe that she was the greater Power, and that they could rely on her protection; but the prompt and vigorous measures of the Indian executive compelled them to recognise the truth, and when they were vanquished they accepted the decree of the God of Battles all the more readily because they thought that

Russia had betrayed them. Whatever troubles and dangers may have to be removed or allayed on this extreme north-west section of the Indian frontier, they are not likely to be caused by the Kanjutis, who have taken their beating in good part, and who reserve whatever feelings of malice they may entertain for some of Captain Gromschevsky's successors.

On the close of the campaign the Kanjut valley was temporarily annexed pending the decision of the Indian Government, but after careful deliberation it was decided to restore Hunza and Nagar to new Thums, who took an oath of fealty to the Queen, and who agreed to carry out all the stipulations about road making. When it was discovered that there was an old-standing tie between Hunza and China, and that the Chinese claimed some suzerain privileges in this Himalayan state, it was decided, in consonance with sound policy, to show that our strategical measures were not intended to dispossess them of their inherited rights. All the information we obtained in Hunza established the antiquity of the connexion between that State and China. The Thum paid tribute for the rights of pasturage he enjoyed on the Tagdumbash Pamir, and the Hunza courtiers, when extolling the majesty of their prince, compared his power with that of the Chinese Emperor as the greatest in the world. Therefore it was decided to associate China with this country when the new Thum was installed at Hunza last year, and the personal respect or vanity of our neighbours having been thus propitiated, there is no reason to anticipate any active interference on their part in Hunza affairs. In the course of time it may be hoped that our consideration for China in this matter may bear fruit in the removal of some of the trade restrictions in Central Asia to which Mr. Knight refers. China is, however, clearly within her right in doing what she has done, and we have no claim, as Mr. Knight seems to think, under the favoured nation clause of the treaty of Tientsin, because that treaty is restricted to China proper, and has no force in her dependencies. We can only hope that the Chinese Government will be soon brought to see the advisability of cultivating trade relations with India and allowing a British consul to be established at Yarkand.

The events which have happened since the campaign have gone to show that there is no risk of a fresh attack from the Kanjutis, but that we have still to place our house in order with the hillmen of the Indus valley below Bunji.

The importance of this fresh complication arises from the fact that what is believed to be the best way of communicating with Gilgit will be found in this quarter. As has been explained, that border fortress is cut off from Kashmir for four or five months in each year by the snow in the Barzil and other passes, but there is reason to say that communication can be kept up during the depth of winter by the Indus valley through Chilas. Mr. Knight states that, notwithstanding the heavy tolls they had to pay to the tribes, the Gilgit merchants used to prefer to receive their goods from India by this route, and now Chilas is in our possession, and we are gradually exploring the Indus Kohistan and pushing a road up the valley from our own district of Hazara. The present summer will no doubt see a considerable extension of our authority in this quarter, and the engineering reports are favourable even for the construction of a railway. But it is not to be expected that the turbulent Shinaka tribes, who have been undisputed masters of this region for generations, and who have treated with equal indifference the authority of Kashmir, Afghanistan, and England, will surrender their prescriptive rights without an effort to retain them. We may, therefore, expect some severe fighting in this quarter before communications are rendered perfectly secure, and the attack of the confederated clans only a few months ago on Chilas, in which Major Daniell and many brave soldiers of the Kashmir bodyguard lost their lives, showed the extent of their hostility and their plans. But here, as elsewhere, a blended policy of coercion and conciliation will lead to a definite understanding such as has not without doubt and difficulty been established in the Khyber Pass. The colony of fanatical Hindostanis at Swat, men like the 'sharpeners of swords,' encountered on the road to Gilgit, will do their utmost to stir up strife, and as the Shinaka tribes are zealous Sunnis they will meet with some success until we have made it clear that their wisest course is to take our pay and to keep the peace.

- ART. X.—1. *Thomas Chalmers, Preacher, Philosopher, and Statesman.* By Mrs. OLIPHANT. London: 1893.
2. *Meetings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.* 'Scotsman,' May 19 to May 30, 1893.
3. *Meetings of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland.* 'Scotsman,' May 19 to May 30, 1893.

THE relation that exists, or should exist, between Church and State in Scotland has for many years past afforded matter of fruitful controversy north of the Tweed. There is some danger lest in the keenness of the competition between rival Churches, and in the desire for votes of party politicians, the real merits of that question and the true interests of the people should be overlooked. In calling attention, therefore, to the volume of Mrs. Oliphant, the title of which is given above, we invite our readers to consider, not merely the life of a distinguished Scotchman and the controversies of his day, but also how far they affect the ecclesiastico-political questions of our own time.

The great event with which the name of Dr. Chalmers will always be connected—the Disruption of the Church of Scotland in the year 1843—has caused men to forget that long period of devoted service which he had previously spent in the energetic prosecution of the work of the National Church. To obtain a true insight into the character of Chalmers, it is necessary to consider him before he had entered upon that ten years' conflict which was to end in a manner so dramatic, and with consequences so far-reaching to the future welfare of Scottish Presbyterianism. Men who in calm blood look back to that great controversy, to the points really at issue between the two parties, to the practical rather than to the theoretical importance of the contentions on the one side and the other, are forced to the conclusion that the Disruption should never have taken place, and would never have taken place but for the intemperance of distinguished leaders of the two factions. The impossibility of compromise and of peace lay not in the circumstances of the case, but in the character and the temperament of the antagonists. Some men may think that even in the year 1893 the obstacles to the peace of Scottish Presbyterianism are to be found less in any intrinsic difficulties than in that contentious spirit which obtains an exaggerated representation in General Assemblies, but which nevertheless appears to no small portion of the Scottish public to be injurious



to the highest interests of the nation which it should be the great end of all the churches to promote.

Mrs. Oliphant has most opportunely given to the world an interesting sketch of a distinguished Scotchman, of a great ecclesiastical orator, of one who in his own country was a leader of men, and who has profoundly affected the developement of Scottish Presbyterianism. In dealing with a period of intense excitement and heat, Mrs. Oliphant has endeavoured, and generally with success, to hold the balance even between the combatants; and her work, which will be widely read, will do good service in making better known to the present generation the character of one of the greatest of Presbyterian Churchmen, a man whom all Scotchmen, irrespective of church or creed, can after the lapse of fifty years unite in honouring.

Thomas Chalmers was born in 1780 at the little town of Easter Anstruther, in Fife. His father was a small ship-owner and general merchant, an elder of the Church, a member of the town council, and at one time provost of his native burgh. Even before the present century had begun his son Thomas had been licensed as a preacher. Being still under age, his admission was possible only through the recognition by the councils of the Church of exceptional qualifications possessed by the young probationer. His friends testified to his merits, a minister of the neighbourhood described him as 'a lad o' pregnant pairts,' and the long course of nearly fifty years of his ministry has proved the accuracy of their judgement, and the special fitness of Thomas Chalmers to labour in the vineyard.

It must be admitted, however, that in early youth Chalmers was not too heavily burdened with zeal for the discharge of the duties of pastor of a parish. It is singular that his first disappointment in the profession of his choice arose from an unsatisfactory exercise of church patronage by a neighbouring proprietor. His father, the provost, believed himself entitled to claim from Sir Robert Anstruther, on account of political services which he had rendered, the nomination of his son to a vacant parish. But alas! another was preferred, and young Chalmers had to pass a year as assistant to the minister of the quiet parish of Cavers, in Teviotdale, before he obtained the double object of his ambition, and united the position of minister of a rural parish in Fife with that of assistant to the professor of mathematics in the University of St. Andrews. Loud were the denunciations of young Chalmers, not in those early days against patronage

as such, but against the special instance of it from which he had been the sufferer. Already we see evidence of the impetuosity, often rising into passion, of the fiery nature which distinguished him through life. When warm, and Chalmers was often warm, a tone of vehemence and exaggeration pervaded his language, a spirit of combativeness arose in him, which tended to widen and to embitter the differences of opinion which arose between men, and to turn contests, sometimes perhaps involving only matters of practical expediency, into the mortal combats of moral or religious principle. So angry was Chalmers with Sir Robert Anstruther, that he seriously discusses in a letter to a friend whether he would be morally justified in defending a country where such corruption prevailed against a Napoleonic invasion! He 'beholds the triumph of successful villainy,' the abuse of a 'system of putrid interest;' would he be justified, he asks his friend, where such things could be, in resisting 'the inroads of foreign enemies'? To the credit of his patriotism he decides for resistance, and once established as minister of Kilmany, his martial utterances were heard, in those days of real danger to his country, 'shouting forth the voice of battle' even from the parish pulpit. He joined the Volunteers, not, be it said, as their chaplain only, but as a fighting member of the force, in which he held the rank of lieutenant.

At this period of his life the heart of Chalmers was much more deeply engaged in his work in the class room of St. Andrews than in the pastoral duties of his parish. He argued with his father that no minister need give his whole time to his parishioners, and that his neighbouring ministers could easily do the greater part of his work for him, even during a non-residence of six months. When he was transferred some years later to the Tron Church of Glasgow he became imbued with a very different estimate of the duty of a minister to his flock; and it was there that he first proved to the outside world, or probably even realised to himself, where lay the field for the exercise of his splendid energy and the great gifts with which he had been endowed. Whilst in Fife, Mrs. Oliphant describes him as 'an unmanageable youth;' and no doubt a man of his vehement and impatient temper must have been at times very difficult to deal with. Against authorities as such he had a natural tendency, probably very often a laudable tendency, to rebel; and the relations between the dignitaries of the University of St. Andrews and himself were for a time severely strained.

Nevertheless, perhaps none the less, was he generally beloved. In his own 'little landward parish of a hundred and fifty families' his geniality and heartiness won all hearts. 'Such a man, large in movement, hearty in speech, full of local interest and accent, both in language and atmosphere, is always popular in a Scotch parish.' In Fife his eloquence had made him famous, at Glasgow it took the citizens by storm. So great was the crush to the Tron Church to hear him, that the closed doors were more than once burst in by the press of the multitude outside, and 'possession seized as by an invading army. Sometimes the entrance of the preacher himself, whose name had drawn this multitude together, had to be made as over a breach riven in the mass by the bodyguard around. In London, when for the first time the great orator from the north made his appearance there, this happened on several occasions; but even in Glasgow, which owned him, and had frequent opportunities of hearing him, the same thing occurred again and again.'

Great as was his influence in the pulpit, it was not there that his chief interest lay whilst he was minister of the Tron. He was determined upon making trial at Glasgow of a system of coping with the pauperism and the moral degradation of the population, which if successful he was bent upon extending through the whole of Scotland. He disbelieved altogether in the principle of our modern poor laws, and he repudiated the plan of raising money by compulsion to provide for the necessities of the poor. That any man had a right to be supported out of the abundance of others was in his mind opposed to elementary notions of right and wrong. He would trust entirely, for any money that might be required, to the Christian charity of those who had, to relieve the necessities of those who had not. In Scotland in old days the church plate was the sole regular pecuniary provision for the poor of the parish, and Dr. Chalmers believed that properly worked the old ways were the best. With all the enthusiasm of his nature he entered upon the war with the irreligion, the indifference, the immorality, and the pauperism of the worst districts of Glasgow. His views on the subject of pauperism were not those of the present day. He was prepared to encounter pauperism, not by giving to the pauper a legal provision for his maintenance, but by appealing to the good feeling and the intimate knowledge of his neighbours to give him the right amount and the right kind of assistance. With this object he even per-

suaded the magistrates of Glasgow to make over to him entirely the supervision of the poor of a particular parish of the city, giving up on their behalf every claim to extraneous pecuniary help. According to Chalmers, though 'the poverty of a human being may constitute a call upon the compassion of his fellows, it can create no claim whatever upon their justice. The confusion of these two virtues in the ethical system would tend to actual confusion and disorder where introduced into the laws and administration of human society.' We quote *in extenso* Mrs. Oliphant's description of the manner in which he was to reduce his theory into practice.

'It was in the end of September 1819 that Chalmers entered into possession of his kingdom, he and the large body of "agents," his court and officials, all bent upon making the wilderness blossom as the rose. The new parish was not only one of the largest, it was the very poorest parish in the city. Weavers, labourers, factory workers, and other operatives made up its population. The radical and revolutionary element, which was in one of its ebullitions at this time, was very strong in it. The people who came to church were not a hundredth part of the population. There were no schools, nothing at all of the machinery of a parish, no foundation to work upon—but only a mass of poor houses, poor families cognisant of little in Christianity but vague, half-superstitious hopes of consolation in sickness and help in want. The tradition of the seemliness and use of the minister's presence at a deathbed, as a sort of passport and warrant of a good end, was almost as strong among them, though so different, as the desire of the Irish peasant for his priest to send him assolized on the same dread journey; but religion meant little more to them than this. That the subsidies of public charity were of supreme importance in such a district it is unnecessary to say. Chalmers, however, accepted the living on the condition that all connexion with these public charities should be broken in the new parish. He demanded that it should be severed from the rest of the city in respect to all assessments and public provision for the poor, as if it had been removed a hundred miles away, and that the entire control of the parish should be made over to himself and his session so far as pauperism is concerned. He gave up all interest and all claim to any share in the poor rates or general funds of the city, and undertook on his part to provide for every need of this kind in his parish, so as never to add to the general burden:'

When a dozen years afterwards an English poor law commissioner made a thorough examination into the condition of this parish, he declared that the system of Dr. Chalmers had been attended by the most triumphant success. Dr. Chalmers believed in the parish system: he would have

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\* 'Thomas Chalmers,' p. 118.

extended it, he would have reconstituted parochial organisation so as to meet the necessities of the great towns and crowded populations. By subdivision of districts and by multiplication of the agencies of the Kirk Sessions he considered that the moral and religious interests of the people could best be served.

Whilst Chalmers was doing so much for Glasgow, his experience and life at Glasgow had done much for him. On the floor of the General Assembly he had become a power, fiercely denouncing pluralities, urging forward church extension and further State endowment of the Church, and opposing to the uttermost of his strength the 'intrusion' of ministers into parishes on the mere nomination of the patron, against the wishes of the people. In one of the great debates on pluralities a speaker quoted against him his youthful sentiments as to the possibility of combining the work of parish minister with that of professor of mathematics, and the vigour of the orator's retort on his assailant, that at last *he* at all events had become convinced of his mistake, will remind many persons of a more famous occasion when a still greater orator, 'taunted with the errors 'of his boyhood,' rose in reply to perhaps the greatest height his eloquence has ever reached.

It was when Chalmers was at the very height of his influence at Glasgow that he suddenly threw up his ministry of the Tron Church in order to fill the chair of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. Five years later he finally quitted St. Andrews to become professor of divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

In 1834 the Evangelical party in the General Assembly for the first time obtained the majority, and Dr. Chalmers, as the chief inspirer and spokesman of the party, became till the Disruption, nine years afterwards, the leader of the most numerous and most enthusiastic portion of the Parliament of the National Church. We have a vivid account of his eloquence when in the previous year he brought before the Assembly the proposal to enable the majority of a congregation to refuse to accept the minister whom the patron of the parish had presented. Lord Cockburn, who had been sitting next Chalmers during the speech, writes in his *Journal* that

'in proposing the veto he had raised himself above most modern orators by a great speech. It was longer than his usually are, and more argumentative, and all his views and statements blazed with the fire of his volcanic imagination. Yet his, after all, is chiefly the

triumph of intensity of manner; for this speech, like many others of his, might be read and even studied without emotion. It is only when his feelings are brought out in his emphasis, in his views, in his curious sentences, in his lofty objects, and in the general look and air of the speaking man, that his oratory can be understood. How he burns! I shed more tears of pure admiration than I have done since they were forced from me by the magnificence of Mrs. Siddons.\*

When speaking a couple of years later in favour of obtaining from the Government a large increase of endowment in connexion with his great object of church extension, Dr. Chalmers, though offending the Dissenters, who naturally looked with some suspicion at a proposal which strengthened their rivals of the Establishment, no less naturally carried with him the enthusiastic unanimity of the Assembly of his own Church. According to the delightful author already quoted, the intensity of this unanimity in the Assembly led to a curious result.

'As soon as Dr. Chalmers had closed, somebody moved a vote of thanks to him; but another member, thinking this not enough, moved that they should first return thanks to God. Some little discussion arose, which the Moderator ended by reading in a technical style from his paper that the question before the House was whether they should return thanks to Dr. Chalmers or by prayer to God. On this there was a general and confused cry of "Dr. Chalmers! Dr. Chalmers!" and "Prayer! prayer!" when the Moderator declared that Dr. Chalmers had it, and proceeded to eulogise him accordingly, and the prayer did not take place till a considerable time afterwards.'

In theory and in practice Dr. Chalmers was throughout his life an earnest opponent of the principle of Voluntarism, a strenuous assertor of the principle of a State Church and of State endowments. Experience had shown him what great results it was in the power of voluntary effort to effect, his own beloved scheme of church extension depending upon it; yet he declared in the Assembly 'his 'unshaken conviction, as to the voluntary system, that it 'should only be resorted to *as a supplement*, and never but 'in times when the powers of infidelity and intolerance are 'linked together in hostile combination against the sacred 'prerogatives of the Church should it once be thought of as 'a substitute for a national establishment of Christianity.' The leader of the Disruption never for an instant modified these views, even at the very moment that he was founding the Free Church.

'The voluntaries mistake us' (he declared on May 14, 1843) 'if

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\* Lord Cockburn's Journal.

they conceive us to be voluntaries. We hold by the duty of Government to give of their resources and their means for the maintenance of a Gospel ministry in the land. . . . Though we quit the Establishment, we go out on the Establishment principle—we quit a vitiated establishment, but would rejoice in returning to a pure one. To express it otherwise, we are the advocates for a national recognition and national support of religion, and we are not voluntaries.'

A few years earlier he had startled a Congregationalist audience at Bristol by the warmth of his admiration for the Established Church of England and by expressing his conviction of the necessity 'in the interests of Christianity for 'its maintenance as an Establishment.'

We are not concerned here to discuss the merits of those great controversies which for so many years raged round 'the Veto Act,' round 'Patronage' and 'Intrusion' and the 'Spiritual Independence' of the Church, further than is required for the elucidation of the present position in Scotland of the rival Churches. The limits of Mrs. Oliphant's book forbade anything like a full treatment of the questions in dispute. Her admiration for Dr. Chalmers has, perhaps, led her to do a little less than justice to his opponents. When it is said that 'all Scotch tradition and distinctive 'principle went with the Evangelical party' a mistake is made as to the real dividing line which separated public opinion. The struggle was between the ecclesiastical and the civil courts of Scotland. The Court of Session was as much a Scottish institution as the Established Church. Each represented a cause which men espoused according to their several opinions and temperaments. What may be called the 'lay 'mind' tended in one direction and the 'ecclesiastical 'mind' in the other, as in controversies of this kind they always will. Which of the two parties was in the right, and to what extent? The experience of half a century should surely enable us to decide.

Dr. Chalmers did not survive many years the Disruption of the Church, for he died in 1847, before it was possible to foresee the results which would ultimately follow that event. The Established Church had received a shock from which it was still reeling; the Free Church was still in its infancy. Was the first, as the years passed by, to discover that all the energy of Presbyterianism had gone over to its new rival, and that it had lost its hold upon the affection of the Scottish people? Was the last to make its principles triumphant, to take the place of a defeated Establishment and to impose upon a vanquished State the duty of recognising and

supporting a Church by whose will alone its own 'spiritual independence,' its own authority, the limits of its own power and jurisdiction, were to be defined?

There are many reasons why during the present year the thoughts of Scotchmen should turn to the consideration of affairs ecclesiastical in Scotland. The Jubilee of the Free Church has been celebrated by its members with natural and justifiable enthusiasm; and the strength and vitality of Scottish Presbyterianism which the prosperity of the Free Church has proved, have called forth the sympathetic and admiring congratulations of Presbyterians from all parts of the world. The year 1893 is also a year of importance, perhaps a year of warning, to the Established Church of Scotland. The Government of the Queen has taken a serious step towards severing the connexion that has always existed between Church and State, a connexion which was made a fundamental basis of the treaty of union between England and Scotland. In the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the present session of Parliament it was announced that a Bill would be proposed which, whatever else it might do, was to withdraw from every parish in Scotland that provision for the support of the Presbyterian Church of the nation which by law every parish has hitherto always enjoyed. That Bill, it is true, has not yet seen the light; but the Government have made no secret that they have promised it as the first step towards the complete disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of Scotland, and they have since given their full support in Parliament to a Bill of a private member intended to give effect to that policy. The United Presbyterian Church again, whose members are the consistent advocates of pure voluntarism in all religious affairs, and of the complete separation of Church and State, are watching with deep interest the future of the Established Church, and are cultivating the most cordial relations with the Free Church in the hope that the combination of the two great Churches of Dissent will so dwarf the Presbyterianism recognised by the State that it will be impossible for the Establishment any longer to profess that it is entitled to represent the Presbyterianism of the nation. These efforts at union between the United Presbyterian and Free Churches may produce serious consequences to Free Churchmen quite independently of any effect of the proposed junction upon the Establishment. It is well known that when a few years ago a project of this kind was in contemplation, it was the opinion of the most eminent legal authorities



in Scotland that any step on the part of the Free Church in opposition to its accepted standards might raise questions as to the 'temporalities'—i.e. as to its property, which the courts of law only could decide. There are numbers of Free Churchmen ready to denounce any acceptance of voluntarism as a defection from the Free Church principles of 1843, as, in fact, it is. It would indeed be a strange freak of fortune were the Free Church itself to suffer disruption, and were these terrible courts of law, the representatives of the denounced Erastianism, once more to insist—and this time in the interests of Free Churchmen—upon the protection of men's civil rights, even against the fulminations of the majority of the Free Church General Assembly! There are other causes at work which may render the internal condition of the Free Church for a time far from an easy one. Free Churchmen of the most orthodox type are anxiously asking the opinion of counsel learned in the law as to the validity and legal effect in the 'Courts of Cæsar' of an act of their own General Assembly! We cannot touch here upon some of the interesting points suggested by the passing of the Declaratory Act and the resistance to it in the Highlands, but we have already said enough to show that for each of the three great bodies of Presbyterianism, for the Establishment, for the Free Church, and for the United Presbyterian Church, the existing position of affairs is full of momentous interest.

Whatever theory the Free Church may have originally held or may hold now as to Voluntarism, the prosperity, the power, and the success attending that Church for half a century give the most weighty testimony to the strength, many men will say to the sufficiency, of the Voluntary principle in Scotland. The seceders of 1843 represented in large proportion the zeal and enthusiasm of Presbyterianism. They left behind them not only the whole wealth of the Church, not only the stipends, and the manses, and the glebes and the churches, but the larger proportion also of the men of large means and wide influence. The secession was a splendid testimony to the triumph of a self-sacrificing enthusiasm over the selfish and worldly motives which so largely influence men. The seceders had nothing but their zeal. This year, or rather in the year ending March 31 last, the total income of the Free Church—the total sum raised for all purposes—amounts to 646,000*l*. In fifty years it has raised a sum of 23,340,000*l*. When the last financial report was presented to the Free Church General Assembly the

boast was made that the average annual income of their ministers—viz. 260*l.*—was considerably larger than the average income of incumbents of the wealthy Church of England. The whole country has been covered with churches; and from the fact that the edifices of the Free Church are modern buildings they are to be found very frequently in possession of sites in the parish far better suited for the requirements of the modern local population than those on which, from time out of mind, the parish churches have existed. In certain districts of the North of Scotland the Free Church is undoubtedly, in parish after parish, the true church of the people. This is what Voluntaryism has, in fact, done for the Free Church. But that Church has not been alone in looking to voluntary effort. It has been said with truth of the Church of England, that the *growth* of that Church has in recent years been due to the same cause. Acts of Parliament to provide out of taxes for new churches, once common, have long been out of date. Yet new churches spring up with greater rapidity than in former times. So it is in Scotland, and whilst less is done than formerly by the State for the Church, the Church now does infinitely more for itself. Instead, then, of having been fatally crippled by the Disruption, the National Church has during every year that has since passed been acquiring fresh vigour. In the General Assembly of the Established, quite as much as in that of the Free Church, is heard a general chorus of satisfaction at the increasing number, means, and influence of its own body.

We do not intend to concern ourselves here with the rival statistics of the two Churches. It is, of course, incontestable that the Established Church includes within its fold a larger number of Presbyterians than the Free Church can count. We ask our readers to consider the whole subject rather from the point of view of the citizen than from that of a member of one or other of the rival Churches, and we would point out as worthy of notice the fact that whilst the Established and Endowed Church has been ever more and more turning to voluntary effort as a useful or, indeed, necessary 'supplement' to State aid, the Free Church has itself in the meantime become a Church possessed of the most valuable endowments. This is by no means the only matter in which very great similarity exists between the circumstances of the two Churches. As regards creed, doctrine, internal church government, and ritual, the three great Presbyterian Churches are in agreement. No

man as a matter of course can say from his own personal observation in which of the three Churches he is worshipping. Some years ago the late Dean of Westminster, in delivering an address to an Edinburgh audience, spoke with a feeling almost of envy of the wonderful uniformity maintained amongst the Presbyterians of Scotland. Though in the Church of England doctrine, liturgy, and ritual are regulated by the Act of Uniformity, what wide differences, said the Dean, do we not find exist in the services of the Church, what a step 'from the majestic splendour of St. Paul's Cathedral to the elaborate ceremony of St. Alban's, Holborn, and the simplicity of the ordinary parish church!' In Scotland, on the other hand, Dean Stanley found that, with very rare exceptions, all the Presbyterian 'Communion' acknowledged 'not only the same Westminster Confession, the same Directory, the same Longer and Shorter Catechisms, but also the same form of Presbytery, Kirk Session, and General Assembly, the same dress, the same order of Divine worship, the same gestures in prayer and praise, the same form in the sacramental ordinances, the same observances at the burial of the dead. It was a uniformity which Rome might have enjoined and which Lambeth might envy.'\*

In the year 1843 the fight raged over the proper method of selection of the parish minister. The leaders of the party which seceded held firmly and rightly by the principle of non-intrusion. And nowadays probably hardly anyone in Scotland doubts that the proper persons to select a minister are those amongst whom he is to live, and whom he comes to serve. It is, however, twenty years since all difference on this question between the Established and the Free Churches has been removed. Parliament and the Established Church have by their subsequent conduct given on this question a veritable triumph of principle to the non-intrusionists. There are Free Churchmen who apparently would prefer that the National Church should still be without a privilege which they themselves so highly value; but it would surely be doing their Church injustice to suppose that this sentiment is shared by very many amongst them. We must not judge the sober majority of any Church from the sentiments expressed in the heat of battle by their more combative spokesmen. Parliament acted wisely in 1874,

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\* Lecture by the late Dean Stanley, delivered before the Philosophical Institution, January 9, 1872.

though it would have done better to proceed on still wider lines. It removed from the Established Church a difficulty which for generations had been fruitful of secession. It annihilated the system of patronage, which certainly fitted in but badly with the democratic principles of Presbyterian government. There is no longer meaning in Burns's lines—

‘Come join your counsels and your skills  
To cove the lairds,  
And get the brutes the power themseals  
To choose their herds.’ \*

The flocks now choose their pastors in all the Churches, and what seemed to be the great difference between them has been swept away. And yet we have not peace!

Now, it may be worth while to inquire precisely into the question of what really constitutes the ‘Establishment’ of the Church of Scotland—into what is, in fact, the connexion there between the State and the Church. It is the more desirable to do this from the fact that this connexion is very dissimilar to the connexion that exists between State and Church in England. Yet the policy of Disestablishment is apt to be treated by uninformed persons as if it involved precisely the same considerations in Scotland and England. In England the Established Church is intimately bound up with the State. It is, in fact, directly controlled and legislated for by Parliament. The bishops, constituting one of the estates of the realm, sit in the House of Lords. The Queen is the head of the Church, and, through her courts of law, is over all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil, supreme. The archbishops, bishops, and other high dignitaries of the Church are appointed by the Queen—that is, by the Prime Minister, who is responsible for all his actions to Parliament. The appointment of clergymen to livings is, for the most part, outside the control of the Church. Crown patronage, official patronage, and private lay patronage are the instrumentalities through which by far the greatest number of clergymen have to seek preferment. The Convocations of the two provinces, constituted, of course, only of the clergy, are so entirely under the royal influence that from 1717 down to the present reign their meetings were rendered purely formal, by the Crown proroguing them every year as soon as they had assembled. Thus for more than a century even the barren right of discussion was withdrawn from Convocation by the will of the Crown. It is

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\* Anglicè shepherds.

true that under the present practice discussion is allowed, but it would be a mistake to suppose that for that reason Convocation can exercise any independent legislative authority over the State Church. It is not too much to say that it is the royal supremacy which in England has given due weight to the lay element of the nation in the control of the National Church. Without the theory of the royal supremacy, and all that flows from it, and with an unchecked Episcopalian system in force, the Church of England would have been governed absolutely by the clergy, and the mass of the nation would hardly have obtained a hearing. Lastly, the Prayer Book, with its creeds, its services, and its rubrics, is part of the statute law of the realm.

In Scotland the whole theory and system of 'State connexion' is different. The National Church has always repudiated 'the headship' of the Sovereign. The General Assembly is the supreme tribunal and Parliament of the Church. It exercises judicial and legislative authority, and within what is admittedly its own province no temporal courts of law, nor Parliament itself, would think of interfering. The principle of equality amongst ministers leaves no room for the exercise of outside influence through the appointment of church dignitaries, and ministers are chosen to the respective parishes by the free voice of the congregations. Surely this is a system in which, from the point of view of the Church, 'the trammels' of State connexion are a little difficult to perceive. After the Revolution the Westminster Confession of Faith, the accepted creed of all sections of Scottish Presbyterianism, was ratified and confirmed by Parliament, and Presbyterian Church government and discipline were established - 'that is to say, the government of the Church by Kirk Sessions, Presbyteries, Provincial Synods, and General Assemblies.'<sup>1</sup> Fifteen years later, by the Act of Security, the Scottish Parliament endeavoured to secure 'unalterably the true Protestant religion as then 'professed within the kingdom,' and enacted that the said religion and the 'worship, discipline, and government of this Church should continue without any alteration to the 'people of this land in all succeeding generations.' All future Sovereigns were on their accession to swear to maintain the said settlement, and the Act of Security was to be 'a fundamental and essential condition of any treaty or 'union to be concluded between the two kingdoms, without

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\* See Act, 1690, c. 5.

‘any alteration thereof, or derogation thereto, in any sort, for ever.’ In 1707 these provisions were incorporated in the English and Scotch Acts ratifying the Union, each of them declaring that the Act of Security and the articles of the Union ‘should be, and continue in *all time coming*, the sure and perpetual foundation of a complete and entire union of the two kingdoms;’ and the very first occasion on which her Majesty signed her name as Queen was in signing the declaration rendered necessary by these statutes.

It need hardly be said that Queen Anne’s English and Scotch Parliaments were attempting the impossible in their wish to bind the Parliaments of the future; and as a matter of fact these statutes, which were not in any way to be altered in all time coming, have been at various times subjected to amendment and modification. They are constitutionally Acts of Parliament, and nothing more, and are therefore entirely subject to be dealt with as Parliament for the time being may choose. It would be to make a positive fetich of any Act of Parliament to suppose that it was an immutable law, which could not, even for the benefit of all concerned, be modified or repealed. Nevertheless, their importance and the solemn circumstances under which these statutes were enacted do impose upon Parliament a species of moral obligation to see that all parties are heard and considered, before any very extensive changes in them are made. Fundamentally to alter the legal position of the Church of Scotland, without the approval of the Scottish people, is undoubtedly within the competence of Parliament, as it is within the competence of Parliament fundamentally to alter the position of the Church of England against the wishes of the majority of English members of Parliament. Yet such a policy would be so unwise, and so much opposed to the general sentiment, that it would be practically impossible, though theoretically possible, for Parliament to give effect to it.

It is evident that the precautions which the Parliament of Scotland adopted were taken with a view to maintain the *Presbyterianism* of the Scottish Church against the dangers which it was natural to apprehend might follow from the Union of the Parliament of Scotland with the much more numerous Episcopalian Parliament of England. In any possible attacks, however, which the Established Church of Scotland now has to dread, it is certain that neither the Presbyterian worship nor the Presbyterian government and discipline as defined in the statutes quoted—the govern-

ment of Kirk Sessions, Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assemblies—have anything whatever to fear.

The truth is, that the recognition by the State of the State Church in Scotland, when carefully examined, comes to very little. The State leaves the State Church alone, as a self-governing organisation. The Queen sends annually her representative, the Lord High Commissioner, to attend the General Assembly, as a kind of ambassador from the State to the Church. He assures the Church of the good wishes of the Sovereign, he entertains at Holyrood House, and his processions, his banquets, and his receptions lend for a time a good deal of colour and picturesqueness to the old Scottish capital. Power in Church matters he has none. Even in the convening of the General Assembly for the ensuing year, State and Church separately announce the date of the meeting. The Church would be unwilling to admit that its Assembly could only meet lawfully if summoned by the Crown; the State might be jealous of allowing that it could meet lawfully without that summons. Hence it is the happy practice for the Lord High Commissioner and the Moderator to agree upon the date for the next meeting, and the General Assembly is then solemnly invited to meet on the day specified by the Lord High Commissioner 'in the name of the Queen,' and by the Moderator 'in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

Let us turn from the consideration of the establishment to that of the endowment of the National Church in Scotland. How far in respect of its wealth and sources of income is it a State institution? How far are its means drawn from the same sources as those out of which the wealth of the great dissenting churches has been provided? The value of the appropriated teinds, that is to say of the amount of the tithes actually paid by law to parish ministers in Scotland, varies with the price of corn. At the present time the whole sum certainly cannot exceed 250,000*l.* per annum, and is probably less than that amount, whilst the value of the parish manse and the glebes may roughly be put at 50,000*l.* annually. Under various Acts of Parliament there is paid annually out of the Exchequer for the augmentation of small stipends a sum of 16,000*l.*; there are also annual grants of 2,000*l.* to the Royal Commissioner, of 2,000*l.* to the General Assembly to provide 'itinerating preachers,' and of 1,000*l.* to pay certain expenses connected with the yearly meeting of the General Assembly. Leaving out of account the sums received in some town parishes from burgh funds, which in

many cases cannot be treated as other than private income, a sum of 320,000*l.* per annum may be taken roughly to represent what may be called the public revenues of the Church of Scotland. The law, moreover, imposes on the owners of land in the parish, under the name of ecclesiastical assessments, the burden of erecting and maintaining in repair the parish church and the manse.\* With these exceptions the wealth of the Church in its nature and origin cannot be distinguished from that of the Free or of the United Presbyterian Church. Out of money voluntarily given nearly four hundred new parishes have been created and endowed, and new churches have been built. Mr. Baird and other wealthy members of the Church have out of their private munificence bestowed upon it very large benefactions. In short, as time goes on, the tendency is evidently for voluntary effort to become the mainstay of the Church, rather than that mere supplement to the provision made by law, which was all that Dr. Chalmers contemplated.

It would be difficult to praise too highly the liberal spirit which this year characterised, on the one hand, the opening address of Dr. Walter Smith, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church, and on the other hand the concluding address of Dr. Marshall Lang, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Established Church. Each as the spokesman of his Church mainly occupied himself with those objects which are sought alike by every Church; whilst on the great question of Disestablishment on which they differ, their tones were so gentle and so reasonable, that it is difficult to believe that internecine war between the two Churches is really necessary. According to Dr. Smith, 'State and Church have now discovered that *modus vivendi* which they once declared to be utterly impossible. What was then denounced as a betrayal of the essential rights of civil government, and a return to the pretensions of mediæval Rome, has been in a great measure freely granted to those who at one time professed not to desire it.' This might seem to some a ground for expecting reunion between the Churches, since the difference between them had been removed. But no!

The freedom has not been recognised as the inalienable right of

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\* It ought, however, to be stated that in practice it has become usual where a new parish church is required largely to supplement the sum raised by assessment on the landowners by voluntary assistance. Thus even in the old parishes it would be a mistake to suppose that the churches have been entirely provided out of public funds.



the Church of Christ; it has only been granted as a boon which meanwhile it was safe for the State to bestow, and which also it might be right at another time to recall. . . . We cannot accept as a boon what we hold to be our birthright and heritage. We long for the reunion of our sadly fractured Presbyterianism, but can take no step backward to bring it about.\*

Dr. Marshall Lang in surveying Scottish Christendom perceives a

'medley of sects each trying to hold its own against the others; an enormous strength enormously wasted. Not only so; but where there are many sects the principle of individualism is so magnified, there are so many lowering elements in the purview, that the sense of the unity of the visible church, of its corporate life, of its vocation as "a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people," is depressed.'†

Yet with all this no step forward is suggested which would tend to lessen division and reunite Churches between which the differences are so very small. In truth the public hears less now than it did a year or two ago of the reconstruction of the Church of Scotland. According to the more militant section of Dissenters, Disestablishment is a necessary condition precedent to Presbyterian Union. According to the more combatant portion of the party of Church Defence, Reconstruction of the Church means little more than the acquisition of strength to the Church by the weakening of its rivals. Between opponents such as these there is nothing for it but to fight it out. And that is the view held by those two champions of their respective churches, Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Dr. Rainy. Each seems to believe that he has on his side the voice of the Scottish people. With the former, to establish religious equality is in some sort to create a breach between the nation and Christianity. In the opinion of the latter the nation has already declared for Disestablishment. Dr. Rainy declines therefore to waste time in further discussion of the principle involved, and explains to his Assembly various methods by which that principle can be worked out. How is all this to end?

In the first place, it is as well to remember that the leaders in the respective Churches enormously exaggerate their hold over public opinion. Any one listening to Lord Balfour, or to Dr. Rainy, addressing, amidst the enthusiastic

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\* Address of the Moderator of the Free Church, May 18, 1893.

† Closing address of Dr. Marshall Lang in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, May 29, 1893.

applause of his audience, his respective Assembly, might suppose that the orator held in his hand the opinions of the Scottish people. Lord Balfour speaks as if the Church almost had it in its power to drive out of Parliament every Scottish representative who favours religious equality; whilst Dr. Rainy counts as being in favour of Disestablishment every constituency which has returned a Gladstonian representative—including, of course, Midlothian! The fact is that the mass of lay opinion on church matters in Scotland is by no means accurately represented by the various General Assemblies. If the Assemblies had their way, no doubt the next general election would be decided, as they tell us it is to be, with reference primarily to the question of Disestablishment. But in this matter they are not likely to get their way. The Scotch people as a whole, outside the General Assemblies, are in no great hurry to decide finally for or against sweeping changes in their ecclesiastical arrangements, and until Mr. Gladstone's scheme for the reconstruction of the Constitution is out of the way, neither the Disestablishment nor the Reconstruction of the Church will hold the first place in determining the votes of the Scottish people. Perhaps it is as well that, before having to decide finally between Establishment and Disestablishment, time should be given to the public to consider the principles which are to guide the ultimate settlement of the question.

Parliament, in any arrangements that may be made, will, it is to be hoped, look less to the interests of rival Churches than to the general benefit of the people. It is practically impossible for a General Assembly to consider the question except from the standpoint of a Church striving with rival Churches. Each Church is a great organisation, assuredly not free from the sentiments of ordinary humanity. It is not the interest of the people, it is not the cause of religion, it is the rivalry of the Churches that stands in the way of Presbyterian reunion. It seems quite natural for an Established Church orator to say to Free Churchmen, 'There is now no difference between us; why do you not come back to us?' This, however, is to invite the Free Church to extinguish itself as a Church, as a great powerful organisation, and to lose its identity by merging itself in another Church, over which, moreover, it considers, and with some justification, that it has won a great triumph of principle. To expect the Free Church to disband in order to join the Establishment on the ground that there is little difference

between the Churches, is to ignore not merely the nature of Churches, but of men. Parliament will certainly not legislate with the object of raising one Church or of depressing another. It will probably look less into the causes to which the different Churches owe their rise, than to the state of things which it finds actually in existence. It will consider the welfare of the parishes rather than the interests of the Churches. It has been already shown that it was the intention of the State by the Revolution Settlement to recognise Presbyterianism as the religion of Scotland, and to include in this recognition those who accept the Confession of Faith and the Presbyterian system of church government. This Presbyterianism is not the monopoly of the Established Church. We are not asking why this is so; we are simply stating the fact. When, therefore, the time comes for the revision of ecclesiastical arrangements in Scotland, Parliament, representing the lay as well as the ecclesiastical spirit of Scotchmen, ought to inquire whether it is not possible, if the State connexion is to be continued at all, to give a fuller recognition than at present to the Presbyterianism of the people. Presbyterianism, not merely the Presbyterianism of the Established Church, is the national religion of the people. An Established Church cannot remain established unless it is accepted as such by the great mass of the people. Except in such a case its position becomes an invidious one; and it acquires the appearance of a privileged and favoured sect, rather than of a national Church. Is there any good reason why, for instance, where the Presbyterianism of the Free Church is predominant, as it is in so many parishes of the Highlands, the parishioners, on a vacancy occurring in the parish church, should not be permitted by the law to elect a Free Church minister to be the minister of the parish?

As things stand, in such a parish, the small minority of the parishioners who are members of the Established Church would enjoy the exclusive patronage. It is true that a Free Church minister who disowned his own Church and Church Courts, and submitted himself to those of the Established Church, would be competent to become the minister of the vacant parish. But why should this renunciation be required? Why in the interests of the parish should not Free Church parishioners have a Free Church minister of the parish? and why should the interest of the State require that he should sever his connexion with the Free Church organisation? Ultimately, when the whole question

of the relation between State and Church in Scotland comes up for practical consideration, there can be little doubt that the alternatives before the country will be either, on the one hand, a wider, fuller recognition by the Law of the national religion of the people, or, on the other hand, the frank acceptance of voluntarism and religious equality, involving, of course, the denial by the State of recognition, assistance, and endowments to every religion alike.

Scotchmen are agreed that the ultimate settlement of these questions must be based upon considerations of what is best for Scotland. The most ardent defenders of Establishment in Scotland admit that it cannot be permanently maintained, should Scottish sentiment be against it, by a majority of English members of Parliament, who care for it only as a buttress for the defence of their own Establishment. It must be judged upon its own merits by Scotchmen without reference to other considerations. Lord Hartington conditionally undertook, on behalf of the Liberal party, as long ago as 1877, so to treat it. Under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone Disestablishment has been made a plank in the programme of his party; but that policy, instead of being treated by him on the merits, has been used as a mere counter in the game of Home Rule. Indeed, though a Scottish member, he has never yet attempted to advocate Scottish Disestablishment on its merits at all, but has confined himself to expounding his favourite doctrine of 'ripeness,' and has involved himself in the most extraordinary maze of contradictions and broken pledges which ever confounded a statesman.

The steady current of the age tends undoubtedly towards the lowering of those barriers of sentiment and prejudice which keep churches and sects apart. In some parts of Scotland it is now not uncommon for Established, Free, and United Presbyterian congregations to attend services from time to time in each other's churches. In some not thickly populated districts there is often more church accommodation than is needed; hence occasional combination for service in one of the churches, to the relief of ministers and the convenience of congregations. Even where too keen a rivalry keeps ministers at arm's length there is by no means necessarily the same feeling between the members of their flocks. It might, perhaps, surprise some, who look for Scottish opinion exclusively to the General Assemblies, to hear the frank manner in which the conclusions and debates of 'the fathers and brethren' are criticised even in the most unimpeachably orthodox quarters. In what direction, as to the

question of Establishment or Voluntaryism, Scottish opinion is tending, it is extremely difficult to say. It is only clear that as yet no decision has been given either way. All the attempts to get a decision solely upon that point, whether by way of a general plebiscite or by inviting members of Parliament to submit themselves to election on the Church question solely, are made by the friends of the Establishment and are not favoured by their opponents. A private member has in the present session gone so far as to introduce a Bill which has for its object the taking a vote of the electorate in every Scottish constituency, Aye! or No! in answer to the question, 'Ought the Church of Scotland to be disestablished and disendowed?' As this proposal is supported exclusively by the friends of the Establishment, it is clear that both parties anticipate a majority to declare in favour of the Church. In all probability those anticipations are well founded. It would, however, be of more real use to take such a vote parish by parish rather than constituency by constituency. The true importance of Disestablishment and Disendowment lies in the effect that will thereby be produced upon parish interests, especially upon the welfare of rural parishes. We have already taken an instance of a Free Church parish in the Highlands; let us now take a rural parish in the Lowlands, where perhaps almost everyone attends the parish church and where very often there is no other church to go to. Why in such a parish should there be any change? The parochial endowments in such a case are used by the people for the promotion of their highest interests. Is it possible to suggest a more useful or more general object to which the parochial endowments should be devoted? When disendowment of the Church is discussed it should be remembered that its effect would be utterly different in different parishes. In many town parishes, for instance, it would produce very little effect, whilst in many rural parishes it would either put an end altogether to public worship or reduce a congregation to the necessity of depending on external charity. The true beneficiaries of the parochial endowments are the parishioners of each parish. By the law they are the property not of the Church as a whole, or as a corporation, but of the parish. The General Assembly has some legislative authority, but it is entirely without power to vary the destination or to abridge the amount of the provision made by law for the religious services and spiritual care of the parish. It is certainly singular how little discussion there has been in this

controversy between the Churches as to the best way of serving the local interests of parishes. Yet this is where the question really touches the welfare of the nation. Whether in one district one Presbyterian Church or another Presbyterian Church predominates is a matter of little importance except in the estimation of the rival organisations themselves.

Again, it may be asked why, since the State in accordance with the Revolution Settlement recognises Presbyterianism, should not the Presbyterians of the parish decide which form of Presbyterianism should prevail in their own parish church?

The great difficulty in the way of a rational settlement of Scottish Church troubles, such a settlement as would really promote the welfare of the nation at large, lies in the extravagant pretensions of the Churches themselves. It is common to hear at Church Defence meetings that the claim of the National Church to the exclusive use of the teinds is a claim to private property, which Parliament cannot, without being guilty of robbery and sacrilege, touch. These parochial provisions had, of course, their origin in Roman Catholic days; and those who at present have the use of them owe their enjoyment not to the fact that they profess particular religious creeds and hold particular theories of Church government, but to the fact that those creeds and theories are accepted by the nation. In short, it is because the Church is national that it enjoys the benefit of endowments, determined and regulated by law, which were formerly enjoyed by the Roman Catholics, the pre-Reformation Church of the nation. The action taken in the past at various times by the Liberal party, and the principles expressed for generations by leading Whig statesmen, are probably now approved by the great majority of the people. Parliament will certainly not, in these days, waive its right—a right exercised in the past—to consider the best means by which a State Church can serve the interests of the people. The claims of Dr. Chalmers before the Disruption, when he was striving to obtain for the National Church additional endowments out of the general purse of the nation, were extravagant to the point almost of absurdity. The nation was to give great sums to the Church, but it was the rankest Erastianism to issue a commission to inquire how the Church did its work and whether the property which it already enjoyed was employed to the best advantage! And, after all, there was little reason to dread inquiry, for the Royal Commission appointed in 1834, after collecting a mass

of information, reported that no institution that ever existed had at so little cost accomplished so much good as the Church of Scotland.

As for the Free Church claim to an independence which involved the supremacy of its own courts over the ordinary law courts of the land, it is impossible to suppose that Sir James Graham or any other statesman could ever have yielded to it. Their claim was a claim to define the limits of their own jurisdiction, and consequently to put limits to the jurisdiction of the courts of law and of Parliament itself. This is to claim not independence, but supremacy. Even in their own Free Church, Free Churchmen have not been able to arrive at the spiritual independence which they asserted as the right of the Establishment. On the great question of non-intrusion the verdict of history is that the Free Church was right; but on its grand principle of spiritual independence it was wrong.

Once more, then, what is the prospect before us? In the present state of the public mind the carrying of a Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill would be an aggravation of existing troubles, a perpetuation of sectarian war. Yet any settlement of Church differences, any possible reconstruction, must be based on some system of give and take. Let the Church give up altogether any claims, such as exemption of its ministers from certain local taxation, or the raising, by assessment, funds for the repair of its churches and manse—claims which cause irritation far beyond any advantages which they may bring. Let the unexhausted tithes be commuted into a fixed payment for such parish purposes as may be considered to stand most in need of assistance. On the other hand, let the Free Church remember that it cannot, without abandoning the fundamental principles upon which it justified the Disruption, accept the theory of Voluntaryism. Let it take notice, also, that even now it appears to be possible for temporal courts of law to be called upon to decide who is the Free Church minister of a particular congregation, and who is entitled to the temporalities; and whether, if this be so, the extreme doctrine of spiritual independence professed by Chalmers is more worthy of their regard than his other position, as regards Establishment, which so many of them have abandoned. Let, above all, the public remember that *they* may suffer by the deadly feuds of rival Churches, by the loss in hundreds of rural parishes of those provisions which have existed from time out of mind to maintain

the religious observances and to minister to the spiritual wants of the people. It was the parochial or the territorial system, still further developed, to which Chalmers always looked for the accomplishment of his great work of raising the people. It will be a strange result if the severest blow ever dealt to that system should come from the hands of those who boast that they are his successors.

Of course, if the principle of Voluntaryism is nowadays generally accepted in Scotland, Disestablishment must and ought to come. There is much to be said for that principle ; and so great are the revenues now coming to the support of Presbyterianism from voluntary sources both inside and outside the Established Church, that the whole amount of the teinds and State emoluments together is small in comparison. As far as can be ascertained, however, except amongst the United Presbyterians, the Voluntary principle, as the sole basis for the Presbyterianism of Scotland, is not generally approved. The fathers of Scottish Presbyterianism, the Established Church, and the fundamental principles of the Free Church, alike contemplate a national religion, recognised, supported, and endowed by the State. If, then, this is still the view of the great majority of Scotchmen, nothing remains but to work out the principle in the manner best calculated to promote the interests of the whole people.

Owing to the republican and democratic constitution of the Church of Scotland, its roots spread deep down and far and wide through every stratum of social life. If Parliament is to interfere at all, it must be with a view to settling ecclesiastical affairs on some equitable and permanent footing. Mr. Gladstone is ready to 'wind up' the Church of Scotland, but gives no inkling as to how the ecclesiastical affairs of that country are to be settled. This is not to send peace to Scotland, but a sword. To please rival churches by aiming a blow at the Established Church is hardly the way to lessen sectarian animosity, or to bring about Presbyterian reunion. At the present time there is no reason to believe that Scotchmen in general are at all desirous of making any great change in the existing relation between Church and State. Ultimately, however, it cannot be doubted that one of two conclusions will be reached. Either the National Church must include within its fold the general body of Scotch Presbyterians—that is to say, the National Church must become practically coextensive with the national religion—or the principle of Voluntaryism and complete religious equality by way of Disestablishment will prevail.



ART. XI.—1. *The Works and Life of Cardinal Newman.* London: 1890.

2. *The Works of the Right Rev. Joseph Barber Lightfoot, late Bishop of Durham.* London: 1892.

Two representative men of great celebrity—Cardinal Newman and Bishop Lightfoot—have recently passed away from among us. The first emotion which was excited by the news of their death having now subsided, the time seems ripe for a careful and dispassionate survey of what they each effected during their lives, and for drawing a comparison between their extremely different characters. For it cannot be denied that the powerful influence which these two highly cultivated men—the one from Oxford, the other from Cambridge—exercised upon their own age, has been effective in two diametrically opposite directions. With all the force that was in them, they impelled their countrymen—the one backward, the other forward—along the path which reaches from the Middle Ages to the modern period of scientific inquiry. The question is, therefore, from which of these two intellectual leaders Englishmen have received the most substantial benefits; in which direction their faces were most seasonably turned and their attention was most sensibly directed; and to which, accordingly, of these two guides gratitude and honour are really due? These questions can best be answered when the facts of the case have been candidly considered. Those facts, therefore, it will be the purport of this short paper to recall to clear remembrance, and to marshal in intelligible order.

John Henry Newman was born in 1801, and died in 1890. His lifetime, therefore, covers nearly the whole of that deeply interesting and important period of transition which we call ‘the nineteenth century.’ At his birth, and during the whole period of his youth, an old world existed, which at his death had been, in almost every feature, not merely changed but revolutionised. Let any reader turn to the memoirs of the time or to the pages of Miss Austen’s novels, and he will see at a glance what amount of likeness there is between the England of 1801 and the England of 1890. Such were the surroundings of English provincial society during Cardinal Newman’s youth. It was a prim, Protestant, aristocratic, and mainly rural England. Steam had not yet, with its shrill scream, awakened the dreaming squires and drowsing parsons and patronising ‘Lady Bounti-

'fuls.' Birmingham was still a village; London only a squalid third-rate capital, through which the Thames flowed between its repulsive mud banks, unspanned as yet by any bridges but three. The Established clergy were mainly high and dry; while the more earnest among them were blandly, but sometimes fanatically, Evangelical. The universities were frankly seminaries of the National Church. What England had become by 1890, it is not necessary to describe. Democracy has risen like a tide, and has swamped and drowned the old aristocratic system; steam and electricity have brought the most distant places into touch with each other; and in the world of mind, Science has enthroned Reason in almost undisputed supremacy, as the only trusty arbiter between truth and falsehood; while Religion still hesitates, fearing to go forward, unwilling to go back, but on the point of making up its mind firmly and for good.

With democracy and physical science, however, we have no intention of meddling in the present article. With religion and its champions we are alone concerned. And as in the year 1720 John Wesley dismounted from his horse at Oxford, an old-fashioned High Churchman, little dreaming that he was destined there to inaugurate the great Evangelical revival of religion for his country, so (exactly a century later) in 1820 John Henry Newman descended from his coach at Oxford, an old-fashioned Evangelical, little dreaming that he was destined there to begin the great ecclesiastical revival of religion in its turn. Four years earlier, he had been 'converted,' at the age of fifteen, by reading the works of Romaine and other Calvinistic writers; 'and I believed that the inward conversion of which I was 'conscious—and of which I still am more certain than that 'I have hands and feet—would last into the next life, and 'that I was elected to eternal life.'\*

These morbid introspective broodings are, at no period of life, very suggestive of a '*mens sana in corpore sano.*' But what are we to think of them in a boy of fifteen? This boy, however, was already what is best described as a 'prig.' His brother writes of him:—

'We had plenty of games at school, but as far back as my memory reaches in none of these was John Henry to be seen. . . . But he commenced a weekly paper, to circulate among his schoolfellows. It had an ugly name, "*The Spy*," and gradually it leaked out that he had initiated a number of the boys into a special order, with whom he was

every week to read "The Spy." But indignation at rumours of espionage soon culminated; the uninitiated forced the door open, seized the papers, and tore off the badges. Thus came the day of doom to "The Spy." . . . When the coronation of George IV. was coming into view, the tidings that the king wished to discard his wife distracted my father's drawing room by a scene, which was almost a quarrel, from the vehement part taken by J. H. N. against his father. Later I have thought that zeal for *authority*, as in itself sacred, was the main tendency perverting his common sense.\*

Such characteristics of his boyhood go far to explain the events which followed. At Oxford his uncongenial Calvinism soon began to break up and give way in all directions. At Oriel College—where he was elected Fellow in 1822—first Whately, then Hawkins, then Keble, then Hurrell Froude, penetrated his armour with their various influences. Any one might have seen his non-natural coat of Puritan mail dropping piecemeal and lamentably from him, while his true self gradually came into view. And that 'true self' was not (as might have been anticipated) a stern Roundhead self, derived from his father's ancestry of stout yeomen in the fens, whence Cromwell drew his Ironsides; nor yet a personality engendered by any of his theological teachers—Baxter, Thomas Scott, and many others—who had sat at the feet of Calvin; but rather a character derived, by devious and hidden channels of heredity—through his mother, a Frenchwoman—from foreign types of thought and being. Hence imagination predominated over reason: romanticism, fostered by the many influences which filled the air precisely at that period of romantic revival, tinged every thought and aspiration: and the dawning enchantment of a logically coherent dogmatic system, embodied in the Latin Church, soon began to lay its spell upon his fancy. Thus, with amazement or with amusement (as the case might be), his admirers presently saw the Anglican sheath of armour follow the Puritan coat; till, in 1845, the French imaginative logic-loving Roman Catholic stood revealed and complete before their eyes. Let us hear his own account of this apparent, but not real, mental and moral transformation. For it is quite clear, from his own admissions, that in character and predilection he was a predestined Romanist from the very beginning—Romanism being, in truth, nothing else than an extreme form of sceptical distrust of the reasoning faculties, and a longing for repose in some logically complete system

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\* 'Life,' by his brother, Francis Newman, pp. 2-11.

of thought, imposed by external authority. To most Englishmen of intellectual vigour this would appear a supine and unworthy attitude. But it did not seem so to Dr. Newman.

'I have changed in many things; in this I have not. From the age of fifteen *dogma* has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know no other religion. I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion. Religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery. What I held in 1816, I held in 1833, and I hold in 1864. Please God, I shall hold it to the end. . . . Again, I am as firm now in my belief of a visible church, of the authority of bishops, of the grace of the sacraments, of the religious worth of works of penance as I was in 1833. I have added articles to my faith, but the old ones remain. . . . Then from Murrell Froude I learned to admire the great mediæval pontiffs. Then, when I was abroad, the sight of so many venerable shrines and noble churches much impressed my imagination. . . . A pamphlet which I published in 1838 is an attempt at placing the doctrine of the Real Presence on an intellectual basis—on the denial of the existence of space, except as a subjective idea of our minds. The translation of Fleury's "*Church History*" had a good deal to do with unsettling me. I mention it as one out of many particulars, curiously illustrating how truly my change of opinion arose from the workings of my own mind and the accidents around me. . . . In 1839 I began to study the history of the Monophysites. I was absorbed in the doctrinal question. It was during this course of reading that, for the first time, a doubt came upon me of the tenableness of Anglicanism. . . . The Church, then as now, might be called peremptory and stern, resolute, overbearing, and relentless; and heretics were ever courting the civil power, and the civil power was ever aiming at comprehensions. What was the use of continuing the controversy, if after all I was turning devil's advocate against the much-enduring Athanasius and the majestic Leo? Be my soul with the saints; and shall I lift up my hand against them? Anathema to a whole tribe of Cranmers, &c. Perish the names of Ussher, Taylor &c. from the face of the earth ere I should do aught but fall at *their* feet in love and in worship, whose image was continually before my eyes, and whose musical words were ever in my ears and on my tongue!' ('*Apologia*,' pp. 53; 73, 114.)

Yes, the statement is quite correct. He was already, in 1839, passionately in love with these great dogmatists of early times—whom he imagined to be everything that his soul longed after, though they would certainly have scouted him from their tribunals for holding Transubstantiation, the Immaculate Conception, and Papal Infallibility. But then he was like Pygmalion; he fell in love with a statue, the work of his own perfervid imagination. It was early days, however, for such violent feelings to come into view. For the

Oxford movement only began in 1833. Still there the feeling was ; and truly miserable it made him.

'There was no protection against the dismay and disgust which I felt in consequence of this dreadful misgiving. . . . Down had come the "Via Media" under the blows of St. Leo ; my "Prophetical Office" had come to pieces ; I had no positive Anglican theory. . . . With an anxious presentiment on my mind as to the upshot of the whole inquiry, how could I say anything sustaining or consoling ? How could I deny or assert this point or that ? . . . The great stumbling-block lay in the Thirty-nine Articles. Did the doctrine of the Old Church live and speak in Anglican formularies ? Yes, it did ; that is what I maintained. . . . I would not hold office in a church which would not allow my sense of the Articles. . . . I had in mind to assert the right of all who chose to say in the face of day, "Our Church teaches the primitive ancient faith." In Tract XC. it is put forward as the first principle of all. . . . In 1840 I made arrangements for giving up the "British Critic." I was taking steps towards eventually withdrawing from St. Mary's. In 1841 I found myself at Littlemore without any harass or anxiety on my mind. But between July and November I received three blows which broke me : (1) In the Arian history I found the same phenomenon, in a far bolder shape, which I had found in the Monophysite. (2) The bishops one after another began to charge against me. (3) As if all this were not enough, there came the affair of the Jerusalem bishopric. . . . Here were the Anglican bishops fraternising with Protestant bodies, and allowing them to put themselves under an Anglican bishop without any renunciation of their errors. Such acts led me to the gravest suspicion that since the sixteenth century the Anglican Church had never been a church all along.' ('Apologia,' pp. 129, 136, 142.)

No doubt it was a false and harassing position ; and though the future Cardinal lay on (what he calls) 'his death-bed' for four long years, at last the end naturally came ; and—to cut a rather tedious chapter of ancient history short—in 1845 he died. He died to his own mother church, which had reared and with her own endowments educated him ; died to all sympathy with the vast mass of his own countrymen ; died to all part in their splendid onward progress in the paths of science, liberty, and unshackled effort in the service of religious truth. He died and was buried. For—ignorant how to use so dangerously keen an intellect, or else suspicious lest his uneasy revolt against a certain 'insolent faction' should be displeasing to the Jesuits, who are nowadays supreme at Rome—his new superiors virtually immured and entombed him (as they have immured the Pope himself) and kept him quiet at his books, his devotions, and his violin, for nearly half a century, till his actual death. He joined the Church of Rome on October 8,

1845 : he died—feeble and senile, but always interesting and amiable—on August 11, 1890.

Now what was the *πρώτον ψεύδος*, the vein of mental unsoundness lurking in so fine a brain, which produced such poor, and almost ludicrous, results? Those who have followed even the slight outline of his career traced upon these pages—much more, those who have read his ‘*Apologia*’ and other works for themselves—can answer this question with great security. The falsehood with which Dr. Newman started in life, which he never got rid of, and which vitiated his whole subsequent career, was *the idolatry of Dogma*. If, by God’s arrangement of the world, individuals are to be saved, and churches are to be judged, by their possession or non-possession of an absolutely coherent and logically consistent doctrine about unseen things—then no man, whose mind is haunted (as Dr. Newman’s was) by the thought of being lost eternally for want of the requisite password, can resist the desire to ‘go over’ to something. Rome, with its workshop for restless dogmatic fabrication and joinery, is the nearest at hand in these Western parts. In the Levant and Russia, a still older and equally perfect system is offered by the Greek Church. While further East still, Buddhism offers a yet older and equally well fabricated web of doctrine—with the yet further advantage of support from a considerable majority of the human race. It therefore confidently challenges Dr. Newman with his own favourite maxim, ‘*Securus judicat orbis terrarum* ;’ and turns his artillery against himself. But in case one might shrink from so alarming and unexpected a challenge, there is mercifully yet another refuge open. It is a vast and ancient and laboriously spun and minutely symmetrical dogmatic system, founded upon the Old Testament and commanding the unquestioning obedience of millions. It is Judaism. And if a well-compacted dogma be the salvation of men’s souls, the Pope and the Grand Lama and the Holy Synod might well ‘pale their ineffectual fires,’ and go to school to the Talmud and the Chief Rabbi.

But people who really read their New Testament and are not content to steep and saturate their minds from hour to hour, day to day, within the Roman breviary, have long ago come to the serene faith that the world is managed by God on principles quite different from these. They reflect that Jesus Himself condemned with authority the Pharisees, who taught that obedience to an elaborate system was a more saving thing than the ‘offering of a free heart.’ They

remember how an apostle taught that 'in every nation he 'that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted 'with Him.' They are, therefore, as Christians, totally unable to conceive that the ancient Egyptians were right whose orthodox and saving formulas against damnation are found in the chest of every mummy in our museums. Indeed, it may seem to some people quite incredible that, in England, and in the closing years of the nineteenth century, anyone—even a renegade—could be found to employ all his powers in trying to lead his countrymen and countrywomen back into all these melancholy shadows of the Middle Ages. Yet amid the copious floods of Dr. Newman's rhetorical prose, this fixed idea everywhere comes out, with a cynical air of imperturbable assurance, founded on a bottomless scepticism as to the possibility of any assurance whatever.

'Who,' he cries, 'knows anything about space or time? Who can tell us what motion means? What do I know about substance and about matter? Of all the points of faith, the being of a God is, to my apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty: if I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflexion of its Creator. Every article of the Christian creed is beset with intellectual difficulties; and it is a simple fact that, for myself, I cannot answer those difficulties.' ('Apologia,' pp. 238, 239, 241.)

In short, the boy was only father of the man when he wrote in 1820: 'My imagination used to run on unknown 'influences, on magical powers, and talismans: I thought 'life might be a dream, or I an angel—all this world a 'deception; my fellow angels, by a playful device, deceiving 'me with the semblance of a material world.' All this has the true ring of scepticism about it; but instead of replying to such thoughts, as a Protestant would do, by summoning up faith in God who made us and adapted us to the world we live in; instead of obeying St. Peter, who says 'give a 'reason for the hope that is in you,' what is the nostrum which this would-be guide of his fellow Englishmen recommends to them? It is to shut the eyes and plunge blindly where rhetoric and imagination point the way. When the light, with its incessant and innumerable revelations—which a calm faith in the Almighty enables every Protestant to face with gratitude and joy—has become to a sceptical mind intolerable, then hearken (he would say) first to rhetoric:—

'The [Roman Catholic] Church is the solace of the forlorn, the chastener of the prosperous, and the guide of the wayward. She keeps a mother's eye for the innocent, bears with a heavy hand upon

the wanton, and has a voice of majesty for the proud. She opens the mind of the ignorant, and she prostrates the intellect of even the most gifted. . . . In former times she has availed herself of the civil sword, because, in certain ages, it has been the acknowledged mode of acting, the most expeditious, and open at the time to no objection; and because when she has done so the people clamoured for and did it in advance of her. But her history shows that she needed it not. . . . See what she is doing in this country now! Lo! the fair form of the ancient Church rises up, as fresh and as vigorous as if she had never intermitted her growth. She is the same as she was three centuries ago. Time and place affect her not, because she comes from the throne of the Illimitable, Eternal God. . . . Oh, be not beguiled by words! Will any thinking man say that the Established Religion is superior to time and place? Strip it of the world, and you have performed a mortal operation upon it. Take its bishops out of the legislature, tear its formularies from the statute book, open its universities to Dissenters, allow its clergy to become laymen again, legalise its private prayer meetings—and what would be its definition? ('Discourses to Mixed Congregations,' p. 50.)

Its definition, in England at any rate, would be this: A Church, which is so conscious of her veracity and her faith towards God, that she fears not the world at all; a Church that has gone through all the operations here sagaciously pronounced 'mortal' without being one penny the worse; a Church whose chief pastor goes in and out of Lambeth Palace at all hours of the day and night without guards and without temporal power; a Church which, like most of the Protestant communions, can afford to ride freely to the anchor of the ancient creeds because she is afloat and not aground, and can afford to repent of her past sins and present errors since she makes no preposterous claim to be infallible. If this be the kind of definition of the Church of England which any of Dr. Newman's disciples desire to have, they are very welcome to it. At any rate, it is truth and not rhetoric; while it is difficult, without a smile, to read the audacious statements which Dr. Newman's copious streams of beautiful English carry with so deep a semblance of conviction into many a feminine and romantic heart.

'The fair form of Christianity rose up and grew and expanded, like a beautiful pageant, from north to south [in our land]. It was majestic, it was solemn, it was bright, it was beautiful and pleasant, it was soothing to the griefs, it was indulgent to the hopes, of man. A brotherhood of holy pastors, with mitre and crozier and uplifted hand, walked forth and blessed and ruled a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was



heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers, and the fragrant cloud arose, and mass was sung, and the saints were invoked; and day after day, and in the still night, and over the woody hills and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven, so regular and solemn was the stately march of blessed services on earth, high festival, and gorgeous procession, and soothing dirge, and passing bell, and the familiar evening call to prayer; till he who recollected the old pagan time would think it all unreal, and would conclude he did but see a vision.' (*'Occasional Sermons,'* p. 200.)

Certainly he would, had he ever seen anything of the kind. But serious history reveals a very different state of things in those rude times from the somewhat mawkish romance which here gushes forth in irrepressible profusion from Dr. Newman's prolific imagination. It tells of murder and treachery rampant; of apostate kings; of bishops engaged in unseemly strife; even York and Canterbury at daggers drawn; of vengeful queens having recourse to poison, and then expelled from conventual asylum for incontinence. It speaks of a married clergy monasticised in vain by Dunstan; of simony rampant; it sees in the penitential codes that have come down to us proofs of widespread and degrading sins, and finds itself in presence of a church where processional crucifixes and swinging censers are as yet quite unheard of; where 'transubstantiation' is absolutely unknown, the 'forged decretals' have not yet been written, and the good Pope Gregory himself, so far from claiming infallibility or supremacy, denounces as antichristian any claim to be (what precisely the modern popes claim to be) 'universal bishop.' Yet Dr. Newman, with his eloquent and facile pen, would fain persuade his countrymen that another convert, Welby Pugin, was quite mistaken when he wrote that he used to think the 'ages of faith' were peopled by 'all holy monks, all holy nuns, all holy everybody;' but that this romantic illusion had passed away. In short, Dr. Newman's whole life was devoted to (what he called) 'beating back the spirit of 'the age.' With all his might he employed himself, after abandoning the forward-moving Church of England, in vilifying her; in holding up her most sacred rites to ridicule; in maintaining that their final rejection of the long-tried papal system ('honeycombed with fraud'\*) has caused 'the Anglican bishops for three hundred years to live and die in 'heresy;' and in pressing the point that 'no Anglican bishop or priest can by Catholics be recognised as such.'† Hence,

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\* Père Gratry, 'Letters,' ii. 72.

† 'Essays,' ii. 96.

possessed by the notion of transubstantiation, he cries: 'It is well to have rich architecture and splendid vestments, 'when you have a present God; but oh! what a mockery 'if you have not! '\* And, quite mastered by the childish idea that 'hell' is the certain fate of all who presume to think for themselves, he says, 'The grace given to Protestants 'is intended to bring them into the Church; and if it is not 'tending to do so, it will not ultimately profit them.' †

What, then, is the system into which this man attempted, with all the sophistry of a subtle and sceptical mind, and with all the charm of a honeyed eloquence, to beat back his long emancipated countrymen? It is a system which, insisting that the soul is saved by Dogma, offers an infallible agency in manufacturing that indispensable cure, provided always you take it whole and never ask any more questions to the end of your life.

'Be convinced in your reason that the [Roman] Catholic Church is a teacher sent from God, and it is enough. . . . Else avoid inquiry, for it will lead you to the deep pit, where the sun and the moon and the stars and the beauteous heavens are not. . . . The Church does not allow her children to entertain any doubt of her teaching. A man must simply believe that the Church is the oracle of God.' ('Discourses to Mixed Congregations,' pp. 324, 335, 339.)

'In truth, the two *religions* [Roman and Anglican] are different. It is not that ours is your religion carried a little way further. No, they differ in kind, not in degree. Ours is one religion; yours is another.' ('Loss and Gain,' p. 319.)

No doubt it is. And it were well that those who now, in pursuance of the movement which Dr. Newman started, find their way made easy—by social blandishments, by gorgeous functions, and by a great show of sumptuous buildings—towards conversion and rebaptism into another faith, should know the fact. To believe in God, and to trust Him in the joyful exercise of all the best powers He has given us, is certainly one thing—it is religion. To disbelieve in the splendid gifts of intellectual and moral intuition and, from sheer impatience and scepticism, to plunge headlong into the dark, as a fascinated rabbit plunges into the jaws of a python, that is quite another thing—it is superstition. To believe in Christ, and to be sure that, while He abhors and will condemn proselyte hunting and the absorption of the person into an impersonal system, He smiles on all

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\* 'Anglican Difficulties,' p. 193.

† Ibid. p. 275.

fair inquiry and pardons every 'honest doubt,' that is one thing—it is Christianity. To disbelieve in this 'liberty 'wherewith Christ has made us free,' and to 'narcotise' (as St. Paul calls it\*) the souls of men into the *insouciance* of a mollusk or of the well-known Jesuit 'corpse'—this is quite another thing; and in the pages of this Journal we had rather not say what we think it is. Once more, to believe in a Holy Spirit of veracity, of moral courage, of faith that can face and conquer a thousand difficulties, of celestial charity that dares not bamboozle men, or deceive them, this is one thing—it is to 'live and walk in the Spirit.' But to wink at lies and legends, to palter with the transparent fiction of the Blessed Virgin's 'Assumption' and to wrap it in a haze as 'a tradition wafted westward on the aromatic 'breeze;' to commend unabashed the flight of Mary's house through the air to Loretto as really true, on papal authority; to recount without a blush how 'crucifixes have bowed the 'head, and St. Januarius' blood liquefies periodically, and 'St. Raymond was transported over the sea on his cloak, 'and St. Francis Xavier turned salt water into fresh for five 'hundred travellers'—and then to add that all this miracle-mongering is 'the Protestant's charge, and it is our glory; '† and lastly, to harp eternally on the known falsehood that Romanism has remained absolutely unchanged and unchangeable from the Apostles' time downwards, when all its most popular rituals and its most urgently pressed dogmas at the present day are perfectly well known to be of comparatively modern date; all this, whatever else it may be, is not the work of the Holy Spirit of simplicity and truth. Rather, it is the outcome of the unholy spirit of inveterate superstition. It is irreconcilable with the dictum of Thomas Aquinas himself, who lays it down quite plainly that 'superstition is 'a graver sin than even that of tempting God.‡ And it peevishly beats back the spirit of the noblest truth-seeking age that England has ever yet seen—back, behind the very teaching of the heathen themselves; who (with all their faults) were able at least to see that the greatest of impieties is to take the gross fancies of the multitude, and to impose them on mankind as if they were divine truths.§

In saying all this, we do not for a moment presume to judge the consciences of those who still seem to think that

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\* 2 Cor. xi. 8; xii. 13.

† 'Present Position of Catholics,' p. 298.

‡ 'Summa,' ii. 2, 97.

§ Diog. Laert. x. 123.

the moral and intellectual sacrifices demanded of them are not too dear a price to pay for the great advantage of mechanical unity. Vast numbers of men are infinitely better than their creeds. And besides, there is every indication that, in London and in Paris, as well as in America, the laity and even the priesthood are beginning to awaken and to suspect the intolerable nature of the mental tyranny which four hundred years ago necessitated the Reformation, and which, to this hour, is poisoning Italy and every Roman Catholic State of Europe. All we wish to do is, to point out what sort of regard is due from Englishmen to Cardinal Newman's memory; and to what disastrous and retrograde work the whole of his later life—so far as he was permitted (in any true sense) to live—was unflinchingly devoted. His merits are these: a poetical and romantic temperament; a complete mastery of all the captivating arts of rhetoric; a touching (if very sly) trick of making a clean confession of some childish folly, and then turning sweetly round to know what harm he has done; and, above all, a saintly mysticism, at first puerile, but ultimately senile. His demerit is that of a renegade, who, in the very thick of a deadly conflict, suddenly goes over to the enemy. But what England needed in this nineteenth century, now swiftly passing away, was quite other leadership than this. She wanted the leadership of men whose hearts were not maundering in the Middle Ages, and whose eyes were not dazed with the glamour of romance; but who, living amid their own generation, should share its love of progress, should be warmed with its enthusiasm for truth, and should be able with sympathy, therefore, to guard it either from breaking scornfully with the past, or from turning healthy reform into fever-stricken revolution. How was all this possible for a man who had commenced his leadership by professing to 'beat back the spirit of the age,' and by point-blank denying (with the papal 'Syllabus') that 'the Roman Pontiff can and ought to reconcile and harmonise himself with progress, with liberalism, and with modern civilisation' ? \*

No: such a man, with all his many gifts and shining virtues, does not deserve the gratitude of his countrymen. He can only claim their deepest pity for a wasted and perverted life. He has left them nothing of any permanent value, except only some touching verses and a pathetic autobiography, which will take its place beside that of M. Renan,

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\* 'Papal Documents,' by Card. Vaughan (1869), p. xxxvii.

as displaying a consummate mastery and magic of style, and as depicting the childish gambols and flings of an old-world theology, at which the next century will certainly laugh, and, if it have leisure, may possibly weep. For the transition periods of history are not made sound and effective by desperate attempts to bar out the fresh and rising tide. Courage, strength, and manly self-devotion to work, are needed for such times as these. And, happily, the nineteenth century can bequeath to the coming generation the honoured memory of not a few such men, real benefactors to their country, champions not renegades to their church, helpers not hinderers of manly liberty and valiant inquiry, and teachers of calm religious confidence in the mental equipment for attaining truth wherewith our Maker and Father has furnished us.

Among the very foremost of such honoured names that of Joseph Barber Lightfoot will assuredly stand very high in the remembrance of his countrymen. His character was, in almost every particular, a striking contrast to that of Dr. Newman; and in the employment of talents equally great though singularly different, and in the management of his much shorter life, he presents us with an equally remarkable opposite. Like the future Roman cardinal, the future Anglican bishop came from the busy middle class and was reared among ledgers and account books. He was born at Liverpool in 1828, and died at Bournemouth in 1889. A passion for study seized upon him at a very early age; and, debarred from books during a serious boyish illness, he pined away till the familiar companionship was restored to him. Like Dr. Newman he had the advantage of excellent schooling (under Prince Lee at Birmingham) and then of University life. He matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1847, as Newman had matriculated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1818. Like him, as fellow and tutor he enjoyed the endowments given by pious ancestors. He came out as senior classic in 1851, was ordained in 1854, and was appointed Hulsean lecturer in 1861, gathering round him great crowds of undergraduates, charming them by his ready sympathy, brightening their labours by his genial humour and, above all, inspiring them with a noble strenuousness in the search for truth and a masculine delight in hard work.

Of this joyous thoroughness in work he himself presented the most notable example. Modest almost to shyness, he yet displayed an assured reliance on the powers of reason and good sense which was animating and contagious in the

highest degree. What Cambridge library has not known him, notebook in hand, sifting to the very bottom some question of sacred criticism or of early Church history? And who could fail, by such an example of energy and thoroughness, to be enkindled by a similar hope of victoriously reaching truth?

The results of this devoted labour are now in everybody's hands, a *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ* for the Church. In 1865 a model of scholarly exegesis was published in a commentary on Galatians. In 1868 this was followed by a similar aid to the thorough study of Philippians; and in 1875 there appeared (unhappily the last of this precious series) a similar commentary on Colossians and Philemon. These three books are now by general consent held to be the most valuable works in elucidation of the New Testament that have, perhaps, ever been produced; and it is a matter for the deepest regret that other and (as it seemed to him) more pressing occupations should have permanently diverted him from the completion of the task so worthily begun. But first, in 1879, at the summons of high authorities in Church and State, he esteemed it his duty to undertake the crushing responsibilities of the Bishopric of Durham; and next, under the inspiration of his own desire for thoroughness, he undertook the tremendous labour of preparing for the press what he conceived to be the *magnum opus* of his life—a complete critical and annotated and historically elucidated edition of the works of St. Ignatius of Antioch. This monument of unequalled diligence and of judicial good sense is described by an unbiassed German theologian, Professor Harnack, as 'the most 'learned and careful patristic monograph of the nineteenth 'century.' Its tendency is, as is the tendency of almost all the more advanced and fearless inquiry of our times, to restore confidence in the trustworthiness of ancient documents and of early ecclesiastical history. Of course, after confidence is restored, it still remains to estimate with careful criticism the exact meaning and the precise value of the documents we possess. But no words can exaggerate the relief which every loyal student feels when the threatening cloud of suspected forgery is removed, and when the attention need no longer be distracted by an ever haunting spectre of some absurd chronological error. As Professor Holtzmann has done this for us in the case of St. John, and as Professor Ramsay has cleared for us the Acts of the Apostles, so Bishop Lightfoot has replaced on a footing of complete security the 'Seven Epistles of Ignatius.' Stimulated by

a certain misunderstanding of his remarks about episcopacy in his commentary on 'Philippians'—occasioned, as he says, by my 'scrupulous anxiety not to overstate the evidence in 'any case,' and, perhaps, still further stimulated by an uncritical and unscholarly attack on Christianity, entitled 'Supernatural Religion'—he felt it to be the first claim upon his great gifts both of acquisition and of judgement to brush away impositions; and then to lay afresh, with perfect candour and full knowledge, the firm foundations of Church history. Now, outside the New Testament, these foundations are obviously to be found in the genuine writings of Clemens Romanus and of Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch; and every student's library is now furnished by Bishop Lightfoot's diligence with absolutely trustworthy editions of these first 'Fathers of the Church,' on which he worked faithfully up to the very eve of his death; while his telling replies to 'Supernatural Religion' were also collected together and hastily republished as he lay dying in 1889. It will not, then, be out of place to present here a specimen of his manner of teaching and of his literary style:

'The Episcopate was formed, not out of the Apostolic order by localisation, but out of the Presbyteral by elevation; and the title, which was originally common to all, came at length to be appropriated to the chief among them. If this account be true, we might expect to find in the mother Church of Jerusalem—which, as the first founded, would soonest ripen into maturity—the first traces of this developed form of the ministry. Nor is this expectation disappointed. James, the Lord's brother, alone within the period compassed by the Apostolic writings can claim to be regarded as a bishop. . . . And this position is the more remarkable if, as seems to have been the case, he was not one of the Twelve.'

'As we turn to Rome, it has been often assumed that in the metropolis of the world a monarchical form of government would be more rapidly developed than in other parts of Christendom. . . . But such presumptions are valueless against the slightest evidence of facts. And the most trustworthy sources of information we possess do not countenance the idea. The earliest authentic document . . . mentions only two orders, and is silent about the episcopal office. Again, not many years after the date of Clement's letter, St. Ignatius writes to the Romans; and though the remaining six of the Ignatian letters all contain injunctions of obedience to bishops, in this Epistle alone there is no allusion to the episcopal office.' ('The Apostolic Age,' pp. 155, 179.)

'The Church of England has retained the form of church government inherited from the Apostolic times, while she has shaken off a yoke which even in mediæval times our fathers found too heavy to bear, and which subsequent developments have rendered tenfold more

oppressive. She has remained steadfastly in the faith of Nicæa. . . . The doctrinal inheritance of the past is hers, and the scientific hopes of the future are hers. She is intermediate, and she may become mediatorial when the opportunity occurs.' ('Address at Durham, 1887.')

Bishop Lightfoot was a true confessor and a vigorous champion of the faith and doctrine of the Church of England, as they are recorded and preserved in the great Acts of the Reformation. He altogether denied that the ministry of the English clergy lays claim to the functions or confers the powers of an order of sacrificing priests, and he therefore regarded with no respect ritual ceremonies borrowed or imitated from the Church of Rome, which lose whatever meaning they possess when they are severed from the doctrine of sacerdotal power. They are, in fact, the basis of sacerdotalism, which Newman defended and Lightfoot abhorred. His conception of the Christian ministry was of a loftier nature, and it is nowhere better expressed than in the volume of sermons preached on special occasions, in which the Bishop delivered with singular eloquence views embracing at once the Church and the world, whilst Newman devoted himself with increasing fervour to the Church alone.

Both these divines were men of learning; but as a scholar Lightfoot was by far the more able, accurate, and profound. Newman fell back on patristic Greek and mediæval Latinity. Lightfoot was equally great as a classical lecturer, a commentator on the Pauline epistles, and as the editor and vindicator of the writings of Ignatius, of Polycarp, and of Clement of Rome. His works are all marked by the same critical and practical spirit, and animated by the same enlightened attachment to the faith of the early Christian Church, uncontaminated by the mediæval additions which had so powerful an attraction for his pious contemporary. It is unnecessary to dwell in this place on Lightfoot's vast critical labours, which will retain a permanent place in the theological literature of this century; but we may refer our readers to an excellent biographical article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' by the late Dr. Hort, which gives an adequate account of them.

Far greater and more important is the contrast between the public life and services of the Oxford recluse and the Cambridge professor. The one relapsed into the obscure devotion of a monk; the other rose to the dignity of a prelate, who discharged with signal success all the duties of



that office in one of the most important dioceses in England. As a college tutor, a teaching professor of divinity, a university reformer, Lightfoot's existence in Cambridge was eminently one of practical utility; and in Durham he may be said to have regenerated the see on the largest principles of toleration, liberality, and beneficence. 'His Charges of 1882 and 1886,' says Dr. Hort, 'contain abundant evidence of the thoroughness and success with which he devoted himself to every department of his unaccustomed work, neglecting no routine, and making the best of all existing resources, but quick to discern deficiencies and to devise or adopt new agencies for supplying them.' In short, the student, the preacher, and the critic was equally efficient as the head and administrator of a great see. He divided the diocese. He raised nearly a quarter of a million for Church purposes in four years. He established lay readers and received in his own palace a perpetual flow of young men to be trained for orders and parochial work. He was the head and life of numerous societies for the promotion of temperance, purity, and goodwill amongst men, whilst he extended the influence of the Church, by a broad and liberal construction of her services and her ritual. Those were the duties of a great prelate; none of them were unperformed. Meanwhile, Newman, whose influence in the world was solely due to the intellectual character of his writings and to respect for his personal virtues, had sunk into the scarlet robe of a cardinal, and the seclusion of an oratory, with much fasting and prayer.

Now, on the whole review of these two singularly contrasted characters and singularly dissimilar lives, the judgement of every candid reader may be confidently challenged. The question which we proposed to ourselves was this: To which of these two men, Cardinal Newman and Bishop Lightfoot, who impelled their own generation in diametrically opposite directions and by diametrically opposite methods, is gratitude rightly due and reverence rightly felt? And the answer, we think, will be given without any shadow of hesitation. If this nation has already reached such a period of senile decline that words rule rather than facts; if therefore the fascination of an elegant style or the 'narcotic' (to repeat St. Paul's phrase) of a mesmerising eloquence have become absolutely dominant among the weary, flaccid descendants of the Vikings; and if honour be due to those who nurse and flatter such tendencies, invite their countrymen to give up, lap them in romantic dreams, threaten

them with mediæval bugbears, bid them (in the highest and most interesting of all subjects) surrender their reason, and (in favourite Jesuitic phrase) 'make a sacrifice of their intelligence, and allow themselves to be moved about this way' and that, like a corpse or an old man's walking stick'—then all honour to Dr. Newman! Then such a life as his was a life worthily and usefully spent. Then, in full view of what Romanism has done in all the countries—notably France, Spain, Italy, Ireland—which have submitted themselves to those committees sitting at the Vatican who pose to the world as 'Mother and Mistress of the churches,' Englishmen may welcome the fruits of his labours, may rejoice at the secret rebaptism of their wives and daughters and maidservants by monks and priests, and may feel thankful to be reconciled (of all apostles in the world) to St. Peter—the good, honest, married Apostle of Babylon and the Eastern Jews, who left as the last legacy to his followers not to make themselves 'lords over God's heritage.'

But if, on the other hand, Britain is not losing but increasing her pristine vigour; if with masculine scorn she refuses to let Roman committees become 'mother and mistress' to her churches, manage her conscience for her, and manufacture religious truth for her consumption; and if, believing firmly in Christ Himself, the incarnate Reason who permeates the universe, our race is determined with energy to know 'whatever may be known of God,'\* to hold in check the strange upgrowth of mediæval follies by a thorough study of the New Testament, and to despise the shifty in-  
veracity of Loyola's motto, 'Should the Roman Church say 'black is white, you are bound to echo the statement'—then assuredly it is not Newman, but Lightfoot, who will be deemed worthy of imitation and honour. The bright and animating example will be welcomed of a man who feared not the most thorough inquiry, but who did fear to wrap the gift committed to him idly in a napkin, who spent therefore the whole of a comparatively short life in the strenuous and successful use of reason, who believed in science, who trusted veracious investigation, guided and encouraged the spirit of his own age instead of beating it back, and who thus contributed in no small degree to strengthen the bulwarks of his Church's faith against all insidious or open attack, and to keep the mental atmosphere of England wholesome, pure, and fresh. Of such a man it may be truly said, 'He served 'his own generation by the will of God—till he fell on sleep.'

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\* Rom. i. 19.

ART. XII.—*A Leap in the Dark, or Our New Constitution.*  
By A. V. DICEY, Q.C., B.C.L. London: 1893.

MR. GLADSTONE some years ago came suddenly to the conclusion that the 'Irish difficulty' lay in the faulty character of the constitution of the United Kingdom. Having at last, with the aid of his Irish allies, obtained a majority over the representatives of Great Britain, and having provided himself with a Cabinet, Mr. Gladstone (we need hardly mention his colleagues) is now offering to the British people a new constitution. Instead of the single Parliament which legislates for the United Kingdom, and through the ministry of its choice governs every part of it, he intends to substitute a system, based upon the theory that the two British Islands are inhabited by different 'nations.' Hence in Ireland, in the name of Irish nationality, there is to be established a separate parliament and government, whose constitution, powers, and privileges have been evolved by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues out of their own inner consciousness. What is to happen to Great Britain in order to make the system on this side of St. George's Channel square with that on the other, seems even yet to be undetermined. Whilst Ireland is to be 'a nation,' the future position of Great Britain is, it seems, of less interest; the inclination of an inspired statesmanship being to deny to us here a 'nationality' similar to that which it creates in Ireland, and to retain, therefore, in the Legislature which is to legislate for and to govern Great Britain a hundred representatives of Ireland!

It has been pointed out again and again in the pages of this Journal that the Home Rule conception of a constitution for the United Kingdom is radically unsound, being in flagrant contradiction to the facts of the case and the conditions governing the situation at the present day. The Home Rule section of the Irish people, though a large one, does not constitute 'a nation.' The British people, moreover, do not really intend to establish an 'Irish nation.' The whole thing is a make-believe and a pretence; and were the Home Rule Bill to become law to-morrow, the result could only be confusion until again law and fact became allies, and the sovereignty of the people of the three kingdoms, asserted through its own ministers, became again, as now, supreme in fact and in theory throughout every corner of Ireland.

For the moment, however, the attention of the British public is less occupied with the strange, the monstrous,

creation of our Cabinet of constitution builders than with the new processes of law making which they have called into being.

Assuredly in this month of July 1893 the British people are seeing a strange sight. With wonder and amazement they are unwilling witnesses of a scene altogether new in their not inconsiderable experience of politics. The Prime Minister has invited the House of Commons to construct, or rather to accept at his hands, a new constitution for the government of the United Kingdom. At his request Parliament has abstained throughout a session from all work not absolutely essential to carrying on the routine business of the country, in order to devote its whole time to framing this new constitution. Inasmuch as the British people by the repeated majorities of its representatives has shown its disapproval of the proposals made to Parliament—proposals which concern Great Britain as well as Ireland, and which are professedly made solely on account of their being acceptable to the majority of the Irish members—it is natural that the building of the constitution should proceed but slowly. It must be remembered, however, that the Bill is not, by its own terms, to come into operation till September 1894. There is, therefore, no immediate necessity for getting the Bill completed, and it is surely reasonable that such a Bill should be discussed at greater length than, say, Bills to reduce the qualification of electors under the Franchise Acts, Bills which have often required a whole session and more for adequate discussion. By the end of June Mr. Gladstone's new constitution had been torn to shreds in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Henry James had literally turned the measure inside out. Yet the Government had never been outvoted. They began, however, to tremble for the future. They vacillated, they are vacillating still, as to how in the new constitution to constitute the British House of Commons! Surely not an unimportant detail! They have now given notice of an entirely new finance system, which affects both England and Ireland, and which fundamentally alters the functions and privileges of this new Irish legislature and administration. At this very time, when the Cabinet is itself making fundamental changes in its own proposals, and when the scheme in its entirety is not yet put into shape before Parliament, Mr. Gladstone orders the House of Commons to finish committee by the end of July and report the Bill, whether it has been completely discussed or not.

It is more than seven years since Mr. Gladstone espoused the policy of Home Rule, and since at his command a large proportion of the Liberal party deserted their former principles and accepted as the new basis of their party the cause so long advocated by Mr. Parnell. For a year Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have been in office, and for a year a majority composed of Parnellites, anti-Parnellites, and Gladstonians, has existed in the House of Commons. For five months the second Home Rule Bill has been published to the world. By this time, then, the minds of Home Rulers, at least, should be becoming clearer as to what are to be the principal features of the new system. The parliamentary conception of the new constitution should surely be solidifying, so to speak. The golden age of the Gladstonian party is past. Once, indeed, it was sufficient for its leaders to urge that they were the true Unionists, and that their revered chief had in his mind a plan, which he would not divulge to the electors, for making, by certain changes in the Constitution, a final end of all Irish difficulties and discontent. All that was required was a majority. Only give him that, and he would sweep away that 'paper union,' the product of force and fraud, which disgraced the statute book, and would substitute for it a real union, poetically but vaguely described as the 'union of hearts.'

Neither in the proceedings of the House of Commons nor in the action of the Cabinet, in spite of all the time that has elapsed, do we find any evidence that the Home Rule party even yet knows what it wants—knows what it means by Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues and his Party apparently limit all their efforts to getting some Bill, they don't much care what it is like, through the House of Commons. There are probably hardly a dozen men in Parliament who really believe that the kingdom could be governed under the Bill as it issued from the Cabinet. Presumably the Cabinet itself does not think so, as it now proposes changes of a fundamental character in its own proposals. If our Constitution, such as we have always known it, is to be placed upon a new basis, and to undergo the most important modifications, we surely have a right to ask that those who undertake the work of reconstruction should at least undertake it in a serious spirit! That our present arrangements should be upset by men who do not know their own minds as to what they would put in its place, is intolerable. The House of Commons is ordered to approve a new constitution, not because it believes that it is a workable one,

but because party leaders think that it would help their party to have it rejected by the House of Lords !

Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill as it was introduced, and as it passed the second reading, made a great constitutional change both in England and Ireland. Under its provisions the Parliament which was to legislate for and to tax Great Britain was to be reduced by 103 members. Such a reduction, if it were a mere reduction of number and nothing more, would be very important, and might alone well occupy the House of Commons for the best part of a session. In this case, however, it is evident that the reduction, meaning the exclusion of the Irish members, would permanently affect the balance of parties; and it is no exaggeration to say that for generations—perhaps for ever—the whole course of British legislation might be affected by such a change in the composition of the British House of Commons. The proposal appeared to be made seriously by statesmen who for seven years had been brooding over the subject of the future government of the kingdom; and the determination they had come to, that British legislation and British taxation for British purposes were to be the privileges of British representatives only, seemed a not unnatural extension of the plan they were proposing for Ireland. Whether Ministers were right or wrong, wise or foolish, they were asserting a principle of the first importance in thus laying down as a basis of their new constitution the management by the British of purely 'British affairs.' This project was accompanied by the famous 'in and out' provision of the ninth clause, by which some eighty Irish representatives were sometimes to be members of the House of Commons at Westminster and sometimes not. When they were present, they were to have the determining voice as to who should govern the Empire for Imperial purposes, and Great Britain for British purposes; and when they were absent, they were to leave the Government selected by the majority of the Imperial House of Commons in the happy position of commanding a minority of the Legislature which was to legislate for, to tax, and to govern Great Britain! Again and again during the last few years have Unionist statesmen and writers (the late Lord Derby perhaps more lucidly than any one else) proved to demonstration the impracticability of any 'in and out' scheme. Gladstonians could not answer, and indeed did not attempt to answer, the criticisms of their opponents. They were, indeed, ready with the imbecile reply that there were already anomalies in the British

Constitution! Great has now been their fall. Their notorious project, at last set down in black and white, reads like the work of some writer of burlesque who wishes to pour ridicule upon the mechanism of parliamentary government. Yet this was to all appearance an essential part of that promised piece of legislation which was to be swept through the House of Commons in a session, and on account of which the House of Lords, if it insisted on referring the whole Bill to the people, was itself to be swept out of existence.

The 'in and out' plan is dead; but much more is dead with it. Dead, also, is the principle of our constitution builders, that the British are exclusively to manage purely 'British affairs.' Our most wise Ministry has changed its mind! Indeed, what is its mind as we write as to the future constitution of the British Parliament is still uncertain. We only know that whatever is determined on is to be passed by the House of Commons in the next few days! It is believed that it is the final determination of our constitution makers that the Irish members are to remain to the full number of 103 at Westminster, to govern Great Britain, to choose its executive, to tax its people, and to pass its laws; whilst British members of Parliament are to have as little to say in Ireland to the choice of a government or the passing of laws as they have in the colony of Victoria. If the House of Commons is capable of assenting to such a proposal, it is difficult to imagine any degradation too great for its acceptance. Mr. Gladstone's majority has already humiliated itself by consenting to report a Bill, of which some of the main provisions have been kept back from it, by a particular date, with or without discussion. If the House of Commons chooses to abdicate its highest functions, to give up in the supremely important matter of creating a Constitution the business of legislation entirely to the secret conclave of the Cabinet, and to content itself with registering ministerial decrees at the dates those Ministers may name, we can only say that it is unknowingly producing even a greater change in our Constitution than is contained in the Home Rule Bill.

It might be some slight mitigation of the action of Ministers, in adopting the arbitrary measure of forcing Home Rule through the House of Commons, that they had made up their own minds as to the nature of their proposals, and were absolutely convinced as to their beneficial effect. We have just seen how, within the last few

weeks, they have shown their infirmity of purpose, their ignorance as to the shape which their new constitution is to assume in England. Their change of front as to Ireland is no less remarkable. They now propose that for six years Ireland, though endowed with a democratic national legislature and a national government, is to be taxed by an alien Parliament at Westminster. The Imperial or the British Government is, by the instrumentality of its own officers, to collect all the taxes which the Imperial Parliament may impose. What a delightful solution of the Home Rule conundrum! The object was, we understood, to provide a final settlement of the Irish question. Let us summarise what is to be done in Ireland. Irishmen are to have a legislature, which is not to be a parliament, and which we must not say is 'subordinate' to the Parliament at Westminster. A Ministry, enjoying the support of this legislature, is to govern Ireland. The Lord Lieutenant is to be head of the Executive, sometimes to govern on the advice of his Ministers, sometimes on that of the English Ministers of the Queen, by whom he was appointed and by whom he may be recalled. For three years the great source of difficulty in Ireland—the land—is not to be touched at all by the Irish legislature. For six years, the Irish legislature is not to tax Ireland, at least till after all taxes for Imperial and Irish purposes imposed by the alien Parliament at Westminster have been paid. For three years the Irish judges are to be appointed on the advice of English, not of Irish, Ministers. It is a little difficult to realise the position of a national government which is not to control its own tax gatherers—a state of things where taxes are collected by some authority independent of the national executive on the spot. It is as clear as daylight, from these incongruous proposals and temporary expedients, that the Home Rule Cabinet has not yet made any approach whatever to thinking out the Home Rule problem. Till they do so, the confusion in the Cabinet only becomes worse confounded in the House of Commons. How can the Parliamentary mind solidify, whilst the mind of the Ministry is absolutely fluid, as to what is wanted in the new constitution?

Who has asked Mr. Gladstone for this strange gift which he is pressing upon us? Even on the supposition that his majority was returned upon the Home Rule question, which is more than doubtful, the British Home Ruler had no conception that he was voting for a new constitution. He believed, and Home Rule statesmen, to their discredit be it



said, deliberately left him in the belief, that some sort of extended local government or rearrangement of Irish administration would be all that would be required. Irishmen would then be able to 'manage their own affairs,' and there would be no infringement of the great principle of the national sovereignty of the people of the United Kingdom. That is why even now Mr. Gladstone refuses to allow the name of 'parliament' to be given to the Irish legislature. There are so many British Home Rulers who are in favour of one 'Parliament' only; and who think that an Irish 'legislature' is as unlikely as the London County Council to interfere with its supremacy! These men have, of course, been imposed upon. The more instructed classes of the community have, as a rule, seen clearly enough what was involved in the establishment of a national Irish legislature and government, and accordingly, with extraordinary unanimity and independently of party, they have resisted Mr. Gladstone's projects. With the mass of the rank and file mere phrases have naturally carried most weight. By appealing to the sentiment of the masses against the classes, by the reckless promise of any legislation which would tempt sectional interests, Mr. Gladstone was returned to power. What has come of it but the exhibition of a statesmanship which has proved its own incompetence to formulate a constitution which will bear discussion? A constitution which it is found necessary to force undiscussed through the House of Commons, though the Minister has at his back the most abjectly submissive following of British representatives who have ever found their way to Westminster!

It is quite unnecessary again in this Journal to criticise in any detail either the principle or the clauses of the Home Rule Bill. Discussion in the Committee of the House of Commons has left little standing of either. Supporters of the Bill have found their wisest policy to consist in abstention from debate. Political controversy lacks interest when one side can no longer stand up against its antagonists, and when statesmen fly from repeated defeat in argument to the safe haven—less safe, however, than formerly—of the division lobby. For our part, we have repeatedly declared our belief, and given our reasons for holding it, that Home Rule, though it might make a good electioneering cry, was, as a policy, an imposture. It might serve as a means of combining the Irish vote with the votes of those Liberals who took no pains to understand what was meant by it, or who were afraid to stand by their principles against the

leader who had betrayed them. It might help to bring candidates into the House of Commons, a majority into power, Ministers into place. As such, the electioneerer and the wirepuller naturally shouted and intrigued for Home Rule. It could never settle the relations in which Great Britain and Ireland were to stand to each other, or form the basis of future prosperity and peace in the latter country. The plan of creating by statute an Irish 'nation' and endowing it with separate national political institutions is incompatible with the circumstances of our present age and civilisation, with the condition of Ireland, with the relations that facts have established between the people of the two British Islands. It would be a waste of time and space to argue further here on the merits or demerits of the Home Rule craze. Mr. Gladstone has had his opportunity a second time of formulating in a Bill his 'new constitution;' and a greater failure in providing a constitution that would work, his bitterest enemy could not wish him to have made.

Mr. Dicey, in 'England's Case against Home Rule,' examined most thoroughly, and at the same time in the fairest spirit of inquiry, the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1886. As a controversialist Mr. Dicey is conspicuous for the generous consideration with which he treats his opponents. As far as reason will let him, he does his best to accompany his old political friends along the singular path which they have chosen to tread. He gives them, as long as he can, credit for the best of motives, and for aiming at the highest objects. Yet he feels he cannot, without dismissing reason altogether, do anything but differ with them *in toto* as to the very essence and gist of the policy they have adopted. In his recent publication, 'A Leap in the Dark,' he examines the Bill of 1893 and presents us with an exposition of 'Our New Constitution.' With his usual lucidity and power he establishes the proposition that the 'Bill to Amend the Provision for the Government of Ireland' involves a complete subversion of the bases of the English Constitution such as we know it. He does not in the very slightest degree exaggerate the magnitude of the change proposed when he declares that 'it is a revolution far more searching than would be the abolition of the House of Lords, or the transformation of our constitutional monarchy into a hereditary republic.'\* The new constitution is to be founded upon what are in fact 'federal arrangements

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\* P. 19.

‘which, utterly unknown as they are to our institutions, are ‘as nothing compared with the recognition and fostering of ‘the federal spirit.’ Mr. Dicey has in previous works carried conviction to open and educated minds. This, however, is hardly enough, for a large portion of our electorate cannot be considered as instructed, and are, moreover, slavishly attached to mere party watchwords. Persistence and reiteration are required if the great body of the electors is to grasp the importance of the present situation, as it has been already grasped by the more instructed portion of the community. ‘The change,’ says Mr. Dicey, ‘may be necessary or needless, ‘wise or unwise. The first and most pressing necessity of ‘the moment is that every elector throughout the United ‘Kingdom should realise the immense import of the innovation.’

It is unfortunately ‘the most pressing necessity’ of the Gladstonian party that the electorate should not realise the magnitude of the changes proposed. If members of Parliament can so easily blind themselves to the consequences of their own action, we can hardly be surprised at the shortsightedness of electors. The Scottish Secretary, in all lightness of heart, votes and speaks in favour of establishing a Scottish legislature! He is, however, not a Scotchman himself, and may, perhaps, be pardoned if he thinks more of catching votes for his party than of serving the interests of Scotland. Lord Rosebery, however, is without even this somewhat poor excuse. When asked, he is afraid to declare his opinion in the House of Lords as to whether or not there should be in England and in Scotland two separate national Parliaments. All he will venture to state is that the Government, as a Government, have no opinion on the point! Who can wonder that Home Rulers in the House of Commons are at sea, when their leaders in the two Houses are thus afraid to give them guidance?

It is refreshing to turn from the timid utterances of half-hearted opportunists to the speech of a statesman who knows his own mind, a statesman who has the courage of his convictions and the ability to express them in a manner to compel the attention of his countrymen. Mr. Chamberlain knows that on this question he represents the majority of the British people; he knows that he and his allies have destroyed in argument this precious ‘new constitution’ which the Government have produced. And he speaks in fitting language of the insolent attempt to impose by dictation upon the House of Commons a measure which its own authors can no longer vindicate.

'Do you really believe,' he asks the Ministerialists in the House of Commons, 'in your fetish to this extent that you think that one or two men on that bench are gifted by the Almighty with power to deal with this question so as to propose a perfect bill at the first inception? No, sir, it is the free criticism of this House which tests a measure of this kind, whether it is likely or not to work in practice. It is an advantage to any honest Government to have the views of their opponents and to see how far they can meet them, and, if they cannot meet them, to amend their bill in accordance with the new lights which have been offered. If there is anyone who supposes that this exceptional power has been conceded to right honourable gentlemen on that bench, I should have thought that the course of the debate would have shown him his mistake. Are they the Heaven-inspired authors of Home Rule—they who, after six years of reflection, bring in a financial scheme which breaks down in six weeks? There is another important consideration which applies to this Bill. What is this Bill? It is a substitute for a Treaty of Union which was arranged between two high contracting Powers—a Treaty of Union arranged between Ireland and Great Britain. It was arranged by the representatives of the two countries, and it has lasted for more than ninety years. Now you propose a substitute for that treaty, and you propose to gag the representatives of one of those contracting Powers. Did you ever hear in the history of the world of negotiations for a treaty between the plenipotentiaries of great Powers in which the plenipotentiaries of one side were absolutely silenced? I say that a proposal of this kind by the Government is absolutely monstrous. The time has gone by to mince our words, and I accuse the Government of taking advantage of their brief tenure of office and of their casual majority to impose their will upon the minority as it exists in this House to betray the interests of their country. The interests of Great Britain, which they ought to represent, at any rate as well as the interests of Ireland, are sacrificed to the pressure of the men who have been convicted of a conspiracy against the interests of Great Britain.'

As we close these pages, events of unexampled gravity and importance are occurring in the House of Commons, which affect not only what Mr. Sexton calls this 'experimental' Bill, but the most ancient and essential traditions of Parliament and the liberties of the British people. For the first time within living memory the House of Commons has been compelled by an autocratic Minister and an arbitrary faction to pass without debate clauses of a most important character in a Bill which the Government will not condescend to explain or to defend. A servile majority of Irish Nationalists has been allowed to impose silence on a large majority of the representatives of Great Britain; and the Ministerial party has been base enough to lend itself to an act of despotism unparalleled since the days of the Long Parliament. There are, no doubt, statesmen of honour and

character on the Ministerial side of the House, if not in the Cabinet, but we must be permitted to say that the men who have lent themselves to a manœuvre opposed to every liberal principle and to the freedom of Parliament have prostituted their votes to their party allegiance, and betrayed the trust of their constituents.

These violent proceedings are adopted to advance a measure which elicits in its favour scarcely any popular feeling. No meetings or demonstrations are held in its support even in Ireland, and practically no petitions are presented in its favour. As Mr. Balfour, in his most telling speech, put it, there is no parliamentary necessity whatever, though there may be a party one, for the adoption by the House of Commons of unprecedented methods of stifling debate, and a full consideration of the Bill. We can hardly yet believe that such a Bill will in such a fashion receive the ultimate approval of the House of Commons. Should it go to the House of Lords, it is hardly too much to say that its own authors not only expect but intend that it should be rejected. According to every maxim of the Constitution, it will then be the duty of the Prime Minister either to resign or to dissolve Parliament. Upon the adoption of a 'new constitution' it is for the people to decide. And we cannot believe that any desire to prolong the stay of a Ministry in office, or to seek party advantage by again obscuring the great issue upon which the country must be consulted, will be allowed to prevail over the sense of duty which in such a crisis ought to guide the Prime Minister in the advice he has to give to the Queen.

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ART. I.—1. *National Life and Character: a Forecast.* By  
CHARLES H. PEARSON. London: 1893.

THERE is a well-known fable that one of the ephemera, destined like its fellows to a lifetime measurable only by hours, passed the whole period of its brief existence in watching the slow course of the sun across the heavens. It noticed that the mighty orb—to which it owed its brief span of life, and in whose rays its companions were playing—was slowly sinking to the horizon in the west; and, before it died, it summoned the other ephemera around it, and addressed to them words of warning. It had carefully observed—so it said—the progress of the sun; it was able confidently to predict that the time would ultimately come when it would sink below the horizon, which it was, even then, steadily approaching; and it was able, with equal confidence, to assert that, when that supreme hour came, the beams of the great luminary would be quenched, and the life of all ephemera would cease. With these words of warning wisdom, it breathed out its short existence, and left its fellow-insects to play in the sunbeams during the few hours of day which were still left to them.

We should be sorry to compare the author of this remarkable, though melancholy, book with the precocious ephemera of our fable. On the contrary, widely as we differ from some of Mr. Pearson's conclusions, we willingly acknowledge that he comes before us with no ordinary credentials. A man who achieved distinction at the University, who has displayed capacity as an historian, who has held high office in

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Australia, and whose reading is wide and various, has eminent qualifications for such a task as that which Mr. Pearson has undertaken. But the means of forecasting the future of the human race seem to us so imperfect, that the most thoughtful and best informed prophet is only a little better furnished for the task than the cphemera of our fable. An experience of the few centuries over which history extends, an acquaintance with the doings at the present time of the various races with which the world is peopled, form a weak and faulty framework for a picture of the future. In public as in private affairs it is the unforeseen that always happens, and, if the common accidents of life upset our calculations for the morrow, they are almost certain to falsify our predictions for the succeeding centuries.

Yet men there will always be who will address themselves to the fascinating task of endeavouring to solve what the future has in store for us, and these men will have a natural tendency to range themselves in opposite camps. Some of them, impressed with the miserable conditions in which, even in civilised communities, the masses of the people pass their lives, will conclude that nothing can be expected from a society whose surroundings are occasionally vicious, and frequently degrading. Others, on the contrary, sensible of the great progress which the Teutonic races have made during the last half-century, will congratulate themselves on the approach of a period when material and moral well-being will widely prevail. The accidents of study, of circumstance, of temperament, and even of health, will lead different men to these contrary conclusions. The pessimist and the optimist thus appear to be as inevitable in the world of thought as the Conservative and the Liberal in the world of politics.

But the sharp opposition of these contrary opinions is hardly justified by experience. The struggle between good and evil, between progress and reaction, which has endured from the beginning, and which will continue to the end, has always been marked by alternate defeat and success. The victory of 'Mansoul,' in Bunyan's 'Holy War,' leaves Diabolus still at large, and prepared to commence a fresh attack. In these circumstances the man who does nothing but hope is almost as illogical as the man who does nothing but despair. The future, like the past, we may be certain, will be characterised by a continuance of the old struggles, and the flood of progress will be followed, in regular succession, by the ebb of reaction. The optimist, therefore, will

do well to recollect that the advance which one generation effects is frequently lost in another; but the pessimist should also remember that science and religion agree in teaching that progress, however slow and uncertain, is on the whole maintained, and that the world is gradually, though slowly, moving to what, we are justified in believing, will be a better future.

Some twenty-five years ago—so Mr. Pearson tells us—travel in the United States convinced him that ‘that great country was filling up more rapidly than was supposed in England, and would cease within measurable time to offer any great inducements to a large immigration.’ Subsequently ‘twenty years’ residence under the Southern Cross’ forced him to the conclusion that ‘the capacity of European races to form new homes for themselves is narrowly limited by climate.’

‘Australia is an unexampled instance of a great continent that has been left for the first civilised people that found it to take and occupy. The natives have died out as we approached: there have been no complications with foreign powers; and the climate of the south is magnificent. Nevertheless, it is still a question whether the white race can be so acclimatised as to live and labour in the northern parts; and it seems certain that neither Englishman nor German can ever colonise New Guinea.’

If, however, the capacity of the white races to seize and occupy the earth is limited by conditions of climate, the black and yellow races are under no such disability. In the United States the black belt is becoming blacker. In Southern and Central America the half-castes and the Indians are steadily gaining on the pure descendants of the conquerors; while in the Straits Settlements and in the Indian Archipelago the Chinese are spreading with extraordinary rapidity.

‘They already form half the population predominating in Singapore and Perak, and the best observers are agreed that the Malay cannot hold his own against them. They are beginning to settle in Borneo and Sumatra, and they are supplanting the natives in some of the small islands of the Pacific, such as Hawaii.’

And again:—

‘The day will come, and perhaps is not far distant, when the European observer will look round to see the globe girdled with a continuous zone of the black and yellow races, no longer too weak for aggression or under tutelage, but independent, or practically so, in government, monopolising the trade of their own regions, and circumscribing the industry of the European; when Chinamen and the



natives of Hindostan, the States of Central and South America, by that time predominantly Indian, and it may be African nations of the Congo and the Zambesi, under a dominant caste of foreign rulers, are represented by fleets in the European seas, invited to international conferences, and welcomed as allies in the quarrels of the civilised world. . . . It is idle to say that, if all this should come to pass, our pride of place will not be humiliated. We were struggling among ourselves for supremacy in a world which we thought of as destined to belong to the Aryan races and to the Christian faith. . . . We shall wake to find ourselves elbowed and hustled, and perhaps even thrust aside, by peoples whom we looked down upon as servile, and thought of as bound always to minister to our needs. The solitary consolation will be that the changes have been inevitable. It has been our work to organise and create, to carry peace and law and order over the world, that others may enter in and enjoy. Yet in some of us the feeling of caste is so strong that we are not sorry to think we shall have passed away before that day arrives.'

Thus, then, according to Mr. Pearson, the races which have hitherto been regarded as inferior are multiplying with extraordinary rapidity, while the white races, which have heretofore prided themselves on their superiority, are not only not multiplying with equal rapidity, but, as America is filling up, are losing their opportunities for expansion. It is obvious that, if Mr. Pearson is accurate in these facts, the conditions under which the superior races have hitherto progressed will be changed. 'The expansion of Englishmen and Russians and other like nations will be arrested, and the character of the peoples profoundly modified, as they have to adapt themselves to a stationary condition of society. Beyond this, there is the more subtle danger that, while the lower races are raising themselves to the material level of the higher, the higher may be assimilating to the moral and mental depression of the lower.'

This consideration leads Mr. Pearson to the second and longer portion of his forecast. If the emigration of the white races is checked, if these races are not only deprived of the opportunity of external expansion, but find themselves exposed to the increasing competition of black and yellow nations, labouring, and perhaps ruling, in all the tropical countries of the world, they will resort more and more to State socialism 'as the most effective means of securing labour from want.' State organisation will occupy the position which has hitherto been filled by individual energy. In Australia this change is already visible. The Australian

'goes to the State for railways and irrigation works; the State in Victoria provides him with costless schooling for his children; the

State in New Zealand insures him; the State everywhere provides work for him if times are bad; and it is more than probable that the State will soon be called upon to run steamers, to work coal mines, and at least to explore for the miner in every kind of ore. In Victoria, and more or less in all the colonies, though least of all at present in New South Wales, the State tries to protect its citizens from foreign competition.'

Some advantages, Mr. Pearson is careful to point out, may arise from this developement of State work. The State can do some things much more effectually than either the individual or any smaller organisation. But, on the other hand, these advantages will be compensated by many drawbacks. Self-help will become less customary in a society which relies on the interference of the community. Family feeling will be weakened when the State takes the place of the parent in the education and protection of the children. Religious feeling will die out when the State assumes the functions of the Church in relieving distress. Individual effort will be discouraged when the idle and the vicious have as much assurance of State support as the able and the industrious. There may be an increase of comfort, but there will be a decrease of the higher virtues. The masses may reach a superior mediocrity, but the individual will not attain the same eminence. The future will supply us with no great inventors, no great thinkers, no great poets, no great scholars, no great leaders in the world, either of science or of letters. There will be a larger reading public, but a lower level of taste.

'The probabilities are that two generations hence it will be rare in any civilised country to find an adult who cannot read or write, or who has not a tincture of letters derived from school manuals and completed by newspapers; but that it will be rarer still to find even a wealthy man who knows the classics as Fox knew them, or who is as conversant with the literature of his own land as Canning and Peel were.'

Mr. Pearson, indeed, believes that marked intellectual superiority will not only be more rare in the future, but that it is already disappearing. The great achievements in science, in literature, and in discovery have already been accomplished, and no results of equal moment are possible hereafter.

'Every astronomer knows that there was only one secret of the universe to be discovered, and that when Newton told it to the world the supreme triumph of astronomy was achieved. Whether Darwin or some one else shall have disclosed the other great mystery of the generation of life, it is none the less certain that all future triumphs

will be insignificant by the side of the first luminous hypothesis. Chemistry rests . . . on the atomic theory ; and, even if future investigation enables us to forecast with absolute precision what the result of certain combinations will be . . . that discovery would hardly eclipse the merit of Dalton's contribution to science. So it is in every department of research.'

As it is with science, so, in Mr. Pearson's judgment, it is both with invention and letters. What Mr. Pearson has to say about invention we shall more conveniently examine later on. So far as letters are concerned, he tells us that certain kinds of poetry have become impossible: that certain others are being rapidly exhausted. The age of the epic is past; the pastoral is doomed; satire has fallen into disuse: 'the poetical drama has given us nothing for two centuries.' 'The lyrical work of the present century [alone seems] to be distinctly in advance of any work of that exact kind done heretofore.' Prose is in almost as bad a case as poetry. Fiction must suffer from the knowledge that the novel is not a 'durable' form of literature; criticism, occupying 'itself with worse material,' must necessarily decay; while the increasing tendency of the best writers to carry their work to the editors of periodicals is more likely to produce a large supply of ephemeral literature than to endow the world with new and original thought.

The growth of large towns and the depopulation of rural districts, which are striking characteristics of the present age, will probably—so Mr. Pearson thinks—operate in the same direction. 'The influence of cities on civilisation is 'embalmed in language itself. Almost every word that designates the higher life among men implies town-breeding: every word, appropriated anciently to country use, has acquired a certain savour of contempt.' But, though city life may polish our manners, there is no guarantee that it will provide us with superiority. 'It is very doubtful whether townsmen of many generations do not lose stamina to a degree that implies perilous degeneracy.' At any rate, they grow up ignorant of the advantages which their forefathers enjoyed.

'The artisan's daily walk from the house to the factory represents his knowledge of God's earth; he has never wandered by the seaside or in the woods, knows nothing, such as village children know, of life in the hedges and the farmyard: never sees the dawn whiten and flush over heather, or has looked up at the stars except through an intervening veil of smoke and fog. . . What kind of children will those be . . . who have never picked buttercups and daisies, who read in

poems of the song of birds that they cannot hear, and of a beauty in the seasons which they only know by vicissitudes of hot and cold? . . . Yet these are not even the chief losses which the city life entails. There is an inevitable companionship in country life which draws rich and poor together. . . . In the great majority of villages, at least, the cottager looks for sympathy in his trouble to the rectory and the hall. . . . In the multitudinous desolation of a great city contact between rich and poor is scarcely possible, and as there are no abiding homes, there are no real neighbours. Strangers, who will help with relief, or, it may be, close the dying eyes of the destitute, are a poor exchange for families that have lived near one another, toiled together, taken holiday together, for generations.'

So far we have endeavoured to set out the substance of Mr. Pearson's argument. It is evident that he has indulged in a double forecast. In the first part of his book he has occupied himself with the increase of the inferior races, and with the diminished opportunities of the white races for expansion. In the second part he has stated his reasons for thinking that the white races, under the combined influences of democratic legislation and city life, are becoming 'fibreless' and 'weak'; and are consequently less well equipped than their forefathers for the great struggle which is perpetually going on, and in which the weakest go down and the fittest only survive.

Though Mr. Pearson has linked these two prophecies together, it requires very little reflection to see that they are really independent of each other. It may be true that the world in which the white races can work and multiply is rapidly filling up, and that the black and yellow belt is becoming more populous, but it does not necessarily follow that the whites themselves are becoming more effete. On the other hand, it may be true that mediocrity among the whites is becoming more common, and superiority more rare; but this circumstance may have no connexion with the 'filling up' of the temperate regions of the earth. Each prophecy must be examined separately: the accuracy of each must be tested irrespectively of the other.

We will at once state where we are in accord with Mr. Pearson. We agree with him in thinking that the whites, or, at any rate, the Teutonic race, can only multiply within certain comparatively narrow limits, and that the tropical world must be chiefly peopled by men who, like the Hindu, the negro, the Chinaman, and the Indian, are capable of withstanding climatic conditions, under which the white man withers away. We have no doubt, therefore, that outside the more temperate regions the world must be chiefly

or entirely peopled by representatives of what are commonly regarded as the inferior races. And we can understand the alarm which the Americans feel as the black belt in the Southern States becomes blacker, and appreciate the apprehensions which Mr. Pearson's Australian friends experience at the rapid increase of the Chinese in the Straits Settlements and in the Malay Archipelago. Years ago Baron Hubner put the same fear in a striking form when he declared that Lord Palmerston, in thinking he had opened out China to Europe, had in reality let out the Chinese. We agree, therefore, with Mr. Pearson, that there is every prospect that this great and industrious people will swarm and multiply in many of the sparsely occupied countries which are not adapted for men of European descent. There is no reason why the revolution which is going on under our own eyes in the Straits Settlements should not extend to every island from Borneo to New Guinea, or why these islands, fertile as they are, should not ultimately support a yellow population, which may be literally counted, as Mr. Pearson assumes, by hundreds of millions.

So far, then, we are in accord with Mr. Pearson. But we fail to see that the great increase of the Chinese in the Indian Seas need necessarily lead to an extension of Chinese empire. Vast and populous as China is, the experience of the present century shows that she is weak for aggressive purposes. She has not the hold on territory adjacent to her borders which she could claim a hundred years ago. European nations are pressing on her both on the south and on the north. She has been forced to cede a portion of her territory to England, and she has been compelled to avail herself of the help of Englishmen, both for civil administration and for military command. All these things show that an expansion of the Chinese race does not necessarily involve an extension of Chinese dominion. On the contrary, they tend to prove that it is the order introduced by European administration which leads to the multiplication of these industrious people; and there is, therefore, at least as much ground for saying that, though Borneo, Sumatra, and New Guinea, and the great islands of the Eastern Archipelago, may be ultimately peopled by yellow races, they will be governed by the white races, as for believing that a new Chinese Empire is in process of formation; a Chinese India may, in other words, be developed in these great and fertile islands.

If, however, we are right in contending that the expansion

of the Chinese race does not necessarily involve an extension of Chinese dominion, one portion of Mr. Pearson's forecast at once fails. For, in this case, it is obvious that the increase of the yellow belt will not deprive the white races of their pride of place, and that the yellow races will not necessarily be represented by fleets in the European seas, or by ambassadors at international conferences. The Chinese may be hewers of wood and drawers of water; but the sceptre will still be with the Aryan; and of him, and especially of the Anglo-Saxon, it will still be possible to say, as was said of Rome,

't is thine alone, with awful sway,  
To rule mankind and make the world obey,  
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way.'

The expansion of the Chinese may, indeed, involve another kind of danger: working as they do for wages which cannot support a white man, it is conceivable that they may in a not distant future absorb the labour of the world. The Western States of America and our own Australian colonies have already had some experience of this danger which might easily have become much more serious. For it is obvious that employers, in their desire to encourage cheap labour, might actually, like the old Trojans, welcome the enemy by whom their race might ultimately be overwhelmed. Just, in fact, as one generation of Anglo-Americans imported slaves, and by so doing inflicted the cruel legacy of a black belt on their descendants, so the present generation, either in America or in Australia, might possibly welcome vast hordes of Chinese, and, by doing so, might inflict on their posterity a vast Chinese population, with whose labour the Anglo-Saxons of the future might be unable to compete.

This danger, however, does not look quite so serious as it did even a dozen years ago. Democratic governments, dependent on the votes of working men, show an increasing indisposition to allow the Chinese to compete with them in the labour market; and laws are consequently passed which make it more and more difficult for the Chinese to settle, in any large numbers, in countries in which white men can live and work. Moreover, it does not at all follow that, though the Chinese are willing to work for small wages, their labour is necessarily cheap. Large contractors, on the contrary, have constantly declared that the disparity between the rate of wages in different places points to an equal disparity in

the work done, and that the same amount of work really commands the same amount of remuneration in every part of the world. Labour, as it becomes more efficient from its alliance with machinery, or from other causes, perpetually commands higher wages; and the experience of the last fifty years tends to show that the labour which is the most intelligent, and which therefore commands the best remuneration, is perpetually crushing out the less intelligent, less efficient, and therefore less highly paid forms of work.

While, then, we have no desire to ignore the possible dangers which may arise from the expansion of the Chinese, we think that it need not necessarily be attended with all the consequences which Mr. Pearson anticipates. We are equally unable to agree with his conjecture that 'the filling up' of the temperate regions of the world is depriving the white races of all opportunity for expansion. Of course, in one sense, it is quite true that the temperate regions of the world are becoming more populous, just as it is equally true that the stock of coal in the world is being gradually exhausted. But the coal supplies, even of the United Kingdom, are, for all practical purposes, much larger than they were fifty years ago, when a great geologist persuaded a great minister to stave off a prospective danger by imposing an export duty on coal. Since that time, new coal-fields have been discovered; new mines have been opened; old mines have been worked at depths which would have been declared impracticable then; and the stock of available coal, though hundreds of millions of tons have been consumed in the interval, is actually larger than it was at the commencement of the present reign. Just the same thing may be said of the great countries in the Western and Southern Hemispheres, which are becoming the new homes of the Teutonic race. Almost every new trade route, almost every new colonial railway, has opened out fresh territory to the colonist; and the land available for colonisation, instead of becoming less, is, for all practical purposes, greater than it was fifty years ago. True that, in the United States, most of the land has already been appropriated, while the population has increased till it has doubled that of Great Britain. But, vast as is the population of the United States, they would easily sustain, if they were peopled as England is peopled, twenty times their present numbers. The Anglo-Saxon race might go on multiplying at its present rate for two hundred and fifty years, and might pour the whole addition to its numbers into the States, and, at the end of that period, they would not be more thickly peopled than

the Netherlands are now. The States, however, are only one of the countries which are available for European colonists. How thick stand their numbers on the fertile territory of Manitoba, or on the still larger and undeveloped regions which may be vaguely included in the term North-Western America! How little do we still know of our great Australasian territory, and how much of it still remains available for appropriation in the coming centuries! If we agree to exclude from our view the vast districts in Southern Africa and Southern America where there is every reason for believing that men of European descent may work and thrive, do not Canada and Australia alone afford ample room and verge enough for whole centuries of colonisation? Each of them has an area almost as large as that of Europe; neither of them has a population as large as that of Belgium. No doubt, in one sense, Mr. Pearson is right in saying that they are filling up. You cannot pour a stream, however small, into a reservoir, however large, without gradually filling it up. But the reservoir at our disposal is so large, the stream which is pouring into it is relatively so small, that the process of filling up may be protracted over centuries. The period at which colonisation will be impossible, because there will be no longer any country to which the colonist can go, is so remote that it does not come within the range of practical politics.

It is plain, however, that, if we are right in this view, the whole of Mr. Pearson's hypothesis is at once affected. If, for many centuries to come, there will in all probability be room, either in Australia or Canada, for all the colonists likely to emigrate to those countries, the difficulty which Mr. Pearson anticipates is indefinitely deferred. And this postponement not only removes the evil day to a distant future, but makes the task of the prophet much harder. Whole generations of uncertainty are introduced into the problem; and changes may take place in the interval, which may alter the whole conditions. Who, for instance, in the thirteenth century, would have anticipated that the population of Europe, and especially of this country, would be largely reduced by the Black Death? Who, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, would have foreseen that a great religious war would arrest the developement of Germany for one hundred and fifty years? Who, at the beginning of the present reign, would have foretold that the population of Ireland, which had been increasing more rapidly than that of Great Britain, would in



the succeeding sixty years be reduced to about one half of its then existing numbers? Calamities, such as the Black Death, the Thirty Years' War, or even the potato disease, may possibly not recur in the future. But man is still weak, and nature is still powerful. The increase of mankind may again be arrested, as it was in England in the fourteenth century, and as it has been in Ireland in our own time, by causes which are now unforeseen; and the whole conditions of the problem, which Mr. Pearson has set himself to solve, may thus be modified.

But, if the first part of Mr. Pearson's case is consequently unproven, the second part of his book may nevertheless be true. The superior races may not be driven to socialism by their lack of opportunity for expansion, or by the presence either of the Chinese or of the negro, but they may adopt it for other reasons: the increasing intervention of the State may tend to the suppression of individual energy; individual eminence may thereupon disappear simultaneously; and the great qualities which have raised so many Europeans to distinction during the present century may become more rare. Mr. Pearson may be right in saying that science has no new discoveries in store for us comparable with those which have excited our amazement at the past; that literature will be forced to confess at last that 'the count of mighty poets is made up,' and that invention has nothing in the future to offer us which can be compared with the locomotive, the electric telegraph, or even the sewing-machine. 'The world,' if we may continue our quotation from Keats, will have 'done its duty.'

And, on this point of the argument, we again find ourselves, up to a certain point, in accord with Mr. Pearson. Whatever view we may entertain of the future of society, there can be no doubt that certain forms of socialism are growing among us. Both the State and the Municipality are required to undertake many things which our ancestors left to individual effort; while the State is expected to interfere in many matters where interference would not have been tolerated fifty years ago. Municipalities, for example, drain our towns, supply them with water, light them with gas, provide tramways, bridges, and, in some cases, even free ferries; while the State educates the masses of the people free of cost, it controls the telegraphic and postal services in every community, and, occasionally, constructs railways, harbours, and other public works. In almost every civilised country it regulates the conditions and the hours upon and

during which women and young persons may be employed, and, in certain instances, it has actually undertaken to prescribe the hours of labour for adult men.

Whether we approve or disapprove of the course which is thus being taken, there is no doubt that Mr. Pearson is right in urging that the increasing activity and interference of the State must have a profound influence on individual character. We are not, however, so certain as our author that the older countries of the world, as they lose their opportunities for expansion, will necessarily adopt the kind of socialism which has found favour in Australia. So far as experience goes, that kind of socialism which calls upon the State to construct railways and to protect its citizens from foreign competition by placing heavy duties on foreign goods, is much more fashionable in new than in old countries. And the reason for this is plain enough. For, in the new country, where capital is scarce, and where speculation is timid, the great works which are required for its development would not be undertaken at all if they were not initiated, or at least encouraged, by the State. But, in the older countries of the world, where wealth is rapidly accumulating, and capitalists are eagerly looking out for fresh uses for their money, the need for State interference does not arise. Hence, while the Australian 'goes to the State for railways and irrigation 'works,' in England we rely for these objects on individual enterprise; and, if experience may be taken as a guide, there is at least as much reason for supposing that Australia, as it becomes more populous, will gradually adopt English methods, as for concluding with Mr. Pearson that older countries like England will ultimately resort to the Australian system.

In the same way the experience which Mr. Pearson has gained in Australia has possibly misled him on the subject of free trade. His contention that the superior races, when they lose their opportunities for expansion, will protect themselves by heavy customs duties is not likely to be accepted by an English critic. For, if protection is the favourite device of young and growing communities, free trade is the natural policy of old and populous countries. In a thickly peopled country like England, for example, the majority must always be in favour of free trade, because protection would inevitably raise the cost of the very food on which they depend. Here, again, therefore, there is apparently as much ground for contending that new countries, when they become populous, will adopt the fiscal policy

of England, as for supposing that England may protect and fetter its industries by Australian methods.

Nor are we able to agree with Mr. Pearson's forecast that the increasing influence of the State will lead to the decline of the family. He argues that the introduction of divorce, however necessary, is altering the relations of the husband and of the wife, and indirectly of the parents and the children; that, as parents are losing their rights over children, children are losing the sense of duty and obligation to their parents. The child who has been nursed in the State crèche, educated in the State school, and whose labour has been regulated and restricted by State laws, will grow up with the conviction that his parent 'has done little more for him' than the law and public opinion exact, and [will draw] the 'conclusion, very often not unreasonably, that he has no great cause to be grateful.' Hence Factory Acts and Education Acts, admirable and necessary as Mr. Pearson considers them, tend, in his opinion, to weaken the authority of the parent, and to subvert what he calls 'the religion of the family.' The same effects, he thinks, are being produced by the alteration in the position of servants. The old family servant is bound to disappear. The new servant will be better fed, better housed, and better paid, but will not identify himself with the fortunes of the family in which he is serving. 'May it be that as husband and wife, parent and children, master and servant, family and home, lose more and more of their ancient and intense significance, the old imperfect feelings will be transmuted into love for fatherland.'

Is it not, however, possible to draw an exactly opposite conclusion from the very facts which Mr. Pearson sets out so skilfully? Can it be said that the ancient and intense significance which attached to the term husband and wife depended on the perpetual maintenance of a tie which one or other of the parties had discredited by misconduct? The sanctity of marriage is not impaired by an occasional divorce, but by the impurity which leads to the divorce. The true Elysium, which Moore declared was to be found by those

'Who linked in one heavenly tie,  
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,  
Love on through all ills and love on till they die,'

is not lost by the hundreds of thousands, who we believe are experiencing it, because a few hundreds have wandered into

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devious paths, and have had their marriages dissolved by a Court of Judicature. What husband or wife who has realised the truth of Moore's verse believes that the 'intense 'significance' of his or her own marriage is affected by the dissolution of some less happy union? The gold is purified by the rejection of the alloy; and the sanctity of marriage—so it seems reasonable to argue—is strengthened and not impaired when gross misconduct on one side enables the sufferer to escape from a bond which it is a misuse of terms to describe any longer as holy.

Very similar reflections are suggested by Mr. Pearson's observations on the altered relations of parent and child and master and servant. We cannot believe that a change either of law or of custom, which has improved the position of the dependent, and imposed restrictions on the abuse of power by the superior, has tended to weaken home traditions or home feelings. So far as servants are concerned, we very much doubt whether the old family servant is so much a thing of the past as it is the fashion with some writers hastily to assume. Most of us, we should imagine, could quote instances within our own knowledge where masters and servants have grown old together in enjoyment of a mutual esteem which has known no interruption. Most of us, again, can remember servants who have married from their master's household, and who in their married life still maintain their old friendship for their master's family. We are not, however, so much concerned with the relations of masters with their servants as of parents with their children. And here the facts, which Mr. Pearson has cited, lead us to an exactly opposite conclusion to that which Mr. Pearson has formed. Why is it that Factory Acts have been passed? that education has been made compulsory? and that the Society for the Protection of Children is able successfully to prosecute cruel parents? Is it not because the masses of the parents in the country have risen to a higher sense of parental duty, and have determined that little children shall not be forced to work at all; that older children shall not be crippled by excessive labour; that every child shall receive some rudimentary instruction, and that the cruel parent shall not be allowed to misuse its child? It is all very well to say that these arrangements are made and that these precautions are taken by the State. The State, in this sense, is only a synonym for the majority of electors, chiefly parents themselves, who practically give direction to its policy. And we

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fail to see how the children of the majority anxious to do their own duty to their offspring will have 'no great cause' to be grateful because their parents, in addition to doing their own duty, are determined that the minority shall do their duty to their children also.

If there is anything in the arguments which we have thus used, it is not so clear, as Mr. Pearson imagines, that State Socialism will crush out individual energy, or that State interference with individual liberty will replace the Religion of the Homestead with the Religion of the State. Yet patriotism may be fostered by the consciousness that, in a democracy, every man may have his share in shaping the destinies and in enjoying the fortunes of the whole community. The patriotism, indeed, which Mr. Pearson contemplates involves consequences which do not excite enthusiasm. As the struggle for existence becomes more keen, each State, so Mr. Pearson thinks, will be driven to increase and improve its military organisation. Large standing armies, instead of disappearing with the advance of progress, will tend to become larger. National expenditure, extravagant as it already is, will be more extravagant in the coming centuries; and the State, forced by the spread of socialism to assume the functions of the capitalist and possibly to acquire the land and the railways, will be encumbered by a load of debt which in periods of adversity may become overwhelming. Thus patriotism, in Mr. Pearson's judgement, may lead to bloated armaments, heavy expenditure, national indebtedness, ruinous taxation, and ultimate insolvency. Possibly at this point the evil may cure itself. A religion of the State, producing national bankruptcy, is not likely to inspire a great many worshippers.

On this part of the subject we are again unable to follow Mr. Pearson. Patriotism, if the experience of the past and present may be taken as a guide for the future, is not likely to assume the form which he anticipates. Improved means of communication, leading to greater intercourse, are breaking down the barriers which in our fathers' and grandfathers' time separated nation from nation, and races which are participating in the works of peace are beginning to forget that kind of patriotism which found its only glory in success in war. It is true that the great nations of Continental Europe are still crushed by the load of constantly increasing armaments. The memory of 1870 has inflicted this terrible burden on the existing generation. But the Anglo-Saxon races of the world are comparatively

free from this grievous infliction. The great and rising countries in America and Australia devote a small portion only of their resources to military purposes; while, if they remain true to themselves and to one another, the time may apparently come when they may be strong enough to declare that war shall not take place in the civilised world without their consent, and when they will not suffer their own prosperity to be arrested by the destruction involved in the struggles of other nations.

If, indeed, we did not hesitate to imitate Mr. Pearson's example by indulging in a forecast of the unknown, we should be disposed to argue that patriotism, in the future, is likely to assume a different form. The self-sacrifice which was required for maintaining such a contest as that amidst which the last century closed or the present century opened is likely to become more rare. But the self-sacrifice which is ready to promote the amelioration of society will, on the other hand, become more common. Wealthy men are displaying a constantly increasing disposition to devote some portion of their wealth to public objects of importance, and are building improved dwellings, opening pleasure grounds, and providing pictures, museums, libraries, and music for the people. And surely the self-sacrifice which is required for these objects has as good right to the name of patriotism as the self-sacrifice which maintained a great contest with some national enemy. The foes of England at the present time are not the French, but ignorance, poverty, disease, and crime; and the highest patriotism may be displayed in encountering and overcoming these enemies to our national welfare.

We must now, however, turn to the other portions of Mr. Pearson's forecast, and especially to his prediction that the aggregation of people in great cities is leading to the physical deterioration of the race, while a variety of causes is tending to mediocrity among the masses and not to the superiority of the few. And here, again, we are able to accompany Mr. Pearson through a portion of his arguments. The tendency of mankind to accumulate in great centres almost certainly has its effect on the physique of the people. The child reared in a narrow alley, on possibly unsuitable diet, has not the advantage which the country child derives from good air, rural pleasures, and, above all, the ability to obtain milk for its food. Here, again, however, we are always in danger of drawing an incorrect inference from

imperfect data. Take, for instance, London, the largest town in the world. The evils of city life—whatever they may be—must be specially visible in a town which is more than twice as large as any other on the face of the globe, and which has more than doubled the number of its inhabitants in the last forty years. But can any one, acquainted with the condition of London life at the commencement of the present reign, doubt that existence in it now is healthier, happier, and better than it was then? Whether we read the description of a London slum in ‘*Alton Locke*,’ the account of Bethnal Green in ‘*Mr. Groville’s Journals*,’ or the debates in Parliament on intramural interments, there can be no doubt that the London of to-day is a different London from that which has thus come down to us in blue books and literature. Recollect, too, that the most thickly inhabited parts of the metropolis are less densely peopled than they were then; that public and private effort has provided thousands of working men with sanitary dwellings; that many of the parks have been made available for cricket and athletic games; that new parks and playgrounds are almost annually added. Bear in mind, too, that thousands of young men obtain healthy training as members of our Volunteer army; that cheap working-men’s trains enable tens of thousands of others to live and bring up their families in the suburbs; that the hours of labour have been regulated; that the shops and factories in which labour is carried on are carefully inspected; that weekly half-holidays have been established by custom, and occasional holidays by law; and that the excursion train and the bicycle carry young and old, vigour and decay, to the beautiful places which surround the metropolis. These advantages must, we contend, have their effect on city life. They have been chiefly introduced too recently and too gradually to make their full consequences visible, but they justify us in saying that life in London—though London has doubled its numbers in the interval—is healthier and happier than it was fifty years ago.

If we are right in this contention, the evils of city life, instead of increasing with growing population, are actually diminishing. Mr. Pearson’s argument seems to assume that things must necessarily grow worse. Our conviction, on the contrary, is that they are slowly becoming better. Bad and unwholesome as much in London unfortunately is, it is not what it was twenty years ago: it can hardly be compared with the state of things forty years ago. The

advantages of city life for the masses are increasing, its disadvantages are decreasing. And the townsman, thanks to railway and bicycle, is not so completely excluded as he was at that time from 'that world full of sweet signs and sounds, that divinity of hill and glade and running stream, which were anciently the inheritance of the whole human race.'

All these things, however, will not make much difference if it is really true, as Mr. Pearson believes, that superiority of intellect is being swamped in a great flood of mediocrity. Nothing can repay mankind for the loss of the leaders of men. Every step in progress has probably been taken in the past by some man eminent above his fellows; and material and moral welfare must continue to depend on the example and on the labours of great men. If, then, it be really true that society is 'dying at its top,' that the Aryan race is deteriorating, that great individual eminence is likely to be a thing of the past, that 'the future will supply us with no great inventors, no great thinkers, no great poets, no great scholars, no great leaders either in the world of science or of letters,' we may indeed despair. A race which can gain distinction in no field is doomed to decay.

What grounds, however, are there for this melancholy prediction? Turn over the files of any sporting paper, you will find that what is called the record is continually being broken. The very best athletes can lift heavier weights, can throw cricket balls for longer distances, and can run a mile, or ten miles, in a shorter time than their fathers. Whatever importance may attach to records of this character, they do not point, at any rate, to any decay of physique. The hunting field and the Alpine Club can supply us with any number of proofs that men, in the pursuit either of sport or recreation, hold their lives cheaply; and the year when an Englishman has succeeded in attaining mountain heights which previous generations would have regarded as absolutely impracticable seems a singular one for proclaiming the deterioration of the Aryan race. Perhaps Mr. Pearson may be right in saying that 'such men as Drake and Frobisher, Clive and Warren Hastings, are likely to become rare and disappear.' Each generation has its own type; and the future can never exactly reproduce the past. But may not the nineteenth century match Drake with Nelson, Frobisher with Livingstone, and, if it has no Clive or Warren Hastings, boast that it has produced the two Lawrences,



Outram, and a score of men who have devoted their lives to promoting the welfare of our great Indian Empire?

We fail, then, to see any evidence of the physical deterioration of the Anglo-Saxon race. Is, however, Mr. Pearson right in his conjecture that intellectual eminence is becoming more rare? In one sense we should be disposed again to agree with him. Education has become general; the intellect of the masses has been stimulated, and the people stand intellectually on a higher level than they did in previous generations. The great men of the world are no longer raised so far above their fellows as they were at the beginning of the century. But a mountain is no lower because we regard it from some intermediate height, instead of gazing at it from the valley below; and the man of exceptional culture or ability is not less able or cultivated because his students or his admirers have had their knowledge broadened or their minds sharpened by superior education. We are inclined, therefore, to dispute the general proposition that culture is becoming more rare, and intellectual eminence more improbable; and, if we turn from generals to particulars, we shall find a good deal to support our own view of the case. There seems to us absolutely no evidence that the future will supply us with 'no great thinkers, no great poets, no 'great scholars, no great leaders, either in the world of science 'or of letters.'

Let us take the case of literature first. No man is a good judge of the literature of his own age. For, if a prophet is rarely honoured in his own country, a man of letters must not always expect recognition in his own lifetime. We hesitate, therefore, to pronounce any confident opinion on the merits or demerits of contemporary literature. Yet we cannot help asking whether there is any evidence of the decline of which Mr. Pearson speaks? Is it, for instance, true that poetry is decaying 'because topics are being 'exhausted'? The century which is drawing to a close witnessed at its commencement a Scott, a Byron, a Shelley, and a Keats. These writers were either accompanied or succeeded by Wordsworth, by Tennyson, and by Browning. The last survivor of these seven men has only just been removed from us. Can it be true that a century which has produced seven such men, and which has simultaneously given birth to a score of writers whose genius is only inferior to theirs, has witnessed the decay of poetry? Have any of these poets shown that the topics with which poetry deals are being exhausted? On the contrary, have they

not among them touched almost every theme which can charm, excite, or refine? Have not the two latest among them opened out new realms for the poet to explore—the one by his subtle analysis of character; the other by his beautiful speculations

‘ Upon the great world’s altar stairs  
That slope thro’ darkness up to God ? ’

Mr. Pearson himself admits that, even if there were a fifty years’ silence after the last of these great men had produced really great work, it would be rash to infer that the creative faculty had said its last word. Why, then, should he go on in the very next sentence to argue that it is impossible to feel very sanguine about the future ?

In noticing the poets, we have purposely confined ourselves to the very greatest names and to men who are no longer with us. If we apply the same rule to history, what may not be said of an age which, in one country and during one reign, has produced a Grote, a Macaulay, a Hallam, and a Freeman ? And here, again, we might easily extend the list by including men hardly, if at all, inferior to these. Has any other country or any other age produced historians equipped with profounder knowledge, or who have approached their task in a more conscientious spirit ? One man alone among English historians ranks clearly and distinctly above any of the four. The work which those men accomplished is being prosecuted by successors who are still alive—by Froude, by Stubbs, and by Lecky. The Muse of History can have hardly bid her last farewell when she has achieved and is achieving such results among us.

Take again the case of fiction. Dickens and Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, are eminent among a crowd of novelists of the present reign, many of whom have acquired great distinction. Each of them has made the world richer by creations which are more familiar than the real characters of history. Carton and Joe Gargery, Colonel Newcome and Becky Sharp, the Tullivers, Mrs. Poyser, and Jane Eyre are at any rate among the immortals. We turn from the world of fiction to the world of thought, to writers like Carlyle, Mill, Buckle, and Maine. Where is the evidence that the future, as Mr. Pearson believes, will have no great thinkers for us ? The thinker, in every age, is the rarest of mankind. Yet, if we are to judge the future from the experience of the present and the past, is there any reason for believing that men in our own age have

adopted the conclusion of the author of the 'Rejected Addresses,' that 'thinking is but an idle waste of thought,' and that they are ceasing to think? \*

Mr. Pearson's forecast respecting the future of science seems to rest on as unsatisfactory a basis as his predictions about literature. He considers that 'it is not unreasonable 'to surmise that there are limitations in the nature of the 'universe which must circumscribe the achievements of 'speculative research;' that 'the supreme triumph of 'astronomy was achieved' when Newton revealed 'the only 'one secret of the universe to be discovered;' that similarly biology and chemistry have only insignificant revelations in store for us; and that science, 'having delivered herself 'of her own imperishable protest against popular theology, 'has no other great moral truth to declare.' If Mr. Pearson's book did not abound with proofs of his reading and his knowledge, such a sentence would make us doubt the adequacy of his scientific equipment. The age, if anything, is scientific; every year has apparently fresh revelations in store for us; and though, in the abstract, it may be true that there are limitations to our achievements, every generation finds an answer to problems which previous ages declared to be insoluble. Let us only recite some of the more remarkable discoveries which have been reserved for our own time. We will take the case of astronomy first, from Mr. Pearson's astounding statement that there was only one secret to discover, and that Newton gave it to the world. A hundred years after Newton's time Sir W. Herschel detected the extraordinary fact that the sun was travelling through space and bearing its own planetary system with it towards the constellation Hercules. About the same time the discovery of the revolutions of double stars by the same great astronomer opened out to us what has been called a new branch of sidereal science. In our own time the spectroscope has placed at the astronomer's disposal an instrument whose potentialities are greater than even those of the telescope. It has enabled us to analyse the composition of the sun—a task which previous generations had declared to be utterly impracticable; to detect the motions of the fixed stars through space, and to watch the behaviour of the nebulae, which some authorities tell us are even now condensing into new suns. It has gone far to establish the unity of nature and the universality of law. At the same time telescopic photography has revealed to us hosts of stars which no telescope alone could have shown us.

'Outside the solar system'—so writes Miss Clerke in her admirable *History of Astronomy during the present century*—'the problems which demand a practical solution are all but infinite in number and extent. And these have all arisen and crowded upon our thoughts within less than a hundred years. So rapidly has the development of a keen and universal interest attended and stimulated the growth of power to investigate this sublime subject. What has been done is little—is scarcely a beginning: yet it is much in comparison with the total blank of a century past. And our knowledge will, we are easily persuaded, appear in turn the merest ignorance to those who come after us.'

Which, we ask with confidence, is right? Mr. Pearson, with his only secret of the universe clearly revealed to us; or Miss Clerke, citing the achievements of the present generation to justify her prediction of the greater triumphs which astronomy has in store for us in the future?

But astronomy is only one of the sciences in which veil after veil has been lifted during our own lifetime. Geology is almost the creation of the present century, and geology has taken its present form only during the last forty years. The knowledge which the present age has gained of the gradual formation of the earth on which we live exceeds the accumulated knowledge of the preceding centuries. And, just as astronomy has enlarged our ideas of space, so geology has enlarged our ideas of time. While, just as astronomy is measuring space, so geology is endeavouring to measure æons which seemed immeasurable. Whether we accept or reject the theories of the late Mr. Croll, we must admit that he has opened out to us the possibility of assigning a date to the Glacial epoch; and the date of the Glacial epoch promises to become the most important chronological fact in the history of the world and in the history of primitive man.

For geology, it must be recollected, is not merely revealing to us the story of the earth's formation; but, through cave and gravel, it is gradually conferring on us a knowledge of our primeval ancestors. And the knowledge which we have thus gained has been entirely acquired during the lifetime of a single generation. It was only in 1859 that the discoveries which M. Boucher de Perthes had made at Abbeville were accepted by scientific men. And our acquaintance with what naturalists call quaternary man, as well as the speculations of physicists on the possible existence of man during still earlier periods of the earth's formation, all date from a period which is removed from

us only by thirty-four years. Those who have followed the history of the work which has since been accomplished in this field will be the first to acknowledge that, surprising as are the results which have been already attained, we are as yet in the very infancy of this new branch of learning. We can hardly venture even to hazard a suggestion on the revelations which the future may have in store for us. Thus, here also, the possibilities of science are almost infinite. So far from her rôle being exhausted, her work has hardly begun.

Let us not forget, too, that it was only in the year in which M. Boucher de Perthes' discoveries were accepted by the scientific world that Darwin published the 'Origin of Species.' Whatever may be the final judgment of the world on the conclusions at which this great physiologist arrived, no one can doubt that he profoundly affected thought, and carried the range of universal law into the new dominion of biology. But, at the same time, no one will doubt that much of his theory still requires confirmation or refutation, and that it is to the future that we must trust for the final word on this great subject.

Thus, then, if we look at the prospects which science is affording to the astronomer, the geologist, and the biologist, we can find no valid grounds for Mr. Pearson's prediction that the achievements of the past are to find no successors in the future, and that no fresh revelations are in store for coming generations. All the indications appear to us to point to the opposite conclusion. If, however, we cannot follow Mr. Pearson's despondent reasoning on the future of science, still less are we able to understand his views about the future of mechanical invention. He writes :—

' One of the best instances of the decadence of English energy is in the imperfect welcome accorded to mechanical invention. The end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth were conspicuous in England by the number of new inventions given to the world. The industrial supremacy of the globe was achieved almost at a bound by the men whose catalogue of names includes Arkwright and Hargreaves, Watt and Bramah, Brinsley and Stephenson, Wedgwood, Maudslay and Davy. There is no reason why the inventive faculty should not have continued in this country. Nasmyth, Bessemer, Whitworth, and Armstrong are conspicuous examples that the race retains the power of magnificent conceptions. . . . Indeed it may be said that England still contributes the larger half of the world's inventive fertility ; but England no longer gets or deserves the credit for it. If we look back to actual history, we shall find that many of the best patents, such as the steam plough, the sewing machine, and the electric tele-

graph, had to cross back to England from America before they could obtain recognition. . . . The English inventor is still more than the equal of his rivals. . . . Where he fails is when he carries his work to market. The instinctive feeling in England is that, if an invention were really valuable, it would have been hit upon before ; the feeling in America, that whatever is new ought, simply because it is new, to have a trial.'

We have quoted this paragraph at length because it affords a striking instance of Mr. Pearson's customary despondency. England, by our author's admission, contributes the larger half of the world's inventive fertility, and yet she deserves no credit because she gives an imperfect welcome to new inventions. Nay, more, the best instance of the decadence of English energy is to be found in the fact that Englishmen do not recognise their own fertility in invention. England, in short, is decaying, not because she is ceasing to invent, but because our author fancies she does not appreciate her own discoveries.

Now, in the first place, if our author's argument is worth anything, it proves a great deal too much. There was a time when Englishmen did not recognise invention, but it was the period in which, Mr. Pearson tells us, the industrial supremacy of England was achieved almost at a bound. Take some of the very men whom he rightly names among the great inventors of the world. Hargreaves's neighbours broke into his house and destroyed his jenny ; the machinery which Arkwright invented was broken by the Luddites and other rioters. Brindley (for we presume that Mr. Pearson means Brindley when he writes Brinsley) was regarded, in the first instance, as a mere bungler, and to the close of his career was imperfectly remunerated for his services. Stephenson's engines had been running for a dozen years when a committee of the House of Commons ridiculed his proposal for a new railway. Davy himself laughed at the notion that it was possible to light a large town with gas. The imperfect welcome of invention, therefore, was at least as visible at the end of the last and at the beginning of the present century as at any other period ; and, if the decadence of energy can be measured by this fact, we are at once involved in the paradox that British energy must have been decaying at the moment when industrial enterprise received its chief impulse.

But, in the next place, is there any evidence that invention is imperfectly welcomed ? The testimony of every one engaged in large works would, we imagine, be exactly opposite. No great work is ever undertaken in our own time without

at once exciting inventions which are immediately and eagerly adopted. Has our author ever visited the works of the Ship Canal and watched the steam navvies tearing away tons of soil, which the unaided efforts of men alone would have taken twentyfold the time to remove? Has he ever noticed steam dredgers sucking up the sand, which previous generations would have endeavoured at a much greater expenditure of labour and money to dig out? Has he seen the great bridge which within the last few years has been placed across the Forth? Has he reflected that the whole idea of that bridge is novel? Is he aware that during its construction difficulty after difficulty was surmounted by fresh inventions, and that the inventions have proved so effective that, if the structure had to be rebuilt, with the knowledge thus acquired already familiar, it could be reared for, we believe, one-third of the cost of the present erection? Has he visited the new Tower Bridge? Is he aware that the electric wire, and the electric cables which now encircle the globe and annihilate the effects of distance, originated with Mr. Wheatstone? Has he spoken through a telephone? Has he considered how electricity, which was only pressed into the service of mankind at the commencement of the present reign, carries our messages, lights our public buildings and private houses, drives in some cases our railway trains and in other cases our tramcars? Has he remembered that inventors are perpetually discovering new uses for this mighty power, and that a year hardly passes without some such new uses being adopted? These are only a few among the many instances which might be given of the new inventions which are being continually made, and of the readiness with which they are as continually accepted. What, in the face of these examples, is the force of the argument that the imperfect welcome of invention is a sure sign of the decay of energy?

It is true that certain inventions may have found readier favour in America than in our own country. But the fact is, of course, capable of an easy explanation. Invention, like everything else, depends on the demand for it; and a new and sparsely peopled country may have uses for particular machines which an old and more populous community cannot find. Take, for example, the steam plough and the sewing machine, whose history Mr. Pearson has cited. It must be obvious that the steam plough was, and is, better adapted to the almost continuous corn lands of the United States than to the small fields into which our own farms

have been subdivided. Again, the advantages of a sewing machine were much more likely to be appreciated in a country like America, where female labour is so scarce that it is difficult to obtain domestic servants, than in a country like our own, where female labour is so plentiful that the supply of it largely exceeds the demand. The readier acceptance of these machines, therefore, in the United States only proves that the conditions of that country were more favourable for their adoption. But, even supposing for one moment that Mr. Pearson was right, and that the Americans were ready, while we were reluctant, to accept invention, we cannot see that this circumstance affects his main argument. Assuming that the future of the white races depends on the future of the Anglo-Saxon, their fortunes would not be affected by the greater energy of our American cousins. Fondly as we believe in the destinies of the English people, it appears to us to be a narrow view to confine their lot to those of them who have clung to the British Islands. It is the glory of this country that she has become the mother of many nations, and the fortunes of the future will depend on her children in whatever hemisphere, or on whatever continent, they may be situated. The time must, in all probability, arrive when Canada and Australia will contain many more millions of people than England alone can support; and in the remote struggle between the superior and inferior races, the issue will mainly turn on the conduct, not of English at home, but of the Greater Britain beyond the seas.

We have examined at some length Mr. Pearson's premisses and his deductions. We have endeavoured to show that the expansion of the Chinese race need not necessarily lead to an extension of Chinese rule; that the white races of the world are not consequently likely to be deprived of their 'pride of place;' and that some of the temperate regions of the earth are still so sparsely peopled that they will afford room for centuries to come for European colonists. If we are right in these conclusions, it is plain that Mr. Pearson has exaggerated the difficulties of the future, and that the conditions on which his whole argument is founded are not likely to arise, at any rate till some remote period. But we have also endeavoured to show that Mr. Pearson's Australian experiences have probably misled him in the second portion of his book; that there is no reason for thinking that socialism in older and thickly inhabited countries will necessarily take the form which it has assumed in Australasia; that



there are no grounds for apprehending that the organisation of the State is crushing out individual effort; and that there is no cause for believing that literature, science, and discovery have accomplished their chief successes, but that, on the contrary, the future in these respects is likely to be at least as rich as the past. But, after all, the issue between Mr. Pearson and ourselves is wider than any mere analysis of his reasoning can show. He has foreshadowed a world where the superior races are to be crushed and elbowed out by inferior peoples, and where eminence in intellect and character is to be swamped in a great ocean of mediocrity; while we reply with Tennyson:

‘Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,’

relying on the creed embedded in a noble modern poem:—

‘Before beginning and without an end,  
As space eternal, and as surety sure,  
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,  
Only Its laws endure.’

This faith, which religion proclaims, has been justified both by history and by science. By history, which tells the story of the gradual progress of mankind to higher faiths and higher ideals: by science, which teaches the kindred doctrine of the survival of the fittest. Why should we reject the conclusions which are thus impressed on us for the dismal prospect which Mr. Pearson holds out to us? Why should we not rather hope that the progress which has made the past memorable will be maintained in the future; and that the great Anglo-Saxon race, which has acquired dominion over so large a portion of the earth's surface, may retain its pride of place, and prove its right to govern by the intellectual eminence of its greatest men?

ART. II.—1. *The Great Barrier Reef of Australia : its Products and Potentialities.* By W. SAVILLE-KENT, F.L.S. 4to. London : 1893.

2. *The Coral Lands of the Pacific : their People and their Products.* By H. STONEHEWER COOPER. With Two Illustrations. New and Revised Edition. London : 1882.

3. *Captain Cook's Journal during his first Voyage round the World in H.M.'s Bark 'Endeavour' (1768-71).* Now first published from the Original Manuscript. By Captain WHARTON, R.N. 4to. London : 1893.

THERE are few passages in our maritime history of more intense interest than the pages of Captain Cook's Journal (now republished in its integrity from the original manuscript by the Hydrographer of the Admiralty), in which that gallant seaman describes with eloquent simplicity the position he found himself in when the 'Endeavour' struck upon a coral reef off the unknown coast of Eastern Australia which Cook was the first to explore. With incredible exertions and at great risk, the bark was beached in Endeavour River, where she was repaired by the crew. The famous navigator lay unconsciously within the Great Barrier Reef of Queensland, through which it was equally difficult to find an exit and an entrance, in the maze of narrow and tortuous channels intersected with innumerable islands ; but through these unknown passages Cook succeeded by his masterly seamanship in threading, more than once, his way.\* This was apparently the first experience to civilised man of that great ledge or reef of rocks which girdles the eastern shore of Queensland at a distance of six or seven leagues from the mainland. It presents a vast number of curious phenomena not only to the hydrographer and seaman, but to the physiologist, the geologist, and the naturalist ; and the sumptuous volume which we have placed at the head of these pages is devoted to an ample description of its products.

'The Great Barrier Coral Reef of Australia,' says Mr. Saville-Kent, 'the marvellous structure and extent of which was first made known to the world through the explorations of Captain Cook, is one of the wonders of the universe. The extreme linear measurement of the Great Barrier Reef along the Queensland coast approximates to no less than 1,250 English miles. The distance from the mainland to

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\* Cook's 'First Voyage,' pp. 275-305.

the outer edge or boundary of this gigantic reef, or (more properly) series of reefs, varies somewhat in different districts.

‘From Cape Weymouth in the latitude of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  to the Trinity Opening  $16\frac{1}{2}$  south, or an extent of 240 geographical miles, the average distance of the Barrier’s outer edge from the mainland does not exceed thirty miles. At one or two isolated points, such as the promontories of Cape Melville and of Cape Direction, the distance is as little as ten or twelve miles. At its northern end it follows a course due north, until opposite Cape York, Queensland’s extreme northern point, there is an intervening space of over ninety miles. From this point it rapidly extends further seawards, its more northerly clearly defined continuity disappears, and it becomes broken up into detached reefs and islets, that are ultimately as remote as 150 miles from the Queensland coastline.

‘The area enclosed between the outer edge of the Great Barrier Coral Reef and the Queensland mainland is necessarily of very considerable extent, and may be set down, at the lowest estimate, at some 80,000 square geographical miles. This vast area, throughout the greater part of its length, may be said to consist of a perfect archipelago of detached reefs and coral islets, the majority of which are completely submerged, or only partially exposed to view at low water.

‘The chain of reefs that forms the outer edge of the Barrier, together with the innumerable secondary reefs that are congregated closely within its boundaries, constitutes a natural breakwater against the ever-reverberating surges of the Pacific Ocean, and thus converts the Inner Route into a relatively shallow and tranquil inland sea, which the largest ocean steamers traverse for the greater part of the year with open ports and on an even keel. This inner passage being thickly studded with islets, reefs, and shoals, its navigation is necessarily intricate, and gives employment to a large staff of experienced and highly efficient pilots.’

The marvel of this stupendous fabric, extending over twenty degrees of latitude, and breasting the waves of the Southern Sea, is increased when we find that it consists of coral rocks, madrepores, and porites, the work of minute creatures, toiling from unknown ages, and still toiling on at a distance of many miles from any coast or shore. Their work, infinite in variety and in form and colour, is admirably portrayed by Mr. Saville-Kent in this volume, and he discusses the theories which have been put forward to explain this vast and mysterious formation, which so far exceeds in extent the atolls or circular reefs of coral found around many of the tropical islands. Science appears to us to have failed, as yet, to show on what base these rocky citadels have been reared from the depths of the ocean to the surface, or to show that they have any connexion, past or present, with the existing shores of the Australian continent. This important work does not solve the problem, but it places the

elements of it in the most striking manner before the eye of the reader.

But if the geological origin of the coral reef is obscure, we may turn with greater confidence to the domain of natural history revealed to us by this great insular continent, with its zone of coral, where nature presents us with so many objects alike novel and surprising. Few things are more remarkable in the history of life than the results which in some classes of animals are produced by the instinctive and collective toil of numerous individuals, endowed as they are with that gift of combined effort to which the whole civilisation of mankind is due. Various examples might be quoted: the beaver amongst the mammals, the Australian jungle fowl amongst birds, the white ants that construct mounds or towers as lofty as human habitations. But the structures of these gregarious creatures shrink into insignificance when compared with the immense and enduring fabrics of marine animals, so minute as scarcely to be observable by man, but so powerful that they can rear mountains from the sea.

These animals manage curiously to gather the effects of living and dying into a gigantic result, a result which in part displays itself in a remarkable and effective manner, and in part excites a lively interest, and no less lively controversy, by the mystery in which its mode of production is enshrouded. The coral reef has long been familiar to mankind by sight or description. In spite of the familiarity, the wonder of it is still impressive. For man to set about making islands, and harbours, and stations for lighthouses in the deep sea is out of the question. Except on a quite subordinate scale, with all his enterprise, with all his great resources, he could accomplish nothing. For his most cherished purposes and pursuits these things would be highly convenient, but they are beyond the scope of his power. Yet, by an animal insignificant in average size, simple in structure, and devoid of brains, these feats of superhuman engineering are successfully brought to pass. Here, however, it may be proper to insist that the coral animal is not an engineer, not a builder, not a moral agent. No sluggard can with any point be told to take example by the industrious coral, for the ethics of its existence would rather encourage than rebuke him. It has no industry. It lives to eat and eats to live. Feeding and breeding are its sole and sedentary employments. It creates by mere excretion. It is like the lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin, and

yet, like them, can surpass in beauty of its array the splendour of Oriental princes.

In ancient times, no less than now, the red coral of the Mediterranean was highly and everywhere valued for its beauty. If Roman ladies were eager for Indian pearls, no less were Indian nobles for Italian coral. The Gallic chieftain used it to adorn his sword, his shield, and his helmet. In the East it was an amulet as well as an ornament. In the West it was roasted, it was pulverised, it was mixed with water or mixed with wine, and then drunk or applied as a lotion to cure all sorts of infirmities of the flesh. Thousands of years ago babies had their coral. It was supposed to be a protection, and there is no knowing but what many a fond nurse and mother in modern times may cherish just the same view of its mystic efficacy, while pretending to the uninitiated that it is given, not to avert the influence of the evil eye, but to help the child in its teething. If any desponding persons fear that in natural history there will soon be nothing left to discover, they may be consoled by reflecting on the number of generations which went on handling and mumbling coral without discovering its true nature. The Greeks were inclined to regard it as a stone, but a stone with a power of growing in the water. In course of years, as the Latin writers show, this view was slightly modified. The coral came to be regarded as a plant of the sea, which hardened into stone on exposure to the air. The naturalists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were much of the same mind about it. The great Lord Bacon, in his 'Experimentum solitarius touching the growth of coral,' sagely observes:—

'In the sea, upon the south-west of Sicily, much coral is found. It is a submarine plant. It hath no leaves: it brancheth only when it is under water; it is soft and green of colour, but, being brought into the air, it becometh hard and shining red, as we see. It is said also to have a white berry, but we find it not brought over with the coral. Belike it is cast away as nothing worth: inquire better of it, for the discovery of the nature of the plant.'

Had he been able to follow his own advice, and inquire better of it, Lord Bacon would belike have re-written an earlier passage of his 'Natural History,' in which he says: 'There be very few creatures that participate of the nature of plants and metals both; coral is one of the nearest of both kinds; another is vitriol, for that is aptest to sprout with moisture.' The white berry is, in fact, of no commercial value; living, it is shy and tender; it is useless when

dead ; but a knowledge of it, as Bacon rightly surmised, was essential for the discovery of the nature of the coral. Whether he would himself have made the discovery had he seen the supposed berry, is a problem freely offered to the ingenuity of the speculative. One of his contemporaries, a distinguished Neapolitan physician, Ferrante Imperato, supposed that the organ-pipe coral, *Tubipora musica*, might be analogous to a honeycomb, and that its conglomeration of tubes might be the work of marine animals. Though this is not correct, it has the merit of being a good guess. Subsequently the clever Dutchman Rumphius, studying in Amboina, far from the scientific world, made a great step forward by placing corals in the radiate class of the animal kingdom. But, as if to justify the saying that things must be worse before they are better, the period of ignorance closed with a strange medley of opinions. For, while Rumphius was inditing, though not publishing, the better view, Boccone was convincing himself by direct observation that the coral was not a vegetable but a stone, Mursigli and others were proving it to be a flowering plant, and our own illustrious Ray was classing it with the seaweeds among the plants which do not flower. Then, at length, as Milne-Edwards shows in his admirable 'Histoire naturelle des 'Corallaires,' in the eighteenth century the real state of the case was first demonstrated by a French naturalist, Jean André de Peyssonnel. That de Peyssonnel speaks of the coral animals indifferently as insects, as fishes, or as sea-anemones, is no measure of his own accuracy. He is simply using the popular language of an age when any very small animal without bones was accepted as an insect, and any animal that lived in the sea was bound to be a fish. With his mode of expression the naturalists of his own day would have found no fault. With the truth expressed it was different. His friends evidently thought the opinion absurd. Réaumur was at the pains to prove it so, and in alluding to its advocate left his name unmentioned, not from any wish to rob him of his credit, but from a courteous fear of exposing him to derision. But time brings round its revenges. Réaumur, Jussieu, Linnæus, and the rest of mankind, had to submit to the fate which so uncomfortably often befalls the wise and the simple alike. They had to change their minds. For when they were willing or in a manner forced to lay aside their preconceived opinions, to forget the tittle-tattle of antiquity, to open their eyes, and

inquire better of it, lo! it could no longer be gainsaid that de Peyssonnel was right.

To Réaumur, it seems, is due the improving legend that coral islands are built by the accumulated efforts of an industrious insect. Pliny, in like manner, quite gravely records the ancient belief that a little sucker-fish could hold a ship against the impelling violence of a storm, and apostrophises the deplorable vanity of mankind when confronted with the fact that their armoured vessels could be held bound and immovable by a little fish six inches long! The wonders of nature do not really need these imaginary embellishments. The life-history of corals is sufficiently remarkable in its sober facts. Like other animals, they produce eggs, from which free-swimming young are hatched. But they have two other methods of propagation—namely, gemmation and fissiparity. Between animals and plants in general there is no distinction which makes itself more prominent and obtrusive than the free individual life of the one and the fixed colonial life of the other. By gemmation, the successive putting forth of buds, an industrious vegetable, starting with a seed of insignificant size, may build a massive structure, sometimes 400 feet in height, the resultant of individuals almost innumerable, belonging to hundreds or thousands of generations, all of them the living members of a single family, successively sacrificing their individuality to promote the common good and to share it. This procedure in plant-life is illustrated by an endless diversity of examples, great and small. Whatever exceptions there may be, this, to the ordinary observer, is the customary, the commonplace, the distinctive habit in the vegetable kingdom. Thus it came to pass that men did not believe their own eyes when they met with animals behaving in a way that seemed to be the patent right of vegetables. The isolated sea-anemone was well understood, but creatures of precisely similar structure, which took to sprouting out of stems and branches, had to be incontinently handed over to the botanist. It would be pleasant to think how much wiser we are than our ancestors, if this thought itself did not excite an unwelcome suspicion that there may also be delusions among ourselves, at which posterity will have the meanness to laugh. As a matter of fact, there is so much uniformity in nature underlying its kaleidoscope changes, that men's minds have now long ceased to find anything unreasonable in the plant-like growth of animals. The extension of the family by fissiparity is even less reconcileable with commonly accepted

notions than that by gemmation. How much the offspring owes to the parturient (or, as it might be better called, the parient) parent is conspicuous enough in the higher and highest forms of life. But the exacting conditions of maternity can seldom establish a closer tie between mother and child than that which results from birth by fission. In this method of making a family the parental zoophyte effects a cleavage of its body in such a way as to give up to the resulting 'young person' sometimes almost as large a half or share of the whole organism as it retains for itself. After a fashion it works the pleasing miracle which Goldsmith desired on behalf of a very old friend, his only shirt, when he was told by his laundress that if she washed the frail garment again, she would wash it in two, and the impoverished but sanguine poet bade her by all means do so. Shirts unhappily when rent in twain have not the recuperative power which the zoophytes possess, whereby each severed half is once more rounded off into a whole, and all the requisite parts are developed to complete the symmetry of the fabric. The process and result are both peculiar. Outdoing the altruist who shares his last crust with a fellow-creature, the fissiparous zoophyte gives away part of its mouth. In the case of the coral there are indeed two mouths, two stomachs, two sets of tentacles, but they are alike derived from an original unit, and they remain united by a common base.

It should not be concealed, however, that the eminent American naturalist Dana has long upheld a rather different view of what takes place. According to him, within the circle of tentacles a new mouth opens in the disk of the polyp at a short distance from the old one, and the edges of the new mouth extending downwards form a new stomach beneath it; fresh tentacles are developed between the two mouths, and then the polyps separate, each having a share of the old tentacles, though one carries off the whole of the original mouth and stomach. It is not by any means improbable that some corals adopt this mode of self-division, while others split themselves in the fashion previously described. The amiable philosophy which maintains that Providence never sends mouths without sending meat to put in them will observe with satisfaction that in Dana's theory the mouth, though not provided with meat, is enabled by nature to grow itself a digestive apparatus, without which both mouth and meat would be a mockery.



These varying modes of reproduction have not a little to do with the formation of coral-reefs. It is easy to understand that when the processes of cleavage and budding are repeated very many times, the compound zoophytes may attain great bulk and extension. They do so. But none the more on that account have they any chance of wide distribution over the upper regions of a deep sea. To attain this, they have had recourse to the plan of reproduction by eggs—a vulgar method, it may be thought, in comparison with the others, but after all only vulgar because all animals have found it advantageous. To the coral zoophyte its mouth is a sort of factotum. Through it the embryos are discharged. These, whether as egg-like ciliated larvæ, or with tentacles already developed, are capable of free movement in the water, and may be carried by currents to great distances from their birthplace. Mr. Saville-Kent found a still buoyant piece of pumice-stone, to which two young corals of a species of madrepora were attached. As he observes, 'the two attached coralla indicate the probability of coral germs floating abundantly at the surface of the sea, and that by attaching themselves freely to such objects as floating pumice they may be distributed through the most widely extended areas.' By the growth of the investing corals the pumice would in time be caused to sink, and thus under favourable circumstances the piling up of a new reef might be begun.

In the large group of animals to which corals belong there are only a select number of any value for reef-formation. Out of the soft sea-anemones no rocks are constructed. But the skin, which in some of the tribe is of so perishable a nature, has in others the property of secreting stony particles. When these are consolidated the creature has in its own framework a memorial tablet with a better chance of immortality than any work of human genius. Though Horace might exclaim with agreeable vanity, 'Exegi monumentum ære perennius,' neither his poems nor any others have the dimmest prospect of attaining the age of a Silurian coral. According to the looser or denser aggregation of the calcareous structures secreted between the outer and the inner layers of the zoophyte's integument, the polypidom may have a fleshy, leathery nature, a horny or stony axis, or what may be described as a hard calcareous skeleton. In the beautiful family of the Gorgonidæ the axis is in general rather of a horny than a stony consistence, although the name *Gorgonia* alludes to the mythical lady with snaky

tresses who turned all she looked upon into stone. The discrepancy is explained by the circumstance that long ago the name *Gorgonia* was of more limited application than at present, and given chiefly, perhaps exclusively, to the red coral of the Mediterranean.\* This member of the family of the *Gorgonidæ* secretes an axis which is hard and stone-like, though the young tips of the branches, prior to the development of the axis within them, are soft and slightly flexible. When it is considered that the stony portion is so much in demand that the price of it rises in some cases to 200*l.* an ounce, no one will expect to find that rocks and reefs are formed of so costly a material.† Nor are they. It is the *Madreporaria*, with continuous hard calcareous skeletons, and commonly known as madrepores or stony corals, which are chiefly instrumental in reef-production.

In Mr. Saville-Kent's very magnificent work a large fund of information is contained in regard to the genera and species of these corals, their mode of growth, and relative importance. The vivid beauty of the living animals is portrayed in accurately coloured plates, and the appearance of great masses of their stony coralla, as they stand in and out of the water at the lowest ebb of a spring tide, is exhibited by numerous photographic illustrations of a novel and striking character. It would be scarcely possible to have the wonder of the scene brought home to the mind more closely than is thus effected, except by a personal inspection of the locality, nor even in many visits would a traveller make sure of seeing such a spectacle. It was only by seizing favourable moments and rare opportunities that

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\* '*Gorgonia nihil aliud est quam corallium: nominis causa, quod in duritiam lapidis mutatur.*'—Pliny, '*Historia Naturalis*,' lib. 37, c. 59.

† The price of precious coral is very variable. In 1814 a writer in the '*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*' says: 'The size and fineness of the coral regulate the price; some is reputed worth ten guineas an ounce, and some is scarcely valued at tenpence a pound.' In 1852 Milne-Edwards says that it was sold at 60 francs a kilogram, a wholesale price of about eighteenpence an ounce. In 1883 Dr. Martin Duncan declares that 'the coral, when good, is worth from 80*l.* to 200*l.* an ounce.' In 1878 the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*,' after noticing that the cost is affected by the fluctuations of fashion, states that, 'while the price of the finest tints of rose pink may range from 80*l.* to 120*l.* per oz., ordinary red-coloured small pieces sell for about 2*l.* per oz. and the small fragments called *collette*, used for children's necklaces, cost about 5*s.* per oz.'

these marvellous views were obtained. Of the massiveness which some species of the reef-corals attain, it will be well to quote Mr. Kent's own description:—

'With regard to the rôle played by the *Madreporaria perforata* in the task of solid reef-construction, the palm must, undoubtedly, be awarded to the genus *Porites*. The individual corallites and the associated polyps of the species of this genus are among the most minute of their class; but they form aggregations that in dimensions and density surpass those of any other type. One of the commonest species of the genus, *Porites astroroides*, not unfrequently builds up coralla that measure over 20 feet in diameter and as many in height, the whole fabric being the product of repeated subdivision and multiplication of a single primary polyp, of microscopic dimensions. These huge, massive *Porites* grow in the deep water on the outer edges of the reefs, and commonly form a basis for smaller, higher-level corals. Instructive illustrations of the plan of growth of these massive forms are afforded by the photographic views that constitute the lower figures of Plates Nos. V. and VI. In the latter of these, delineating a portion of the fringing reef of the Greater Palm Island, the irregularly lobate masses of the *Porites* show indistinctly beneath the water-level, and are surmounted by a luxuriant colony of other coral species, including members of the genera *Goniastrea*, *Symphyllia*, *Madrepora*, *Mussa*, and *Cæloria*, many of which are themselves of considerable dimensions. The long diameter of this huge *Porites* corallum is not less than thirty feet, and the depth of water along the edge exposed to view is over two fathoms.'

Such species, it must be confessed, are well adapted to form the foundation-stones and the outworks of the strange harbours and breakwaters which partly grow by the myriad lives, and partly are compacted by the myriad deaths, of animal organisms, and the silent uprising of which from beneath the waves may not unfitly be compared to the uprearing of the gorgeous temple, upon whose stones

'No sound of axe or ponderous hammer rung,  
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.'

The beauty and singularity of the appearance presented by a great assemblage of living reef-corals is well, though quaintly, expressed by Captain Matthew Flinders, who, in 1802, explored the Barrier Reef of Australia, and who, after many times narrowly escaping its perils, was eventually shipwrecked upon it. On one occasion, being at anchor,

'In the afternoon,' he says, 'I went upon the reef with a party of the gentlemen, and the water being very clear round the edge, a new creation, as it was to us, but imitative of the old, was there presented to our view. We had wheat sheaves, mushrooms, stags' horns, cabbage leaves, and a variety of other forms, glowing under water with vivid

tints of every shade betwixt green, purple, brown, and white, equalling in beauty and excelling in grandeur the most favourite *parterre* of the curious florist.'

Flinders claims to have been the first to ascertain securely that New Holland and New South Wales really formed one connected land, for which, therefore, he ventured to re-adopt the original designation, *Terra Australis*, at the same time remarking—

'Had I permitted myself any innovation upon the original term, it would have been to convert it into "*Australia*," as being more agreeable to the ear, and an assimilation to the names of the other great portions of the earth.'

Taking for his text a little anchorage in the middle of Torres Strait, which he named Halfway Island, Flinders expounds his views on the structure of coral islands in a very interesting passage. After premising that the surrounding reef is three or more miles long, he says with regard to the islet itself:—

'It is scarcely more than a mile in circumference, but appears to be increasing both in elevation and extent. At no very distant period of time it was one of those banks produced by the washing-up of sand and broken coral, of which most reefs afford instances, and those of Torres Strait a great many. These banks are in different stages of progress: some, like this, are become islands, but not yet habitable; some are above high water mark, but destitute of vegetation; whilst others are overflowed with every returning tide.

'It seems to me, that when the animalcules which form the corals at the bottom of the ocean cease to live their structures adhere to each other by virtue either of the glutinous remains within, or of some property in salt water; and the interstices being gradually filled up with sand and broken pieces of coral washed by the sea, which also adhere, a mass of rock is at length formed. Future races of these animalcules erect their habitations upon the rising bank, and die in their turn to increase, but principally to elevate this monument of their wonderful labours. The care taken to work perpendicularly in the early stages would mark a surprising instinct in these diminutive creatures. Their wall of coral, for the most part in situations where the winds are constant, being arrived at the surface, affords a shelter, to leeward of which their infant colonists may be safely sent forth; and to this their instinctive foresight it seems to be owing that the windward side of a reef exposed to the open sea is generally, if not always, the highest part, and rises almost perpendicular, sometimes from the depth of 200, and perhaps many more, fathoms. To be constantly covered with water seems necessary to the existence of the animalcules, for they do not work, except in holes of the reef, beyond low-water mark; but the coral sand and other broken remnants thrown up by the sea adhere to the rock, and form a solid mass with it, as

high as the common tides reach. That elevation surpassed, the future remnants, being rarely covered, lose their adhesive property, and, remaining in a loose state, form what is usually called a "key" upon the top of the reef. The new bank is not long in being visited by sea-birds; salt plants take root upon it, and a soil begins to be formed; a cocconut or the drupe of a pandanus is thrown on shore; land-birds visit it and deposit the seeds of shrubs and trees; every high tide, and still more every gale, adds something to the bank; the form of an island is gradually assumed, and, last of all, comes man to take possession.

'Halfway Island is well advanced in the above progressive state, having been many years—probably some ages—above the reach of the highest spring tides, or the wash of the surf in the heaviest gales. I distinguished, however, in the rock which formed its basis, the sand, coral, and shells formerly thrown up in a more or less perfect state of cohesion. Small pieces of wood, pumice-stone, and other extraneous bodies which chance had mixed with the calcareous substances when the cohesion began, were enclosed in the rock, and in some cases were still separable from it without much force. The upper part of the island is a mixture of the same substance in a loose state, with a little vegetable soil, and is covered with the *Cauarina* and a variety of other trees and shrubs, which give food to paroquets, pigeons, and some other birds, to whose ancestors it is probable the island was originally indebted for this vegetation.'

The date at which these opinions were formed being taken into account, there will be no need to criticise severely the expressions which suppose the skeletons of the coral animals to be their habitations, and which attribute to instinctive foresight just such results as spring from the rational behaviour of vegetables when they choose, as they not uncommonly do, to grow and flourish in the localities which suit them best. As Flinders was doubtless unaware that the reef-forming corals live generally at comparatively small depths, such as fifteen or twenty fathoms, it was only natural that he should speak quite unconcernedly of reefs rising from the depths of 200 fathoms or more. How that is to be explained is one of the debateable and much-debated questions of to-day.

Though the so-called 'Devonshire coral' has a stony skeleton, neither by its size, nor its numbers, nor its mode of growth, does it hold out the least prospect of forming an accumulation on which any bird of sea or land will find rest for the sole of her foot. No island will it add to the territories of Great Britain. Nevertheless, those who have studied the fossils in which the neighbourhood of Torquay abounds will readily admit that its coral-laden rocks were formed beneath the sea, and that the rising to

view of a coral island in that part of the world was not always impossible.\* Respectably solid and steady as the land of England now seems, these rocks bear witness to the fact that it must have experienced some oscillations. The principal features of the globe may have been sculptured as a kind of preface to all that man knows of geology, but it is at least probable that since that sculpturing there has been at all times in one part of it or another some rising or sinking of the crust, and it is not altogether improbable that all parts at all times are more or less affected by these fluctuations, however difficult they may be to perceive and measure, and although counteracting influences may here and there for a time produce an equilibrium. A point now vigorously disputed is, whether these movements of the earth's surface have any essential concern in the formation of coral reefs.

A convenient and familiar distinction is drawn between, first, the fringing reef, which lies near to the shore and separated from it by no great depth of water; secondly, the barrier reef, which encircles a small island or skirts some part of an extensive coast-line at a considerable distance from it and with a considerable depth of water intervening; and, thirdly, the atoll, which skirts no land, but is itself a ring of rocks enclosing a lagoon. As is usual with objects in nature, things which language sharply separates are united in fact by almost indistinguishable gradations. In the lagoon of the atoll there are frequently insular heads of coral, and between the fringing and the barrier reef it is

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\* So, too, in Heer's 'Primæval World of Switzerland,' edited by James Helywood, 1876, it is observed that 'in Jurassic times reefs rose into being and spread about in Europe as they now do in the Indian and Pacific Oceans; and it is an interesting problem to ascertain the distribution and form of these reefs in the European Jurassic sea.' This refers to a time before the white cliffs of Albion had even been prepared beneath the waters. The animals had not yet been born from the frames and fragments of which the chalk was eventually to be formed. Nevertheless, the artist can venture with confidence to give a notion of the appearance of the ancient Swiss lagoon-islands or atolls. A plate for this purpose is produced in Professor Heer's work. 'It shows us the cycads (*Zamites Feneonis*) which crowned these islands, the turtles which crawled out of the sea to deposit their eggs upon the shore, the winged saurians (*Pterodactyles*) flying towards the land, and the long-necked Plesiosaurs seeking their food in the vicinity of the shore; whilst in the depths of the sea we see the coral forest rising up towards the surface of the water, and the multifarious animal life which accompanied the growth of coralline rocks.'

not always easy to say what exact depth of water and what exact distance from the land constitute the specific difference. This blending together of the various kinds of reef not unnaturally inclines the mind to accept any theory which embraces them all in a common explanation. Such a theory was propounded by Darwin, who connected the various appearances presented by coral reefs with the rising and sinking of the ocean floor.

It is obvious that from the time when the coral embryos issue out of the mouths of their parents, to be carried this way and that way over the sea, to the time when they arrive at the proper age for a sedentary life, they can have practically no controlling choice in regard to the depths in which they will sink and become stationary. For keeping up the balance of nature it is, no doubt, quite sufficient if one in a few millions of them survive to found a new colony by attaching itself to a rock in a suitable position. The success of this one, however, is not to be attributed to its own 'instinctive foresight,' nor, even if it were, could such foresight by any possibility inform the animalcule whether the rock of its attachment were in a condition of slow elevation, or slow subsidence, or of equilibrium. No polyp can be suspected of this profound geological science. Certainly, therefore, reef-forming coral colonies may be begun under any of these conditions. The question is whether they will or will not be equally prosperous under each and all.

It is now known that there are several stony corals of massive growth which cover wide expanses of the sea-floor in the cold waters at great depths. The reason why these species, in spite of their powers of extension, never form reefs, must be, as Mr. Saville-Kent insists, that they cannot. The reef-forming corals can only live and thrive within a very limited range of depth beneath the surface of tropical waters. They are impatient of a temperature much below 68° of Fahrenheit's scale. The coral neither tolerates cold water within the tropical zone, nor despises water sufficiently and equably warm in seas outside of it. Fresh water it cannot abide. For mud and sand and all things gritty it has a deep aversion. That which it loves is to be bathed continually in the lively but not too boisterous currents of ocean, for the pure sea water thus conveyed to it conceals within its limpid purity the delicate pelagic organisms and the carbonate of lime which are needed for the food and the frame of the coral. Supposing, then, that near some coast these conditions

of existence are satisfied, and that the corals have found a suitable foundation on which to establish their colonies, a fringing reef may easily be formed. With the foundation slowly subsiding, the corals must at an equal pace grow upwards, if they are to maintain their position in a sanitary depth of water. When the subsidence has been carried to a sufficient extent, the distance and depth between them and the opposite coast will have been largely increased, and the fringe will now be a barrier. In a similar manner we may suppose an oceanic island to be first encircled by a fringing reef. Slow subsidence converts this into a barrier reef. At last by continued subsidence the central land disappears altogether, and as by the hypothesis the barrier has continued growing up to the surface, there is left a lagoon surrounded by a ring of coral rock, which is called an atoll. A sea-floor slowly rising or remaining stationary would have no tendency to transform that shore-reef into barrier or atoll, though it would manifestly compel the corals after a time to desist from the policy of growing upwards. But in opposition to this view of the whole matter, so ingeniously propounded by Darwin, and so freely accepted by the world at large for thirty or forty years after its publication, Dr. John Murray, of the 'Challenger' Expedition, has put forward a theory which dismisses subsidence from any material concern in the business. According to him

'The first stage, then, in the history of a coral island is the preparation of a suitable foundation on submerged volcanic cones, or along the shores of a volcanic island, or the borders of a continent. In the case of the atoll the cone may have been reduced below the level of the sea by the waves and atmospheric influences, or built up to the lower limit of breaker action by the vast accumulation of organisms on its summit.

'A time comes, however, should the peak be situated in a region where the temperature is sufficiently high, and the surface currents contain a suitable quality of food, that the reef-builders fix themselves on the bank. The massive structure which they secrete from ocean water enables them to build up and maintain their position in the very face of ocean currents, of breakers, of the overwhelming and outrageous sea.'

Dr. Murray explains that the coral plantations which rise from the top of a submerged mountain, on reaching the surface of the waves, will have a shallow depression in the centre owing to the more rapid growth of the outer edge, and that this depression or lagoon 'becomes gradually



‘cleared of its coral patches or islands; for, as the atoll becomes more perfect, the conditions of life become less and less favourable, and a larger quantity of dead coral is removed in solution.’ He says, moreover:—

‘There is no essential difference between the reefs forming fringing and barrier reefs and those which are known as atolls. In the former case the corals have commenced to grow close to the shore, and as they grow outwards a small boat passage and then a ship channel is carved out between the reef and the shore by tidal scour and the solvent action of the water on the dead parts of the reef: thus the fringing reef may be converted into a barrier reef. In some instances the corals find a suitable foundation on the banks that surround islands and front continental lands, it may be at a great distance from the coast, and when they reach the surface they form a distant barrier which proceeds seawards, ultimately on a talus made up of materials torn from its seaward face.’

When this explanation was first published accounting for the phenomena by the chemical and mechanical action, and the nutritive and sedimentary contents of sea-water, it struck the fancy of many as more acceptable than the older theory which used in addition the slow yet colossal movements of the earth’s crust. But though the scientific observations on which the chemical, as opposed to the geological, theory is based have considerable intrinsic interest and value, on a balance of evidence the theory itself appears to be inadequate. According to other observers, it attributes far too great an efficacy to tidal scour and the solvent action of the water.\* But, in especial, it appears to slur over rather than answer the formidable objection constituted by the great tracts of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, interspersed, as Darwin said,

\* In a letter to ‘Nature,’ vol. xlii. p. 30, May 8, 1890, Dr. R. von Lendenfeld draws attention to what certainly seems a serious logical discrepancy in Dr. Murray’s theory. As Dr. Lendenfeld puts it, ‘First, a limestone cone is built, because the lime is deposited more rapidly than it can be dissolved. Then a lagoon is formed, because the solution exceeds the accumulation, and this on the same spot in still shallower and less powerfully dissolving water, and in spite of the relative stagnancy of the water in the lagoon and the limestone material which is continually washed into the lagoon from the parts of the surrounding reef which lie above the level of the sea.’ It might be answered that the organisms, which by their deposited skeletons are supposed to build up the cone in the deeper water, are absent from or far less frequent in the shallow lagoon, but the reef débris must more than counterbalance any such deficiency.

‘ with islands, of which none rise above the height to which the waves and winds in an open sea can heap up matter.’ For in regard to these vast archipelagoes it requires us to believe the very thing which Darwin felt and declared to be incredible, saying emphatically:—

‘ We cannot believe that a broad mountain summit lies buried at a depth of a few fathoms beneath every atoll, and nevertheless that throughout the immense areas above named not one point of rock projects above the level of the sea. For we may judge of mountains beneath the sea by those on the land, and where can we find a single chain, much less several such chains, many hundred miles in length, and of considerable breadth, with broad summits attaining the same height, from within 120 to 180 feet?’

The fact is admitted on all hands that the corals on the outer margin of the reef have the most vigorous growth, and this is well explained by the circumstance that to them comes the water in its purest condition, and with its fullest supply of food. In the case of a ring formed round a slowly subsiding island, it is easy to conceive that the shape of the ring would thus be maintained after the submergence of the central land, and that the lagoon would be kept open by the conditions being comparatively unfavourable to the growth of corals within it. But if, as Dr. Murray maintains, subsidence has nothing to do with it, the result is very unaccountable. For though some of the submarine mountains may have tabular summits, others will certainly be capped by ridges and cones. At suitable depths the coral colonies will flourish just as well on the top as on the sides of these. At starting, there is no reason why the top and sides of a cone should not be contemporaneously coated with corals. But in this case the polyps will be at many different levels, and the competition for food in which the outermost ring of a completed reef has the advantage, will not here arise. The topmost corals representing the centre of the circle will have a stratum of pure and food-bearing water to themselves, and will be no worse off than the groups below them. They will, therefore, have the best chance of arriving first at the surface, to form an island, not an atoll.

Dr. Murray supposes, as we have seen, that the submerged mountain platforms have been brought to the requisite level for supporting the reefs either by levelling down or levelling up. Those that were too high may have been reduced, he alleges, by the waves and atmospheric influences, those that were too low may have been built up by the vast accumula-

tion of organisms upon them. With the latter part of this supposition Darwin has dealt in an anticipatory passage, which, as Professor Bonney observes, is very little weakened by any recent discoveries.

'A conjecture will perhaps be hazarded,' Darwin says, 'that the requisite bases may have been afforded by the accumulation of great banks of sediment, which did not quite reach the surface owing to the action of superficial currents, aided possibly by the undulatory movement of the sea. This appears actually to have been the case in some parts of the West Indian sea. But in the form and disposition of the groups of atolls there is nothing to countenance this notion; and the assumption that a number of immense piles of sediment have been heaped on the floor of the great Pacific and Indian Oceans in their central parts far remote from land, where the dark blue colour of the limpid water bespeaks its purity, cannot for one moment be admitted.'

But granting for the sake of argument that the levelling up occurs in the way supposed, is it reasonable to believe that the same effects can be produced in the same regions by the supposed levelling down? Instead of waiting for the central peaks to be pulled down beneath the water, the coral-polyps would raise their fringing reefs on the sub-aqueous slopes, and so protect the land from the wasting influence of waves and currents. The tendency of atmospheric influences could at most be to plane down a steep cone to a surface commodious for terrestrial vegetation. The waste of the land during this process would at least in part be retained by the moat formed by the fringing reef, and the total result would be a permanent island rather than a lagoon. The time required for lowering mountains to anything near the sea-level by atmospheric agencies is not easy to calculate. The original height and bulk, the configuration, the consistency of the material, its outer clothing, have all to be considered, as well as the character of the agencies by which the mass of matter is to be broken up and crumbled away. Alike for the suggested levelling up and levelling down of great mountain chains, there is no disputing that enormous stretches of time would be required, a period so vast that it would be almost certain to embrace an upward or downward movement of the earth's crust. The admitted existence of the mountain chains, whose aerial peaks on either theory have been lowered beneath the waves, bears witness to a far distant time of upheaval. That this should at some time or another be followed by a period of subsidence was only to be expected, since perpetual rest in a natural object is as impossible to obtain as perpetual motion in an artificial

machine. But with a period of subsidence thus probable in itself, the appearances presented by the coral atolls have been shown to agree. Darwin indeed himself admits that, 'from the nature of things, it is scarcely possible to find direct proofs of subsidence, although some appearances are strongly in favour of it.'

There is a certain amount of evidence produced by Professor A. C. Haddon, indicating that the region may have recently been upheaved, perhaps, for a couple of feet. This evidence Mr. Saville-Kent is perfectly willing to accept, but none the less on that account is he persuaded that the original formation of the Barrier was during a period of subsidence. Between the northernmost point of Queensland, Cape York, and the island of New Guinea, the intricate waters of Torres Strait are crowded with memories of important voyages and great navigators.\* An elevation of this part of the earth to the extent of about forty feet would have made those famous explorations impossible, by uniting New Guinea to the peninsula of Cape York without any intervening strait. That the separation of the two districts dates back to prehistoric times, and that it may have taken place 'probably in a middle Tertiary epoch,' is suspected from 'the very conspicuous racial distinctions between the human inhabitants of New Guinea, the Torres Strait islands, and the Australian continent.' But for proof of subsidence, it is not the facts which show the lands to have been long separate that are important, but those which show that, at a time geologically of no extreme remoteness, they were, on the contrary, united.

Happily at this point, for variety's sake, the argument shifts from the inhabitants of the sea to the denizens of the land. It is based on the geographical distribution of animals, which the illustrious naturalist, A. R. Wallace, has shown to be full of instruction with reference to the past

\* As to the strait which bears the name of Torres, the editor of Cook's Journal remarks as follows:—'Luis Vaez de Torres, commanding a Spanish ship in company with Quiros in 1605, separated from his companions in the New Hebrides. He afterwards passed through the strait separating New Guinea from Australia, which now bears his name. The fact was, however, little known, as the Spaniards suppressed all account of the voyage; and though it leaked out later, the report was so vague that it was very much doubted whether he had passed that way. On most charts and maps of the period New Guinea was shown as joined to Australia, and to Cook the establishment of the strait may fairly be given.' (Cook's Journal, p. 314.)

history of the globe. When countries separated from one another by an arm of the sea are found to have in common several identical or nearly related species of animals, and when there is no probability that these creatures could have crossed the separating waters, either by their own efforts or by other auxiliary means, it is inferred that the countries in which they occur in common, though now severed, must have once been contiguous.

Australia possesses a very peculiar group of mammals, called the Monotremata, the name alluding to a simplification of their structure which has nothing to do with the present discussion. Though they are mammals, in parts of their anatomy they have special points of alliance with reptiles and birds. The Ornithorhynchus, otherwise called the Duck-billed Platypus, seems inclined to own the relationship by the outward sign of its birdlike beak or bill. The Echidna, compact of body and spiny like a porcupine or a hedgehog, has a long flexible tongue like an ant-eater. This it protrudes from an elongate, tapering, toothless snout, which has an intermediate kind of character such as might be thought inappropriate for either bird or beast. This quaint being looks as if it were intended more for a curiosity in a museum than for active life. The form is not limited to a single species. The Echidna of Tasmania differs from that of Australia, and the species which have been discovered in New Guinea ought, in the opinion of some authors, to be generically distinguished. But, however the names may be adjusted, the fact remains that 'the essentially Australian group of the Monotremata' is found to be represented also in New Guinea. On the other hand, Mr. Saville-Kent points out that the family of Tree Kangaroos, hitherto supposed to be confined to New Guinea, have recently been shown to possess a Queensland species. A Grass Kangaroo, 'most abundantly found on the Australian continent, is an inhabitant of New Guinea also.' Moreover, several species of the Flying Opossum, and the Ring-tailed Opossums, as also the so-called Native Cats, of the bushy-tailed genus *Dasyurus*, together with the Spotted Cuscus, which has short ears, red eyes, and long prehensile tail, and the slender-limbed burrowing Bandicoots, form an important series of marsupial animals common to both regions. Common also to them both is the Cassowary, a strong and swift bird, but not a water-bird, and not a bird with the power of flight. These facts of distribution, in Mr. Saville-Kent's emphatic language, 'infallibly demon-

'strate that the countries of New Guinea and North Queensland were in former times connected.' We, who are content to recognise that probability is the guide of life, may so far agree with him as to say that the facts make his deduction extremely probable. For the rest of his argument in regard to the ancient connexion between Tasmania and Australia, and possibly, even, by way of 'Wallace's Bank,' between New Zealand and the Barrier Reef, the reader must be referred to the volume itself. Both there and in Professor Bonney's edition of Darwin's 'Coral Reefs' will be found an analysis or quotation of the principal arguments which have been advanced by eminent naturalists for and against the theory that, although reef-forming corals may have some success in areas of elevation, and still more in such as are stationary, yet the great bulk of existing reef-formations can only have been produced in areas of subsidence.

Apart from the speculations about their origin, the reefs are capable of exciting a lively interest by an exceptional variety of means. The sailor has long known how fraught they may be with peril, and at the same time how beneficent for his succour and relief. Amongst them the poet and the painter find their dreams and visions of nature's beauty enchantingly realised. Within them and about them the students of zoology and botany have a harvest not easily to be exhausted. In connexion with them there are food resources, which from various points of view the epicure, the merchant, the economist, and even the patriot, must think worthy of consideration. Much might be said on several of these topics. Here, however, there is little space for dwelling on the curious and varied structures of the 'black coral,' and the 'blue coral,' and the 'jointed coral,' or of the Eastern 'red coral,' which vainly, and in some hands fraudulently, mocks the far more costly elegance of the red coral of Europe. The brainstones, and the mushroom corals, and many delicate species of branching madrepores, are not unfamiliar in England, so far as their calcareous framework is concerned. In the museum of the naturalist they show their characteristics all the better for being thus stripped of their soft and perishable tissues, and in this condition, having much resemblance to the deft work of a Chinese artist in ivory, they find a ready admission amidst the *bric-à-brac* of the drawing-room. Mr. Saville-Kent suggests that 'for purposes of decorative art, as applied to commercial uses, the coral class furnishes literally a mine

'of wealth.' In this respect, it is true, the treasures of the sea have been little utilised as yet. Especially, for many kinds of ornamental work, the tiny glasslike skeletons of the Radiolaria invite the artist to admire the endless ingenuity of nature and the æsthetic beauty of her fine handiwork. Scarcely less are the claims of the Echinodermata. Many a pinnacle might be copied with exquisite grace from the spine of a sea-urchin, many an architectural boss might be redeemed from poverty of design by imitating the cross section of such a spine, and even the wheel-window of a chancel need not disdain to take some hints from the same microscopic pattern.

Of remarkable animals, other than corals, that gather about the reef, there are not a few. Here lives the Giant Clam, *Tridacna gigas*, of all shellfish in the world the largest. It attains undoubtedly a length of four feet, with a weight of six or seven hundredweight, and these measurements are extended by rumour to a length of ten feet and fourteen feet, and to the weight of a ton. Out of the ponderous mass the eatable portion is less in large specimens than a twenty-fifth of the whole, but the valves can be put to various uses, to form the basins of fountains and aquaria, to be exhibited as surprising curiosities, or to be ground up into an ivory-like cement. According to Mr. Saville-Kent, 'it is commonly stated in popular works of natural history that the animal is firmly attached to the coral-rock by a byssus, of such size and strength that the aid of an axe is required to release it from its moorings.' This mistake he is at the pains to correct, but without much necessity; for, after consulting four popular works on natural history, we find that not one of them falls into the supposed error. The Giant Clam and the Frilled Clam have been sometimes confused. It is probably to the former that Flinders refers under the name of *Chama gigas*, of which he says:—

'At low water this cockle seems most commonly to lie half open, but frequently closes with much noise, and the water within the shells then spouts up in a stream, three or four feet high. It was from this noise and the spouting of the water that we discovered them, for in other respects they were scarcely to be distinguished from the coral rock.'

In another place he explains that these 'enormous cockles' are ingeniously turned into cisterns by the natives, who on waterless islands place circles of them round the screw palms:

'Long slips of bark are tied round the smooth stems of the pandanus,

and the loose ends are led into the shells of the cockle placed underneath. By these slips the rain which runs down the branches and stem of the tree is conducted into the shells and fills them at every considerable shower.'

Of more commercial value, though of far less size, than the great clams, is the mother-of-pearl shell, *Meleagrina margaritifera*, also known as the pearl oyster. This is said to command a price varying, according to quality, from 60*l.* to 230*l.* per ton, and to represent one of the most valuable material sources of wealth to the colony of Queensland. Besides the iridescent nacre, which is its birthright, and the frequent pearls which it yields more for man's satisfaction than its own, the pearl oyster offers to the naturalist additional points of interest in its two crustacean companions. These are a little crab of the genus *Pinnotheres* and a little prawn of the genus *Pontonia*. It cannot be said that in his drawings of these Mr. Saville-Kent does himself as much justice as in dealing with animals of other groups. It is singular, too, that the Barrier Reef should be so poor in crustaceans as from his description it appears to be, seeing that the orders of this class, by Dr. Klunzinger's account, contribute largely to the coral reef population in the Red Sea. Of the pearl oyster itself Mr. Saville-Kent maintains that there are 'undoubtedly two, if not three or four, distinct 'species.' On this point he speaks as an expert, and we should be sorry to dispute his verdict. Leaving the old name to the white shell, for the 'black-edged' type he proposes the new name *Meleagrina nigro-punctata*, and declares that 'its recognition as a distinct species is now imperative, if only 'in the interests of the legal interpretation and the just 'administration of the Queensland Act,' the very useful Act in question being one which has been passed in accordance with his own recommendations. This opens a delightful prospect for the tribe of naturalists, if they are not only to be consulted in the making of laws, but to be allowed by an adjustment of names to interpret them at their own discretion.

Those whose sympathies are unmoved by coral or by pearl may yet find a world of wisdom in Mr. Saville-Kent's book where he treats of edible oysters. Lovers of the little Colchester 'native' may not be attracted by the Cockscomb oyster, which has a pair of valves not unfrequently weighing from five to seven pounds, and measuring from eight to twelve inches across. It is acknowledged that this species needs the softening influences of culinary skill. But there



is an abundance of other species of intermediate sizes down to one that is too small for commercial use. Marvellously prolific as all these oysters are, the appetite and improvidence of man are quite capable of overtaking and impoverishing their exuberance, unless proper measures of protection are invoked for their defence.

But from the mysteries of ostreiculture, and from the peculiar pleasure which the Mangrove oysters afford in allowing themselves to be plucked in bunches from a tree, we must turn to notice another speciality in food which likewise supplies a staple industry in the district of the Barrier Reef. For this food there is in Europe at present no taste, either natural or acquired, but some turtles and all Chinamen love it, and a few of our own colonists are beginning to do so. Its names are numerous; more numerous than accurate, for though spoken of as *bêche-de-mer* or sea-slug, it is neither spade nor slug, and though its numerous species are distinguished as Red Prickly-fish and Stone-fish, and Large Lolly-fish, and so on through a score of names, none of the species are fishes. All belong to genera of the class of the Echinoderms. On comparing them with the definite and graceful outlines of a starfish and the firm texture of a sea-urchin, at a first acquaintance the coral island poet might have been inclined to report that the *bêche-de-mer* or trepang was of awkward, sprawling, and repellent shape, 'if shape it might be called, 'which shape had none distinguishable in member, joint, or 'limb.' To the Chinese, who use it for soup, this matters little, since, before it comes to their market, it has been boiled, disembowelled, spread out in the sun to dry, and then smoked for twenty-four hours or more, losing in these processes three-fourths of its length, and, from an original resemblance to a huge, soft, flexible, and very elastic curly-headed sausage, becoming like one that has been roasted, charred, and, as it were, fossilised in the cooking. When properly cured, we are told, the animals should rattle like walnuts in a bag. On this point Mr. Saville-Kent and Mr. H. Stonehewer Cooper are in agreement, though at some other points they very much differ. There are certain kinds of trepang capable, like spiders, of emitting tenacious cottony filaments. One of these cotton-spinners is called the Leopard-fish, and, according to Mr. Kent, in Queensland its filaments are quite harmless; but the holothurian itself is of little commercial value, except for fraudulent admixture with better kinds. Mr. Cooper, on the other hand, says, in the Leopard-fish of the Pacific islands these filaments produce

immediate and painful inflammation on any part of the human skin, 'yet,' he adds, 'this hideous slug is worth in China 'from 80*l.* to 100*l.* a ton.' Mr. Cooper's volume contains many entertaining descriptions of things seen and heard in Polynesia, and several passages upon coral island botany which we would fain have quoted, had space permitted; but his scientific attainments allow him to speak of the coral animals as 'tiny insects,' to declare that the branches of their polyparia are 'mostly jointed,' that 'the animals inhabit 'the concretions in minute cells,' that the coral 'seems to 'be a connecting link between the animal and vegetable 'kingdoms,' and as to the coral reefs, that 'it is thought,' though he does not say by whom it is thought, 'that these 'aggregations are stratified rocks of limestone, and that all 'calcareous formations have proceeded from the putrid 'bodies of fish'—an opinion so sagacious that it ought at least to have rescued its author's name from oblivion. Although, as Mr. Kent suggests, the Leopard-fish, which is harmless in one part of the world, may be inflammatory in another, Mr. Cooper cannot complain if his rocks of putrid fish detract from the credit of his blister-producing *bêche-de-mer*.

Passing over the numerous fishes, properly so called, of the Great Barrier, many of them brilliant in colouring and singular in form, many of them acceptable to the palate, and of noteworthy abundance, we must give a word to the turtles, of which there are several species in this favoured region. They are notable in its past history for the health-renewing food which they on many occasions supplied to the crews of exploring vessels. They have a substantial value in the present, as well on account of the meat which some so amply provide, as of the tortoise-shell yielded by others. They attain a great size. They are extremely prolific. They are easily captured. Mr. Cooper amusingly describes how men jump into the water, mount the turtles' backs, and steer the huge helpless creatures to the side of the canoe, into which they are forthwith hoisted. Mr. Saville-Kent relates that in Torres Strait the natives have a sucker-fish three or four feet long, which, being fastened by a thin line, is thrown into the sea when a turtle is sighted. The sucker-fish swims straight to the turtle and sticks to its carapace, until both have been drawn on board together. This tale is not so wonderful as Pliny's, before mentioned, of a sucker-fish detaining a ship; but it has the advantage of being true.

The colony of Queensland has recently been passing

through a distressful period. Disastrous floods, disastrous droughts, disastrous panics, have ruined some of its people, crippled the energies of more, and must inevitably have thrown a gloom over the hearts of almost all. The position of the province has been of a kind to recall that critical Sunday in June a hundred and twenty-three years ago, when Cook, in the 'Endeavour,' was off that point of its coast-line which he found reason to name Cape Tribulation. At one hour his vessel was sailing prosperously in a good depth of water, and the 'gentlemen left the deck in great tranquillity, 'and went to bed;' the next hour, 'the water shallowed at 'once from twenty to seventeen fathoms, and before the lead 'could be cast again, the ship struck, and remained immoveable, except by the heaving of the surge, that beat her 'against the craggs of the rock upon which she lay.' From the imminence of that peril, from all its wearing anxiety and suspense, there came at last relief, with no loss of any man's life nor yet of the ship. By the courage and resolution which the men of the 'Endeavour' then displayed, the people of Queensland may be exhorted now to take example and to be of good cheer. It is clear that the natural resources of the colony are great, and its prospects full of hope. No country indeed is ever wealthy enough to dispense with prudence and a temperate use of nature's gifts; but, in dealing with such treasures as those in which the Great Barrier Reef abounds, improvidence and waste are more than usually suicidal. That knowledge is power, that honesty is the best policy, that he who maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent, are lessons of a very trite and homely wisdom; nevertheless, in the history of the fair coral lands, these wise saws of olden time have the witness of modern instances not a few to prove that, even if old-fashioned, they have not lost their intrinsic truth.

ART. III.—*William George Ward and the Catholic Revival.*  
By WILFRID WARD. 8vo. London: 1893.

OF the leaders of the Oxford movement, few can compare in influence, and fewer in personal interest, with William George Ward. We may add that none have been more fortunate in the matter of a biographer. Readers of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's earlier work will need no warmer commendation of the volume before us than the assurance that it falls in no respect below the standard of excellence reached by its predecessor. Exceptional facilities of information have been happily united with a just sense of proportion, and a genuine sympathy with the subject of his writing, which, however, never exceeds the limits of a sound and liberal judgement. The story of the later career of William George Ward does not appeal, for manifest reasons, to the same class of readers as that which found an intense if painful interest in the earlier history of his life; but we are disposed to think that it appeals to a wider class, and one more truly representative. The Oxford movement never altogether ceased to bear the character and retain the aspect of an academic episode. Oxford was its home and its principal sphere of influence. Oxford was the scene of its collapse. In the country, and indeed in Oxford, the movement had effects very considerable, and probably permanent; but those effects were worked out in other and more normal grooves than any directly contemplated by the Tractarians. The secessions of 1845 and 1851 absorbed into the Roman Catholic Church the distinctive elements of the movement.

The volume before us covers wider ground. As an important and always militant member of a Church which is in all lands, and in necessary contact with every social and political contingency throughout Europe, Ward speedily acquired a reputation throughout the Roman communion, and brought within the range of his powerful though limited polemics subjects of universal interest and importance. The two principal controversies of his later career affected a very much wider area of thought than any which was agitated by his 'Ideal of a Christian Church,' and the arena in which the warfare was waged was wider than that provided by the Sheldonian Theatre. Of these controversies, the earlier was that which may be said to have reached triumphant conclusion in the famous definition of Papal infallibility by the Vatican Council in 1870; the latter was concerned with the

profoundest problems of philosophy, the very axioms of religion, and had but indirect connexion with those fierce intellectual disputations in which he so eagerly engaged and so valiantly contended. It is in the combination of interests, generally far enough apart, that the singular attraction and real greatness of Ward's character must be recognised. Ecclesiastical zealots are common enough, and there is no lack of acute and courageous philosophers; but the representation of both in one person is certainly uncommon. Ward, however, was both the most ardent of ecclesiastical zealots and the acutest and most rigorously logical of philosophers, and we repeat that it is this union of characters generally distinct that most justifies his claim to be accounted among the remarkable men of the century.

The title of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's work speaks of the 'Catholic Revival,' and throughout the view is adopted that the development of the Roman Church has really constituted a great renewal of life and power within that communion. It will be only with very considerable reservations that English Churchmen will allow that there has been anything of the kind. That there has been a recrudescence of zeal in certain directions; that a militant, aggressive temper now stirs within the mass of the Roman Church, and that this reveals itself in public procedures of a character not less novel than (in many cases) indefensible, can hardly be questioned; but whether all this amounts to a 'Catholic Revival' is a very questionable proposition indeed. It would be truer to say that there has been Papal revival and Catholic decline, for it hardly admits of dispute that the development of the Roman Church has uniformly tended towards the exaltation of the Papacy, and the consequent depression of the other elements within the Church, which in earlier times, and according to true Catholic principles, balanced and controlled the Papacy. Mr. Ward has traced with care and impartiality the process which reached its climax in the Vatican Council, and commanded the enthusiastic approval of the English converts, with the great exception of Newman. He rightly describes it as a reaction from the chaos and tyranny of the Revolution—a reaction powerful in proportion as the provocation was extreme; but he does not apparently recognise that reaction is the most unfavourable condition conceivable of sound and permanent progress. The exaltation of the Papacy into an absolute power has really been a procedure conceived and carried out under the influence of panic. The argument which in a thousand forms

appears and reappears in the pages of the advocates and apologists of Papal infallibility is the familiar argument of panic-stricken men—necessity. The father of the ‘Catholic Revival,’ De Maistre, struck the keynote of the century when he advanced the plea of utility as sufficient to excuse at the bar of the past a doctrine of the Papacy which matched the need of the present. Mr. Morley has commented on the ‘thoroughly political temper’ in which De Maistre treated his subject, and it is indeed significant that he frankly lowered his appeal to the judgement of mundane statesmanship:

‘any true statesman will understand me when I say that the thing is not only to know if the sovereign pontiff *is*, but if he *ought to be*, infallible. He who should have the right to say to the Pope that he is wrong, would have for the same reason the right to disobey him.’ (P. 91.)

At first the Papacy was defended on the ground of its intimate and necessary connexion with monarchical government, regarded—not inexcusably, after the excesses of the Revolution—as the necessary type of a stable political institution. When, however, the logic of events had demonstrated the futility in France of monarchical government, the direction of the argument was altered. Not monarchy, but society, demanded for its security the protection and support of the Papacy. Monarchy was but one of many possible political types, and, so declared the bold and brilliant Lamennais amid general applause, not even the best type. A school arose in France, including within it men of the greatest and most various ability, which set before itself the reconciliation of the ‘principles of 1789,’ and the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. It is sufficient to mention the names of Montalembert and Lacordaire in order to prove the personal greatness of this school; but it shared the fate of every premature movement. The times were not ripe for the practical adoption of ideas which half a century later would be promulgated from the Vatican, with the approbation of the civilised world. The exasperation on both sides was too violent, the outrages of the Revolution were too recent. The movement inaugurated by Lamennais was condemned at Rome, and its author, too great or too haughty to brook reproof, fell away to the enemy. The spirit of Lamennais survived his projects, and inspired that admirable school of Catholic politicians which has consistently endeavoured to reconcile the Church as far as possible with the thought of the century. In France Montalembert, in Germany Döllinger,

in England Lord Acton and his fellow-workers in the short-lived but excellent 'Home and Foreign Review,' were the conspicuous exponents of this policy of reconciliation. It is sufficiently clear that the primary assumptions of their policy were the severe limitation of the sphere of Papal infallibility, and the very free treatment of the mediæval dogma. These were the necessary conditions of any compromise between authority and the forward movement of the modern mind; but these conditions seemed to imperil the security for which the disciples of De Maistre had so ardently contended. An uncompromising opposition soon manifested its existence, and rapidly grew in numbers and influence. This opposition found its principal spokesman in Louis Veuillot, and its organ of opinion in the 'Univers.' It urged with great force the practical impossibility of reconciling the irreligious world with the Church. The view of the earlier ages of persecution reappeared in its habitual language. The Church and the world were natural enemies: it is the wisdom of the Church to confine her energies to the spiritual nurture of her children, and meet the world with sustained protest and unfailing prayer. This fundamental antagonism was emphasised in every direction. The science of the age was denounced as the vain 'wisdom of the world,' its inquiring temper as the 'evil heart of unbelief.' The fierce and crude dogmatism of the Middle Ages was forced upon the notice of the nineteenth century as the true voice of the unchanging Church; the vast accumulation of impossible and puerile traditions, which had swollen the bulk and ruined the character of hagiology, was rehearsed and dilated upon with fervour in the very face of historical science. In a word, everything in the Church which seemed to insult intelligence and depreciate science was sedulously paraded by a school of writers who had persuaded themselves that any approach to reconciliation between theology and modern thought was an incipient heresy. Mr. Ward quotes the candid judgement of Frédéric Ozanam:—

'This school of writers professes to place at its head Count de Maistre, whose opinions it exaggerates and denaturalises. It goes about looking for the boldest paradoxes, the most disputable propositions, provided that they irritate the modern spirit. It presents the truth to men not by the side which attracts them, but by that which repels them. It does not propose to bring back unbelievers, but to stir up the passions of believers.' (P. 121.)

What the French Revolution was to the Papal champions on the Continent, the ecclesiastical chaos of England was to

the 'converts' of 1845 and 1851. The memory of what had been in the absence of authority stirred in them an unreasoning affection for authority in itself. They were as much the servants of panic as their French and German contemporaries, although their panic was moved by less manifest and concrete experiences. They were, moreover, destitute of that moderating influence which on the Continent derived from the actual circumstances of the Church. They stood outside the warfare of the national politics: the political temper of compromise, which affected Montalembert and his friends, had no effect on the English Roman Catholics, who had for generations absented themselves—or, perhaps, to speak more accurately, been thrust out from the political concerns of the country. They had not, as was the case with the French Catholics, to check their confident logic by considering at every stage what direct practical results upon the well-being of the Church in their own country that logic might have. There was no public opinion with which they had to reckon, for most Englishmen simply ignored, as they do still ignore, the internal controversies of a religious body which in actual bulk is inconsiderable, and derives most of its importance from a foreign connexion, which they inwardly resent and politically suspect. It has been observed that the main opposition to the Vatican definition proceeded from the members of the old-established Churches of France and Germany, while the warmest advocacy derived from the small, unestablished missionary Churches of England, Scotland, and America. The reason is that which we have stated. These latter are without those moderating influences which a regular and important share in national politics provides.

It was easy to foresee that Ward would range himself on the Conservative side. His enthusiasm for the Papacy, as the source of an effective authority, allied itself with his constitutional antipathy to all compromise. He became the protagonist of infallibility in its most extended form. The tendencies of contemporary thought shocked his reverence, and alarmed his orthodoxy. He individualised them until they became to him so many concrete adversaries, against whom he waged war with unflagging zeal. Here is a characteristic specimen of his style:—

'An internecine conflict is at hand between the army of Dogma and the united hosts of indifferentism, heresy, atheism; a conflict which will ultimately also (I am persuaded) turn out to be a conflict between Catholic Theism on the one side and Atheism of this or that kind



on the other. Looking at things practically, the one solid and inextinguishable fortress of truth is the Catholic Church built on the Rock of Peter.' (P. 132.)

The ardour with which Ward advocated his views brought him into strained relations with his ever-venerated friend, John Henry Newman. The charm of Newman very largely consisted in his subtle sympathy with the infinitely various influences which shape and determine human beliefs and actions. If it would be excessive to attribute to Newman that temper which marks the true historian, it must be admitted that he possessed in singular measure that insight into the complexity of life which forms a great part of a true historian's equipment. Without Ward's exaggerated depreciation of intellect, Newman gave intellect a subordinate place in his treatment of religious questions, because as a genuine master of human nature he knew that intellect never really determines the decisions of men, but that their judgement ever acts under a great variety of influences. Newman, moreover, had a very considerable knowledge of history: Ward not only had none, but boasted of his ignorance. The divergence between the two men became very apparent on the matter of education. In 1864 proposals for founding an Oratory at Oxford, with a view to facilitating their access to the University, were discussed with great eagerness among the English Roman Catholics. Newman was favourable: Ward hostile. The former would regard a liberal education as the true end of a University career, and would, therefore, frankly introduce into the teaching those classical and philosophical studies which are generally allowed to form the most efficient means to that end. The latter would reduce the classics to a quite subordinate place, and make 'theological and patristic reading' the 'one chief instrument of a layman's education.' So, again, in their attitude towards modern science the two men were fundamentally divided. Newman regarded with sympathy: Ward with suspicion. Newman would postpone judgement, and decline to recognise as final an antagonism, which at the moment might seem extreme, between a conclusion of science and a dogma of the Church: he would wait in faith for the reconciliation which, if the conclusion were sound, would surely come in the end. Ward would give no quarter to anything which seemed to contradict decisions which he had brought himself to regard as infallible oracles of God.

In 1862 Ward, at the request of Cardinal Wiseman,

accepted the editorship of the 'Dublin Review.' The one idea which possessed his mind was to make that periodical a weapon of warfare against the Liberal Catholicism of the 'Home and Foreign Review.' In spite of an editorial programme of a distinctly conciliatory character, the 'Review' speedily took up a definitely polemical attitude. It stood for the defence of the most extreme pretensions of the Papacy: and when in 1864 Pius IX. issued his famous *Syllabus errorum*, Ward set himself to press to the farthest the denunciations which, it is no excess of language to say, had stricken with horror the most distinguished Catholics of Europe. Unhappily the latter were destined to have ever-diminishing influence at the Vatican. The Vatican Council demonstrated the immense predominance of ultramontane sentiments in the Roman communion. The best elements of Catholicism were silenced or ejected, and a sudden calm spread itself over the Church. Pius IX. was no more than grateful when he addressed to Ward a special brief, lauding in very exalted terms his devotion to the Papacy.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward insists that the published deliberations of the Council materially modify the doctrine of the definition; and, if we read him rightly, he suggests that, if his father had had access to these deliberations, which were not published until some years after his death, his views on the subject would have been considerably moderated. We confess that, although our sympathies are entirely with every attempt to diminish the oppression of the dogma, we cannot agree that the historical introduction upon which Mr. Wilfrid Ward bases his argument really justifies his conclusion. Indeed, we are almost inclined to think that it tends to aggravate rather than to moderate the portentous doctrine which it is designed to support. For so long as the matter is discussed in the high atmosphere of philosophy, it is not impossible to conceive justifications which, when the controversy is removed to the *terra firma* of historic fact, are found to be without value. There is a certain insolence in the reference to history in an Introduction to a 'definition' which stultifies the witness and annihilates the interest of history. The same voice decrees the reasons which are to justify the conclusion: and the latter prohibits the criticism of the former.\* 'In my own time,' writes that acute and learned divine, Provost Salmon—

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\* Infallibility of the Church, p. 42, 2nd edition. London. 1890. .

'the aspect of Romanism has changed so rapidly that the theory of Development, so fashionable thirty years ago, has now dropped into the background. It was wanted while the Roman Catholic divines were attempting to make some kind of battle on the field of history. In those days it was still attempted to be maintained that the teaching of the Church of the present day agrees with that of the Church of early times; not, indeed, in form, but at least in such wise that the former contains the germ of the latter. Now the idea of testing the teaching of the Church of the present day, by comparison either with Scripture or antiquity, is completely abandoned.'

Since none may dispute the Infallibility, it is an idle task at best to examine the historic justifications which it pleases to advance. Mr. Wilfrid Ward's attempt rather testifies to his own perception of the difficulty of the dogma than any real mitigation of that difficulty. His father neither felt the difficulty nor would have allowed the mitigation. The explanation of his attitude must be sought in the circumstances to which we have already adverted, his blank ignorance of history and his total lack of the historic temper. It never occurred to him that behind the acute and eager discussions of the nineteenth century there was, unalterable and remorseless, the fact of history, and that in the last resort it must be the fact of history that judges ecclesiastical definitions, not the latter that judge the former. The entire reasonableness of the controversy, protracted through twenty years of his career, as to the extent and the precise nature of the Papal infallibility, vanishes when it is ascertained by an appeal to history that, as a matter of fact, no infallibility of any kind has attached to the Roman See. The late Cardinal Manning somewhere describes \* the appeal to history as itself heretical: and unquestionably, if Papal infallibility be accepted as part of the faith, the appeal to history must argue secret doubt, and will certainly result in serious misgivings on that subject, which to deny is heresy. Mr. Ward however, felt no disposition, not even the faintest, to address his inquiries to the Muse of History. He perceived no incongruity in making the most formidable assertion that can be conceived, and refusing to permit any inquiry into its historic bases. The very vastness of the assertion was his plea for refusing to test its validity! The one thing he craved for was the word of authoritative direction: that word provided him with fresh materials upon which to

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\* See 'Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost,' p. 238. 'The appeal to antiquity is both a treason and a heresy.'

exercise his keen and hungry logic: to have questioned it would have been to destroy its value as a basis for argument, and argument was with him the very breath of life.

'Ward's temper on the whole question was brought out once in conversation. A friend was urging on him the difficulties raised by each doctrinal utterance, from the necessity of its adjustment to facts difficult to reconcile with its *prima facie* meaning. Ward was quite unconvinced. "Well, surely," said his interlocutor, "there is some limit. You would not wish for new pronouncements every month?" "I should like a new papal bull every morning with my *Times* at breakfast," was Ward's reply.' (P. 14.)

Ward's appetite for authority was rendered keener by his conscientious suspicion of the intellect as a guide to truth. He was deeply convinced of the necessity of a certain sympathetic moral condition in order that any true perception into religious mysteries might be attained. It was this conviction which really inspired the 'Ideal of a Christian Church,' and it grew ever more dominant in him as he brought his powerful intellect into play on religious subjects. Cardinal Vaughan is responsible for the following description of Ward as theological lecturer at St. Edmund's College. It may be explained that the Cardinal, then just appointed Vice-President of the College, shared the objections which many of the more conservative Roman Catholics felt to the arrangement by which the priests of Westminster and Southwark received their training from one who combined the disadvantages of being a layman and a recent convert. These objections were entirely removed by actual observation of the method and result of Ward's teaching.

"And now I had come upon Ward. His method was entirely different. With him the heart and the affections were roused by the picture of the doctrines worked out to their logical conclusions by his intellect. It was often a wonderful sight to see him at that table, holding his MS. book in both hands, while there came bubbling up, pouring over, streams, torrents of exposition, with application to daily life, followed by burning exhortation and reference to the future life and duties of his pupils. Sometimes his voice trembled and he shook all over, and I have seen him burst into tears when he could no longer contain his emotion. There were often strange and memorable sights; for the enthusiasm and emotion of the professor were caught up in varying degrees by many of his disciples. Ward's course of theology, with all its intellectual characteristics, was truly a course of *théologie affective*. He was more like S. Augustine or some other of the Fathers teaching and haranguing on the doctrines of the faith than like a mere intellectual schoolman. Ward had the greatest contempt for mere intellect as such. "My great intellect," he used to say, "is no more worthy

of admiration or adoration than my great leg." The only thing worthy of respect and admiration is the doing our duty towards our Creator, the making some due return to our God for His unspeakable and infinite love for us.' (Pp. 50, 51.)

It is requisite to remember this profoundly religious colour of his mind, because it goes far to explain what, on the face of it, requires explanation, the singular freedom from intellectual pride which marked Ward's character side by side with the excessive intellectualism which governed his treatment of all religious questions. He was at once the most intolerant of logicians and the most humble of disciples. His 'great intellect' was to him as his 'great leg,' a mere limb for all its capacity: excellent to use to the full extent of its vigour, but even so used nothing more than a mere limb. He allowed nothing to any original and inherent powers in the one more than in the other. The intellect, like the leg, was solely dependent for its vigour and its direction upon sources external to itself: and so far as the intellect is concerned, Ward had convinced himself that, in matters of religion, that source was the Papal Chair. His farewell address to his pupils when, in 1858, he resigned his lectureship at St. Edmund's is mostly concerned with depreciating the merely intellectual treatment of religion. He shrank with horror from the compliment which his friends were disposed to pay to his success in stimulating the intellectual life of the College. To have worked to that result was, in his judgement, to have been 'the minister of 'untold evil.' The essential thing in religious study, and that which he claimed to have ever asserted, was the union of intellectual activity with 'ascetical truth.'

'Had I succeeded in obtaining your deep interest in a purely intellectual view of that great science committed to my charge, I should have been your worst enemy. I should have been preparing the way for the greatest calamity which under ordinary circumstances can hereafter befall you, I mean the habit of *effusio ad externa*, of being carried away by the excitement of present work from the heart's deep and tranquil anchorage in God. I should have simply injured, the more seriously in proportion to the degree of my success, that very cause of Almighty God which I was labouring to serve. I would rather engage in the most irksome and menial occupation which could be found by looking through the world, than handle the sacred truths of Theology in so vile and degrading a spirit.' (P. 55.)

It must certainly be allowed to be a problem of great psychological interest that, with this strong conviction of the inadequacy and even disaster of the mere intellectual treat-

ment of religion, Ward should have stood forward for twenty years in the van of that school of controversialists who refused to moderate their logic by any of those considerations derived from history and the knowledge of human nature, which to men of larger minds seem of such extreme importance. The apostle of intellectual modesty has been the most conspicuous exponent of intellectual arrogance, and the one character was directly derived from the other; for the modesty has been exercised in the primary, the arrogance indulged in the secondary, elements of religion. The most abject surrender of reason on fundamentals permitted, nay necessitated, its most rigorous exercise in everything else; and Ward may not unfairly be described as the most reasoning and unreasonable of controversialists.

Outside the sphere of ecclesiastical controversy Ward exchanged his fierce dogmatism for a broad liberality of view and a singularly just sense of proportion. The years following the Vatican Council will appear to most of the readers of this Journal both the most dignified and the most permanently serviceable part of his career. The relations into which he entered with the most eminent of his contemporaries were alike honourable to his character and stimulating to his intellect. The subject matter of his latest controversy lay by its very greatness outside the cognisance of the controversial rank and file. It was carried on in the calmer atmosphere, which better fitted its supreme importance, and the combatants on both sides were worthy of the contest. Before touching on Ward's contribution to the philosophical foundation of religion, we must give attention to a really interesting episode in his later career, his connexion with the 'Metaphysical Society.'

The original conception of this Society must be credited to Mr. James Knowles, the present editor of the 'Nineteenth Century,' and its earliest promoters were all ardent Theists. Indeed, the original programme of the Society contemplated combined action in defence of Theism rather than the frankly neutral procedure which was ultimately adopted. Dr. Martineau seems to have been responsible for this change of direction. At least he stipulated for the abandonment of a distinctively theistic character as a condition of his own entrance into the Society:—

'The invitation to aid in constituting it (sc.: the Society) came before me in this form: "A few persons, eminent in genius and character, observing with anxiety the spread of agnostic opinions, propose to organise an intellectual resistance, in the shape of a Society

conspicuously competent to deal with the ultimate problems of philosophy and morals. Will you join?"

'My answer was to this effect: "I feel the deepest interest in these problems, and, for the equal chance of gaining and of giving light, would gladly join in discussing them with gnostics and agnostics alike; but a society of gnostics to put down the agnostics I cannot approve and could not join."

'It was feared at first that the modified project thus suggested would be unacceptable to the two or three professional theologians who had already been consulted; but they readily acceded to the proposal. The invitations to the institutive dinner were, therefore, addressed impartially to some best representatives of the several schools, positive or negative, of philosophical or religious opinion; and at that first meeting it was distinctly settled that the members, crediting each other with a pure quest of truth, would confer together on terms of respectful fellowship, and never visit with reproach the most unreserved statement of reasoned belief or unbelief.' (P. 310.)

Dr. Martineau proceeds to testify that this initial understanding was honourably observed throughout the history of the Society. He is disposed to claim for the meetings more definite results than the mutual interest and even admiration of the members, to which there is very general and confident testimony:—

'To me at least, and I should think to others, the evenings of the Society laid bare not a few spurious semblances of disagreement, in the unconscious assumption, at the outset, of inconsistent postulates, in the indistinct conception of the thesis under examination, and in the ambiguous use of terms introduced as media of proof.' (P. 311.)

The large number and various character of the members, while adding to the interest, tended to impair the practical value of the meetings. Severe metaphysicians mingled with statesmen and journalists, dignified ecclesiastics sat beside aggressive materialists in discussions, which necessarily exchanged preciseness and technicality for 'broader and more generally interesting qualities; and, just in proportion as this was the case, the purpose of the Metaphysical Society was defeated. 'The Society died of too much love' is Professor Huxley's epitaph; we may observe that this manner of departure was not more creditable than necessary. So anxious was everybody to avoid friction, that not only was the Society leavened by a considerable recognition of 'good fellowship' as a qualification for membership, but a social colour was carefully imparted to meetings, which were invariably preceded by a dinner at the Grosvenor Hotel. These precautions, however perilous to the discussions viewed as intellectual encounters, were not superfluous. The diver-

gence of opinion between the members was so profound and inveterate; the convictions involved in this frank warfare were so sacred and had reference to matters of such supreme importance, that at any moment the frail barriers of artificial restraint might have broken down had there not been a strong agreement to avoid mutual exasperation among the disputants.

'The earlier attitude of mutual disapproval is dramatically indicated by an incident related to me by Mr. Froude. A speaker at one of the first meetings laid down emphatically as a necessary condition to success, that no element of moral reprobation must appear in the debates. There was a pause, and then Mr. Ward said, "While acquiescing in this condition as a general rule, I think it cannot be expected that Christian thinkers should give no sign of the horror with which they would view the spread of such extreme opinions as those advocated by Mr. Huxley." Another pause ensued, and Mr. Huxley said, "As Dr. Ward has spoken, I must in fairness say that it will be very difficult for me to conceal my feeling as to the intellectual degradation which would come of the general acceptance of such views as Dr. Ward holds." No answer was given; but the single speech on either side brought home then and there to all, including the speakers themselves, that if such a tone were admitted the Society could not last a day. From that time onwards, says Mr. Froude, no word of the kind was ever heard.' (P. 309.)

It must not be supposed that the 'horror' of Mr. Ward and the 'feeling as to intellectual degradation' of Mr. Huxley constituted any hindrance to the completest amity. No two members of the Metaphysical Society were more violently opposed; none retained their convictions through the discussions with greater success; none were more ardently attached to the Society and more frequently opposed to one another. Both were acute logicians; both loved controversy; both recognised to the full the extreme antagonism of their views, yet both were excellent good friends none the less.

'It was at one of the early meetings of the Metaphysical Society,' writes Mr. Huxley, 'that I first saw Dr. Ward. I forget whether he or I was the late comer; at any rate, we were not introduced. I well recollect wondering what chance had led the unknown member who looked so like a jovial country squire to embark in our galley—that singular rudderless ship, the stalwart oarsmen of which were mostly engaged in pulling as hard as they could against one another, and which consequently performed only circular voyages all the years it was in commission.

'But when a few remarks on the subject under discussion fell from the lips of that beaming countenance, it dawned upon my mind: that a physiognomy quite as gentle of aspect as that of Thomas



Aquinas (if the bust on the Pincian Hill is any authority), might possibly be the façade of a head of like quality. As time went on, and Dr. Ward took a leading part in our deliberations, my suspicions were fully confirmed. As a quick-witted dialectician, thoroughly acquainted with all the weak points of his antagonist's case, I have not met with Dr. Ward's match. And it all seemed to come so easily to him; searching questions, incisive, not to say pungent, replies, and trains of subtle argumentation, were poured forth, which, while sometimes passing into earnest and serious exposition, would also, when lighter topics came to the front, be accompanied by an air of genial good-humour, as if the whole business were rather a good joke. But it was no joke to reply efficiently.

‘Although my personal intercourse with Dr. Ward was as limited as it might be expected to be between two men who were poles asunder, not only in their occupations and circumstances, but in their ways of regarding life and the proper ends of action, yet I am glad to remember that we soon became the friendliest of foes. It was not long after we had reached this stage that, in the course of some truce in our internecine dialectic warfare (I think at the end of one of the meetings of the Metaphysical Society), Dr. Ward took me aside and opened his mind thus: “You and I are on such friendly terms that I do not think it is right to let you remain ignorant of something I wish to tell you.” Rather alarmed at what this might portend I begged him to say on. “Well, we Catholics hold that so-and-so, and so-and-so (naming certain of our colleagues whose heresies were of a less deep hue than mine), are not guilty of absolutely unpardonable error; but your case is different, and I feel it is unfair not to tell you so.” Greatly relieved, I replied, without a moment's delay, perhaps too impulsively, “My dear Dr. Ward, if you don't mind, I don't,” whereupon we parted with a hearty handshake; and intermitted neither friendship nor fighting thenceforth.’ (Pp. 314, 315.)

This extract not only illustrates the relations between the eminent agnostic and the protagonist of infallibility, but also throws an interesting light on that amiable quality in the latter which Lord Tennyson described as ‘grotesque truthfulness.’ The amiability of the Metaphysical Society was intolerable to Ward until he had removed a possible misconception of its real meaning. Having cleared his conscience to Huxley, he could resume his place in the company with complete self-satisfaction. It was the same quality which in the old Oxford days had rendered Ward such a cause of anxiety to the older Tractarians; it prompted his continual irritation of English prejudice, culminating in the extravagances of the ‘Ideal;’ it was at once the cause and the excuse of his characteristic failing.

The first meeting of the Metaphysical Society was held in 1869, and the last in 1880. Ward's failing health had compelled his retirement two years before, and it is no un-

warrantable inference that his absence had considerable effect in hastening the end. Such associations depend to an extent which it is difficult to overstate upon the personal enthusiasm of individuals. From that enthusiasm they take their rise; to it they owe their continuance; when it is withdrawn they languish and fail. Mr. Wilfrid Ward has collected many testimonies from the most distinguished members of the Society: Mr. James Knowles, Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Professor Huxley, Dr. Martineau, Mr. Henry Sidgwick, and Cardinal Manning. All agree in attributing to Ward a most important place not merely in the work but in the life of the Society. During the nine years of his membership he contributed only three papers, and these all dealt with subjects connected with his great controversy with Mill's school of philosophy; but he was, as we have seen, a most vigorous disputant at all times; he was a very frequent attendant at the Society's meetings, and so great was the confidence he inspired that a scheme was mooted among the members by which he should divide with his habitual antagonist, Huxley, the honour and labour of a perpetual chairmanship.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward accounts his father's 'systematic work 'in behalf of Theism' the '*magnum opus* of his life.' Few thoughtful Englishmen will dispute the justice of this estimate. The warfare of the century has raged and is raging around that most fundamental dogma of all religion—the Being of God. The fierce ecclesiastical disputes in which men engage, and none so ardently as Ward, appear in view of this momentous controversy to be intolerably trivial. It is as if one were to discuss the comparative excellence of tiles and slates when the foundations of the building are in peril. The very reasonableness of all ecclesiastical controversy is in question until the ultimate basis of faith in God is made sure. That the securing of that basis is the primary need of this generation can hardly be doubted. Physical science has made such rapid advance and approved its methods by such conspicuous successes that it is hardly matter for wonder that it should attract to itself a faith which is as limitless and as unquestioning as any created and nourished in human hearts by dogmatic religion. Historical science has been working extensive havoc in the literary documents upon which the prevalent conceptions of Christianity have been built, and exact criticism has laid rough hands on the sacred writings that supply for Protestants the authority which Catholics have found in the

historic Church. Thus on both sides the tendency has been unfavourable to faith. The misgivings of believers, arising from their consciousness of grave mistakes and an uneasy sense that the rectifications of history and criticism may adopt in the last result a character hostile to the necessary postulates of Christianity, have facilitated the developement among the leaders of physical science of an anti-theistic temper, not justified by the results, and certainly not required by the principles of sound science. Dr. Martineau has described, with the rare felicity and dignity which distinguish his writing, the transition from a state of things in which natural science ministered by every successive advance to the purification and therefore to the confirmation of religion into a state of things in which religion has discovered in her quondam handmaid the character of an implacable foe.\*

‘But now, must we not confess it? certain shadows of anxiety seem to steal forth and mingle with the advancing light of natural knowledge, and temper it to a less genial warmth. It comes on no longer in the simple form of pulse after pulse of positive and limited discovery, but with the ambitious sweep of a universal theory, in which facts given by observation, laws gathered by induction, and conceptions furnished by the mind itself, are all wrought up together as if of homogeneous validity. A report is thus framed of the Genesis of things, made up, indeed, of many true chapters of science, but systematised by the terms and assumptions of a questionable, if not an untenable philosophy. To the inexperienced reader this report seems to be all of one piece; and he is disturbed to find an account apparently complete of the “Whence and the Whither” of all things without recourse to aught that is Divine. . . . Thus an apprehension has become widely spread, that Natural History and Science are destined to give the *coup de grâce* to all theology, and discharge the religious phenomena from human life.”

This illegitimate extension of the dominion of natural science, concealed and commended by its imposing sequence of victories in its own sphere, works out in baleful results upon both science and religion. In both cases the tendency to unwarrantable dogmatism is stimulated. The proceedings of the Vatican Council find a not inadequate counterpart in the utterances of the Pontiffs of modern research; and the infallibility of the latter is not less oppressive to the soul of man, and not less contemptuous of history, than that of the former. The conflict between religion and natural

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\* *Essays, &c.*, by J. Martineau. Vol. iv. 166, 167. London. 1891.

science when analysed into its simplest form is resolved into a fundamental divergence as to the origin of the moral sense.\*

‘There are, in truth, two, and only two, great schools in ethics, however much their adherents may differ in details. There is the school which seeks to ascertain morality from the spiritual nature of man by methods purely rational. There is the school which denies the transcendental ground of man’s being, and which seeks to derive morality from his animal nature by methods merely physical. There is the school which finds the real aboriginal principle of morals in pleasure or agreeable feeling. There is the school which finds it in intuitions of equity, held to be primordial and independent elements of our nature.’

The two great English exponents of the ‘experience’ philosophy, J. S. Mill and Herbert Spencer, declined to be members of the Metaphysical Society; they would have found in close alliance opposed to them the venerated leader of English Unitarianism, Dr. Martineau, and the strongest advocate of Roman Absolutism, William George Ward.

‘I found myself,’ writes the former to Mr. Wilfrid Ward, ‘almost invariably on the same bench with him (sc.: your father), and helped out of lingering self-distrusts by his tone of quicker confidence.’ (P. 312.)

Ward’s relations with the elder of the two philosophers just mentioned reflect great credit on his character. His respect for his opponent dated from old Oxford days, and steadily grew as the course of events brought him into a position of avowed antagonism. The source of this respect may perhaps be traced to a deep resemblance between the two men, where it might least have been expected. Mill shared that quality of ethical enthusiasm which we have dwelt on as so characteristic of Ward. The quality in Mill which Mr. Morley has called his ‘moral thoroughness’ was, as we have seen, singularly conspicuous in Ward; and the two men were very similar in their combination of intellectual power of rare excellence with an intolerance of every kind of insincerity worthy of a Hebrew prophet.

Ward’s method of combating Mill’s philosophy was to single out one point of cardinal importance, isolate it from its system, and subject it to searching and merciless examination. He selected, a little oddly as at first sight it seems, but with sound judgement as the event has proved, the faculty of memory, as the subject on which the battle of intuition versus experience could be fought out. He forced home the

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\* The Great Enigma, by W. S. Lilly. London. 1893.

distinction, which Mill and his disciples had ignored, between the testimony of memory and its authenticity. The trust which must be placed in memory in order that the accumulated experiences which it registers may be accessible to us, and in any real sense contribute to our present knowledge, assumes its credibility; and that assumption cannot be justified save by conceding to memory the character of independent authority which belongs to an original and necessary act of the mind. We quote the following as an excellent specimen of Ward's controversial style:—

'We would thus, then, address some phenomenistic opponent. You tell us that all diamonds are combustible, and that the fact is proved by various experiments which you have yourself witnessed. But how do you know that you ever witnessed any experiment of the kind? You reply that you have the clearest and most articulate *memory* of the fact. Well, we do not at all doubt that you have the present *impression*, which you call a most clear and articulate memory. But how do you know, how can you legitimately even guess, that the present *impression* corresponds with a past *fact*? See what a tremendous assumption this is, which you, who call yourself a cautious man of science, are taking for granted. You are so wonderfully made and endowed, such is your assumption, that in every successive case your clear and articulate *impression* and *belief* of something as *past*, corresponds with a past *fact*. You find fault with objectivists for gratuitously and arbitrarily assuming first principles; was there ever a more gratuitously and arbitrarily assumed first principle than your own?

'You gravely reply that you do *not* assume it as a first principle. You tell us you trust your present act of memory because in innumerable past instances the avouchments of memory have been true. How do you know, how can you even guess, that there is *one* such instance? Because you trust your present act of memory; no other answer can possibly be given. You are never weary of urging that *à priori* philosophers argue in a circle; whereas no one ever so persistently argued in a circle as you do yourself. You know, forsooth, that your present act of memory testifies truly because in innumerable past instances the avouchment of memory has been true, because you trust your present act of memory. The blind man leads the blind round and round a "circle" incurably "vicious." (P. 328.)

Mill, with characteristic honesty, acknowledged the force of this reasoning; he conceded the intuitive character of memory, but he does not seem to have realised the ruinous effects of his concession upon the elaborate structure of his philosophy. Other advocates of that philosophy have seen more clearly, and prefer to leave the matter in abeyance rather than abandon their entire theory by allowing Ward's argument in this vital particular. Such an attitude, however, must be held to be equivalent to a confession of defeat.

The inadequacy of 'experience' as an explanation of the moral sense was demonstrated by an appeal to mathematics. Here, too, as in ethics, there are necessary 'categories of thought.' It is no more thinkable that two straight lines can contain a space than that murder is right. The certitude which attaches to the axioms of mathematics cannot derive from observation, since, as a matter of fact, they are not observed by the mass of men. It must derive from certain necessary conditions of human thought. In his latest writings Ward seems to have realised the practical impossibility of securing fair consideration for metaphysical arguments from men whose habits of thought were formed in the pursuit of physical science. The prejudice against the root assumption of religion which derives from their limitation of interest renders it a hopeless task to address the philosophical defence of religion to them; the value of that defence lies in its effect on the great multitude of thoughtful men, who now waver irresolutely between the rival camps. The fact of this prejudice ought to be taken into consideration whenever the great eminence of a scientific leader seems to commend a contemptuous view of religion. The justice of this becomes ever more apparent. What impartial reader can fail to recognise the familiar but ever odious tone of prejudice in such discussions of religion as appear from time to time in current literature under the honoured name of Huxley? The bitterness of the *odium theologicum* finds worthy counterpart in the contemptuous animus of modern agnosticism; and the absence of religious conviction has proved to be no sufficient guarantee of the absence of intolerance. Ward, as a philosopher, deprecated the dogmatism which, as a theologian, he had exalted. We have already observed that the interest of his character owes much to the paradox. Mr. Wilfrid Ward abstains, 'for obvious reasons,' from attempting to

'estimate the degree of Mr. Ward's influence on the course of ethical and metaphysical thought in those problems with which he concerned himself.'

None, however, can resent or dispute the modest words with which he concludes his account of his father's share in the 'Agnostic controversy':—

'Altogether, whether or no Mr. Ward laid down all the lines on which a complete Philosophy of Theism adapted to our own times could be constructed, most students of the subject have recognised the value of his suggestions towards such a philosophy; while it has been

still more widely recognised that the thinkers who strove to undermine Theism in the name of phenomenism and determinism failed to save their system as a whole from his destructive analysis of its foundations, or at least of those foundations which alone remain to the Experience Philosophy in its complete and thoroughgoing expression.' (Pp. 359, 360.)

It would be unpardonable to make no reference to the wealth of personal anecdote which Mr. Wilfrid Ward's book contains. The very person of the hero was, indeed, no inapt symbol of his powerful but eccentric genius. The 'jovial 'country squire,' as he seemed to Professor Huxley, was distinguished among his rustic neighbours by his positive horror of all those manly and vigorous exercises for which the English gentry are so justly distinguished. Riding was requisite for his health, but it was never undertaken for its own sake. Ward regarded his hour on horseback with the mingled fear and resignation with which men commonly regard a visit to the dentist; or, perhaps, since such visits are occasional, while the riding was habitual, as confirmed invalids contemplate their daily medicine. Dean Goulburn contributes a highly entertaining account of a visit to the riding-school when Ward was under his daily infliction. The trepidation of the rider was only equalled by the misery of the horse. The sufferings of both were indeed extreme.

'It was the work of three or four men to get him into the saddle, which at length was done. Then, while the groom ran at the mare's head for a minute or two, till she fell into the routine of her trot round the arena, commenced the "riding," if so it can be called. It was really *sitting in the saddle without an attempt at rising in the stirrups*, with all the dead weight of a sack of sand. Jolt, jolt, jolt, and after every jolt the dead weight came down on the flanks of the animal, until after two or three circuits of the arena they quivered frightfully. A man stood in the centre with a watch, to keep the contract with the stable-keeper, calling out the minutes as they fled. "Two minutes, please, sir;" "Three minutes, please, sir," until, at the glad sound, "Ten minutes, please, sir," which seemed to be familiar to her ears, the mare made a dead halt; and while a fresh horse was being brought out, your father rubbed his hands, and said to me as I came towards him, "Now, then, Goulburn, I'm quite ready to begin that argument again where we left off." (P. 81.)

He was, indeed, a mass of contradictions. His profound reverence did not hinder him from the profanity of 'sending 'his love to the Blessed Sacrament' (p. 70). While he heaped contempt on the Church of England, he 'dearly 'loved a parson' (p. 392); though few men possessed so warm a heart, and though he certainly succeeded in winning

his children's love, yet he 'professed not to take the slightest 'interest in them when they were small, and he certainly 'hardly ever saw them' (p. 67). His relation with the elder members of his family was grotesque in its calm contempt of the accepted procedure of domestic propriety. He seems to have inherited an indifference towards the claims of kith and kin.

'This was the only thing in the nature of a family habit or tradition in which he took any pleasure. Generally, the fact that any relation did a thing was a reason for doing the opposite. When reproached with being unsympathetic to his relations, he replied, "On the contrary. The Wards have always differed on every conceivable subject. Therefore, I best agree with my family by differing from them."' (P. 73.)

He 'arranged not to be on speaking terms' with his brothers, and carefully renewed the arrangement when, on meeting accidentally at the Haymarket Theatre, he so far forgot himself and the quarrel as to discuss the play with his brother Henry. He was an intimate friend of Lord Tennyson, but could not prevail on himself to read his poetry. He had a great admiration for nature, but could not tell the difference between an oak and a beech. He bubbled over with high spirits, yet underwent tortures of spiritual despondency that might rival the heart-searchings of a Puritan. His passion for theology went hand in hand with an eager study of French plays (p. 387). We might greatly extend the list of contradictions. We will only add that which was presented by his fierce intolerance and his genuine humanity. The following account is from the pen of his 'chaplain and constant companion during his last 'years : '—

'Allied to love of God was love for his fellow-men. His ear was always open to the cry of human distress. So ready was he to assist the needy, and full of simple trust in stories told him, that conscientious persons had need to be doubly careful of cases put before him. A poor woman from the East End of London wrote to him for a sewing machine. He answered her application, and sent her the asked-for sum of money ; and it was amusing how, during the next few weeks, constant posts brought him similar requests. Happening to mention to me this strange and sudden need for sewing machines at the East End, I was just in time to stop the flow of an indiscriminate charity. Afterwards he got me to examine into all cases of charity put before him before relieving them. But though an ounce of prudence was thrown into his almsgiving, it did not diminish it. On one occasion I asked him to give me a pound or so to help a poor man whose bread bill was hanging like a millstone round his neck. "Two pounds? How much does the



man owe altogether?" "Ten pounds," I replied. Whereupon he went to his cheque-book, and wrote a cheque for the full amount, saying, "For heaven's sake, let us put the poor man out of his misery at once." When I afterwards told him of the man's enthusiastic gratitude, his eyes filled with tears.' (P. 398.)

The volume before us abounds in such personal recollections of a singularly amiable though eccentric individual, contributed by the most distinguished of his contemporaries. These lend to the biography of a theologian and a metaphysician the attractiveness of a brightly written social history. Many will read Mr. Wilfrid Ward's book with delight who would certainly hesitate before they committed themselves to a study, however superficial, of those abstruse and supreme problems, which brooded over (if we may be allowed the expression) the career of William George Ward from beginning to end. We repeat that the personal interest of the volume commends it to that class, and surely it is the largest class of modern readers. But to some, at least, the interest of Ward's later years will be different. They will find in his tumultuous life—for tumultuous it was, in spite of its peaceful domesticity—a true picture of the persistent unrest, intellectual and religious, which marks the age, and which affects, more or less powerfully, the course of their own conduct, and the peace of their own minds. To these readers Mr. Wilfrid Ward addresses an 'Epilogue' of considerable power and interest. It takes, perhaps necessarily, the form of an apology for the Vatican Council; we say *necessarily*, for the author is conscious that he must justify to English readers the title of his book. He must show cause for regarding the tendencies which triumphed in 1870 as a 'Catholic Revival.' We have above declared our own inability to accept the term. We must continue, in spite of Mr. Ward's censure, to regard the dogma of Papal infallibility as 'the most astounding infatuation in which any religious community in civilised times has ever indulged.' Nor can we think Mr. Ward very successful in his attempt to depreciate the formidable weight of Döllinger's protest. The professions of any man must be interpreted by the light of the prevailing contemporary beliefs. So interpreted, who will venture to claim Fénelon, in spite of his ultramontane sentiments, as really a champion of the infallibility against which the great Bavarian contended? It is not necessary to maintain his freedom from prejudice or to prove his competence as a Biblical critic in order to realise the crushing condemnation of Döllinger's assertion in 1879:—

'Having devoted during the last nine years my time principally to the renewed study of all the questions connected with the history of the Popes and the Councils, and, I may say, gone over the whole ground of ecclesiastical history, the result is that the proofs of the falsehood of the Vatican decrees amount to demonstration. When I am told that I must swear to the truth of these doctrines, my feeling is just as if I were asked to swear that two and two make five and not four.' \*

Those words express the conclusion to which historical students are still arriving; we have an admirable instance in a very striking volume by Father Puller, 'The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome,' which has recently issued from the press. Mr. Ward remarks that

'the consistency of the Ultramontane position itself both with the historical spirit and with a large-minded and moderate temper of mind, is a matter more readily tested practically than theoretically. *Solvitur ambulando.*' (P. 429.)

We catch the political conception of truth (would it not be truer to say the political contempt of truth, as truth?) which was the evil tradition on De Maistre and his school of the revolutionary Reign of Terror. How can the ultramontane position, if it be historically false, be 'practically' reconciled with the historical spirit? We submit to Mr. Ward that the acquiescence in the decree, which he so oddly interprets, is a witness of the vigour of the centralising tendency within the Roman communion, and a very impressive evidence of the lack of independent thought among the members of the hierarchy, but in no sense either a transformation of the past or a hopeful prophecy of the future. Whether this be the truer judgement or not, on one point we can have no hesitation about agreeing with Mr. Ward, viz. in the belief that 'Christian biography, even apart from the records of its greatest heroes, the Christian saints, may do a work which abstract controversy cannot do.' We close the fascinating volume which records the life of William George Ward with the conviction that, whatever may be the final judgement of men upon his controversial efforts, they will not fail to do homage to the lofty purpose and truly Christian singlemindedness of his character.

\* Declarations and Letters on the Vatican Decrees, 1869-1887. Authorised translation. Edinburgh. 1891.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Glacial Nightmare and the Flood.* By Sir HENRY H. HOWORTH, M.P. In two volumes. 8vo. London: 1893.
2. *The Mammoth and the Flood.* An Attempt to Confront the Theory of Uniformity with the Facts of Recent Geology. By HENRY H. HOWORTH, M.P. London: 1887.
3. *On the Evidences of a Submergence of Western Europe and of the Mediterranean Coasts at the Close of the Glacial or so-called Post-Glacial Period, and immediately preceding the Neolithic or Recent Period.* By JOSEPH PRESTWICH, D.C.L., F.R.S. Proceedings of the Royal Society, Vol. liii. London: 1893.

THE great northern elephant perished as a species in the prime of life. It had lived under most prosperous conditions. Its enemies were few and comparatively impotent. Alone among contemporary animals, the sabre-toothed tiger occasionally perhaps got the better of an antagonist which must have been less sensitive to the flint-tipped arrows of mere human assailants than ship-surgeon Gulliver was to the multitudinous pricks of Lilliputian missiles. Inexhaustible supplies of food, too, were furnished by the forests and swamps of the vast Europasian continent to the terrestrial leviathan, which accordingly multiplied and thrived exceedingly. Then was the culminating epoch of the proboscidean family. Thick-hided animals—with tusks and trunks attained a larger size, ranged over a wider area of the earth's surface, and existed more numerous and in greater variety than ever before or since. Mammoths wandered into Ireland and Scotland, they tramped by the score through the thickets of the Weald, they roamed in great herds along the flats and valleys of Central Europe, and across the endless oak-clad plains of Russia and the now barren tundras of Siberia. Italy reared elephants of its own (*Elephas meridionalis*); another antique species of large size (*Elephas antiquus*) was met with from Yorkshire to the Atlas; even Malta swarmed with pigmy elephants of two, if not three, separate kinds; while the huge mastodon was the chief representative of the genus in North and South America.

All at once these creatures and many others disappeared, leaving no descendants. They cannot be suspected of having lost harmony with their environment. There was certainly

no failure in them of the secret springs of vitality. The adverse influences of the Ice Age had been surmounted. They belonged, seemingly, to a victorious type. They lived in a world specially adapted, it might have been thought, to elephantine requirements. A long future appeared to lie open before the race, when suddenly, in three continents, destruction fell upon them. Only the tropical kinds of proboscis-bearing animals escaped. All the rest succumbed—succumbed, beyond the possibility of doubt, to a catastrophe or series of catastrophes. But of what nature, and how brought about? To the task of providing satisfactory replies to these important questions Sir Henry Howorth has addressed himself in a series of works, of which two are now before us. The third is yet to come, but some inkling of its contents can be gathered from papers contributed by him, at intervals during the last four years, to the 'Geological Magazine.'

The remarkable circumstances connected with the extinction of the mammoth in Siberia came to his notice in the course of extensive researches for his well-known 'History of the Mongols,' reviewed in Number 312 of this Journal. They opened to him a new track of inquiry, upon which he at once and zealously entered. It has led him far. Its pursuit has indeed involved him in what virtually amounts to a fundamental revision of quaternary geology. Now this is a delicate as well as a difficult operation. Even scientific opinion has its vested interests, and Sir Henry Howorth not only disregards, but attacks them. He took up an attitude of war to the knife while the gates of the temple of Janus were still closed, and has since unremittingly maintained it. The Uniformitarian doctrine in geology, above all, excites his hostility, and his assaults have unquestionably done much to dislodge it from a position of undue pre-eminence..

Approved principles in science have accompanying drawbacks. Once authoritatively laid down, they tend to stiffen into prescriptions. Accepted by one generation, they impose themselves upon the next, and finally come to be regarded as a sort of touchstone of truth. What appears inconsistent with them stands, *ipso facto*, condemned; adverse evidence is rejected as irrelevant or inconclusive; difficulties are ignored or smoothed away with easy phrases, and a specious aspect of completeness and solidity is thus given to an edifice of knowledge often reared upon insecure foundations. Thus, the long-tried plan of thinking by dictation is still partially followed; although it is unlikely, in these days of keen competition and swift communications, that

science can altogether fall back into the old rut of subservience. The failure of a recent attempt to exclude Sir Henry Howorth from the Royal Society is in this respect a hopeful sign. Not merely his ability and learning, but his sturdy independence of mind, rendered him peculiarly eligible for admission to a body the members of which proclaim themselves to be *nullius addicti jurare in verba magistri*.

Deluges and inundations have done yeoman's service in geology. They were invoked formerly in all emergencies, and have furnished explanations, occasionally good, more often bad or indifferent, of the most varied phenomena. Then at last they were dismissed as superannuated. Diluvial theories withdrew into the 'dark backward' of speculation, and glacial theories took their place. In the enthusiasm of their inception and early development, these were, it must be admitted, pushed somewhat too far. The possible performance of ice was exaggerated, and the agency of water minimised, in producing the latest modifications of the earth's surface. That each had a share in the visible results was nevertheless admitted on all hands; so that Sir Henry Howorth's contention in favour of the comparatively recent occurrence of a quasi-universal deluge merely restores the inclined balance of inductive reasoning, or, as some may think, reverses the direction of its inequality.

In his first work on the subject he considered it from the palæontological point of view alone. He there collected, as he tells us, 'a great mass of evidence which went to show that the mammoth and some of its companions, including so-called Palæolithic man, were swept away in wide areas by a great flood of waters which drowned them, and then covered them with continuous layers of loam and gravel.' The book at once made its mark. Nor could it fail to do so. The story told in 'The Mammoth and the Flood' was profoundly impressive, and, in essentials, incontrovertibly true. The facts alleged in its support were 'hard,' if ever facts deserved that epithet, and they were numerous to superfluity.

The mammoth, or Behemoth,\* is not yet universally regarded as extinct. According to Siberian and Chinese belief, the race is merely banished underground, its 'blind

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\* The name was bestowed in the tenth century by Arab traders in fossil ivory. The word 'Behemoth' (pronounced 'mehemoth') was easily degraded into *mammoth*.

'life' being instantly terminated by a glimpse of the sun's, or even of the moon's, rays. The inference might almost be called a logical one from the state of the unearthed remains. In several cases, the great beast has emerged from his millennial retirement as completely arrayed as if death had only just overtaken him, his hide densely clothed with fulvous wool, and that again covered by long black hair; his mane falling over his shaggy shoulders, his antediluvian eyes actually staring from their sockets! Contemporary dogs and wolves find mammoth-flesh appetising, in spite of its semi-fossil character; mammoth-bones have been proved to contain a remunerative amount of gelatine; and in Kam-schatka, to this day, mammoth-fat is largely used for fuel.

The first mammoth-tusk seen in Western Europe was brought to London in 1611, by one James Logan, who had purchased it from the Samoyedes; and Father Avril, a Jesuit who crossed Siberia in 1685, wrote that 'the Russians had discovered a sort of ivory whiter and smoother than that which comes from India.'\* The substance was prized too as a styptic, and was said to be derived from a powerful amphibious creature, 'as big and as dangerous as a crocodile,' living chiefly at the mouth of the Lena. Fossil ivory, towards the close of the eighteenth century, became an object of general commerce, and incredible quantities of it were exported from its arctic repository. Middendorf, about fifty years ago, estimated the annual sale at 110,000 pounds weight, and upwards of sixteen hundred tusks are known to have reached London in 1872. Yet the supply remains unexhausted, and may indeed be called inexhaustible. It is the demand which has of late fallen off or failed. In Russia and China, it is true, almost exclusive use is made of the excavated material; but its brittleness and tendency to discoloration practically exclude it from Western markets.

The first point to be noted about the occurrence of mammoth remains in Siberia is their extraordinary abundance. From the Ural Mountains to Behring Strait, they are everywhere met with, not evenly scattered, but collected into local accumulations, together with skeletons of the woolly rhinoceros, of horses, aurochs, bison, musk-sheep, and other species. And these accumulations become more numerous with progress northward. Thus, in the archipelago of New Siberia, scarcely fifteen degrees from the

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\* The Mammoth and the Flood, p. 48.

pole, mammoth-bones protrude with every disturbance of the soil; the sea washes them up from submarine burial-places; the Bear Isles are, so to speak, built up of them; they start from the glacial cliffs of Alaska; they are as common as coals at Newcastle in the peninsula of the Chukchis.

But these arctic territories could not now afford a day's nourishment to the great mammals which formerly lived and throve in them. They consist, for the most part, of barren tundras, snow-clad during ten months of the year, and verdant in summer only with a scanty covering of moss. Mammoths and rhinoceroses, however, were necessarily associated with forests, since their nourishment consisted principally of the foliage and twigs, or branches of trees. Absolute certainty as to the quality of their repasts has been afforded by the discovery of woody particles in the crevices of their teeth. That those repasts were supplied on the spot is further definitely asserted by the occurrence of larches and birch-trees rooted beside the animal remains, not to mention accompanying deposits of drift-wood. Trees then grew formerly in Siberia far to the north of their actual limit; and the presence of land-shells now belonging to lower latitudes fully ratifies Sir Henry Howorth's conclusion of a marked deterioration in climate since the extinction of the mammoth.

The change, as he points out, must in addition have taken place suddenly. For no sooner were the huge mammals interred than they were frozen in. Putrefaction was forestalled by the antiseptic influence of cold. Nor can this ancient grip of frost have been at any time relaxed. Refrigeration must have been continuous to be so perfectly successful. The soil of northern Siberia, indeed, never at the present day thaws to a depth of more than two or three feet from the surface. All beneath, down to the bed-rock, is a congelated mass. This, however, cannot have been the case when the mammoth perished. The carcases now excavated, or disclosed by the progress of erosion and denudation, were beyond question originally plunged into a more or less fluid magma of gravelly mud; some of them have even been found standing erect, as if they had sunk deep in soft ground previously to being overwhelmed. A considerable and enduring fall of temperature accompanied, then, the process of destruction.

That the process was of a catastrophic nature can be denied only by uniformitarians uncompromising to the point of perversity. Effects so peculiar, yet so similar over an

enormously wide area, as those that marked the exit from life's stage of the antique fauna of Siberia, must have had a common cause. To explain them singly is not to explain them at all. Thus the suggestions that all the mammoths buried in the tundras of Siberia were, individually and successively, whelmed in snowdrifts, or borne from the south by swollen rivers, deserve no serious consideration. They are quite on a par with Baer's fantastic identification of the frozen carcasses with the remains of an apocryphal army of elephants accompanying the victorious march of Chinghis Khan! Nothing can be clearer than that the mammoths of Siberia lived where they died, and died simultaneously. They died huddled together, young and old, mature and immature alike, often on rising grounds where, as our author has clearly shown, they had sought refuge from the sweeping waters of the great flood in which they were about to be swallowed up. And upon their engulfment followed prompt sepulture in coarse sediment deposited from turbid waters.

There is, indeed, one difficulty adverted to by Sir Charles Lyell.\* If all the mammoths packed underground in Siberia were destroyed together, they must all have been alive and in need of arboreal food together. They constituted, however, a great multitude, and would accordingly have met speedy starvation, even if the whole area stocked by them had been forest-clad. Our reply is that this area was much larger formerly than it is now. Siberia, there is reason to believe, extended in the mammoth-age far up into the arctic basin, joining on, in high latitudes, with the American continent.~ As the sea advanced—and it probably advanced very rapidly—the browsing herds of mammals retreated, crowding down upon their fellows, and quickly sharing with them the fate of submergence. This supposition would consist perfectly with the special abundance of the animal's remains close by the existing shore, and in the islands studding the Icy Sea, which would naturally have been thronged by refugees from the rising waves.

The evidences of this watery cataclysm are more striking in Siberia than elsewhere, but they are not more cogent. A mammoth clothed in flesh and fur appeals with greater force to the imagination than a mere skeleton; but the skeleton may convey to the reason equally impressive facts. Those collected by Sir Henry Howorth from all parts of the globe tell with surprising unanimity the same singular story. In



Europe the mammoth, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, hyæna, cave-bear, tiger, and lion were consigned to the depths of arenaceous or muddy precipitates from water. The sole difference was the absence from their tombs of the seal of perpetual frost. Not individual animals alone, but whole species, perished wholly and for ever, while many more ceased thenceforth to exist outside the tropics. We seem to have no resource but to admit, with our present author, that

‘The mammoth and its companions were finally extinguished by a sudden catastrophe, involving a great diluvial movement over all the northern hemisphere from the Pyrenees to Behring Strait. The evidence is not only ample, but it is evidence which converges from all sides; and there is literally nothing on the other hand, so far as my wide reading enables me to judge, save a fantastic attachment to a theory of uniformity which revolts against anything in the shape of a catastrophe. Nay, it is more than this, for the facts are too many for such a theory to be held rigidly. It is rather the predicating of one simple general catastrophe, constituted by a wide continental flood, instead of a complicated series of lesser catastrophes involving violent changes of level, changes of climate, and deluges as well.’\*

In America the mammoth problem presents itself under the same aspect as in Europe and Asia, only that there the mastodon lorded it among Proboscideans. His remains are accordingly prominent in recent deposits of the diluvial kind; and they are situated no less significantly than those of his relative by the shores of the Icy Sea. Skeletons occur erect and entire, showing that the huge creatures they formed part of were all but buried alive; they have been found grouped together in a manner wholly inconsistent with the supposition of a natural death; and one specimen still held between his ample ribs, when unearthed, seven bushels of vegetable matter,† in lasting testimony to his having dined, on that day of doom, as if in preparation for his supper with Pluto. The mastodon seems to have been the largest of the elephant tribe. One skeleton, exhumed in 1845, was twenty-five feet in length, and twelve high. His tusks were enormously long, but less recurved than those of the mammoth. With the mastodon perished irretrievably the American horse, an immense beaver-like rodent, the slow-paced megatherium, and in South America the mylodon, another gigantic sloth, a monster armadillo (*Glyptodon*), a panther,

\* The Mammoth and the Flood, p. 189.

† Lyell, ‘Manual of Geology,’ p. 138.

peccary, and so on. Darwin, in fact, regarded 'the whole area of the Pampas as one wide sepulchre for these extinct animals.'

'It is impossible,' he continued, 'to reflect on the changed state of the American continent without the deepest astonishment. Formerly it must have swarmed with great monsters; now we find mere pigmies, compared with the antecedent allied races. If Buffon had known of the gigantic sloth and armadillo-like animals, and of the lost pachydermata, he might have said with a greater semblance of truth that the creative force in America had lost its power, rather than that it had never possessed great vigour. The greater number, if not all, of these extinct quadrupeds lived at a late period, and were the contemporaries of most of the existing sea-shells. Since they lived no very great change in the form of the land can have taken place. What, then, has exterminated so many species and whole genera? The mind at first is irresistibly hurried into the belief of some great catastrophes; but thus to destroy animals both large and small in southern Patagonia, in Brazil, on the Cordillera of Peru, in North America up to Behring Strait, we must shake the entire framework of the globe.\*'

The 'framework of the globe' is, indeed, thoroughly inured to shaking. Tremors of one kind or another almost continually affect it; elevations are balanced by depressions, and disturbed equilibrium is restored, owing to the high elasticity of the earth as a whole, by numerous, and often very minute, oscillations. And it is not improbable that the present is an age of exceptional stability. What is certain is that, during Post-Glacial times, the boundaries of sea and land fluctuated very widely. That they fluctuated very rapidly as well is an hypothesis favoured by some eminent geologists.

Our conclusion as to the fate of the great quaternary mammals must apply equally to the human race co-existent with them. Palæolithic man was undoubtedly a contemporary of the mammoth. To say nothing of their remains being found together, a portrait of the beast on a fragment of one of his own tusks survives to assert incontrovertibly the acquaintance of primitive European hunters with the great woolly elephant of the north. Artists and subjects met the same fate. The first inhabitants of Europe and America were obviously drowned out. Their bones and their rude flint implements occur, with scarcely an exception, in water-borne *débris*. And they disappeared with a completeness otherwise inexplicable. The fresh immigrants,

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\* Voyage of the Beagle, p. 183, ed. 1890.

from whom the present races of mankind are descended, encountered no opposition to their settlements. Neither wars of extermination, nor treaties of alliance, were needed to secure their advance; on all sides the coast was clear. The newcomers, who brought with them the dog as the first fruits of a moral and intellectual supremacy over nature, nowhere mingled with their predecessors; they trod instead on their graves.

'It is a whole fauna,' Sir Henry Howorth remarks, 'that disappears suddenly, and is replaced by another. Not a single instance of a mammoth or a rhinoceros has ever been found with remains of Neolithic man, not a single instance of a domesticated animal with remains of Palæolithic man.' 'At all points,' he assures us, 'the evidence is complete that man and his companions in the mammoth age differed completely from man in the succeeding period; differed in habits, in tastes, in arts, and in the animals which were his companions. . . . What is much more important is the startling fact that the two sets of men, their remains, and their animal companions are sharply and definitely separated by a complete gap. There is nowhere on record a well-certified instance in either the European or the Mediterranean region in which the remains have been found mixed.' The catastrophe forms, then, 'a great break in human continuity no less than in the biological records of animal life, and is the great Divide where history really begins.' \*

The geological traces of this formidable event are described at length by the same writer in 'The Glacial Nightmare and the Flood.' The title, quoted at the head of this article, is unfortunate. For it most unjustly intimates the authorship of a paradox-monger. No sane thinker can attempt to abolish ice as an important factor in recent geology. And Sir Henry Howorth is both a strong and a sane thinker. But while admitting, he in our judgement goes too far in curtailing, the effects of its action. He makes no demur, indeed, to the postulate of widespread ancient glaciation, as framed by Charpentier in 1831; what he objects to is the 'nightmare' of ice evoked by Agassiz in 1840. Together with the long-discarded polar ice-caps of the Swiss naturalist, descending into temperate or even tropical zones, he rejects as fabulous the indispensable 'ice-sheets' of modern quaternary geologists. Glaciers of the ordinary type were, in his view, greatly larger and greatly more numerous some thousands of years ago than they are now; but of their supposed confluence to form prodigious *mers de glace* he will hear nothing. In other words, he readily

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\* The Mammoth and the Flood, pp. 251, 246, 256.

includes ice travelling along sloping ground under the influence of gravity among the working forces of nature, while 'utterly denying the possibility of ice having moved over 'hundreds of miles of level country, such as we see in 'Poland and Russia, and the prairies of North America, 'and distributed the drift as we find it there.'

Many of his arguments upon this subject appear to us irresistible; all deserve consideration; yet we cannot think that he has been altogether successful in dispensing with the machinery which he condemns. No completely satisfactory explanation of the glacial deposit, or 'drift,' covering vast regions in Europe and North America, has indeed yet been offered. It is generally regarded as the 'ground-moraine' of moving continental ice; but ground-moraine is not at the present day manufactured, and moving continental ice is a product of the scientific imagination. Even Greenland does not afford an example of this kind of glaciation. The mountainous interior, ridged-up to heights of nine or ten thousand feet, serves as the feeding-ground of enormous glaciers flowing like rivers into the sea; but the level coast-land is free from ice.

'Greenland,' the Duke of Argyll remarked some years ago, 'is a high mountain country covered more or less completely with snow. But it does not appear to be a country covered with an ice-sheet moving freely over the tops of the mountains in directions irrespective of their slopes and valleys. I am not aware of any evidence to show that either in the Arctic or the Antarctic regions any such ice-sheet now exists. On the contrary, there seems to be abundant evidence that both the great continents of the globe which are now subject to glacial conditions present precisely the same features as those presented by every mountain chain high enough to support a glacier system. In both of them there are lofty mountains to form the gathering ground of snow, with steep declivities to account for the causes of glacier motion, and with valleys to control and guide it.'\*

Now the thick glacial coverlet in which Northern Europe is alleged to have been once enfolded was dynamically independent. No *vis à tergo* worth mentioning was applied to it. It moved on a principle of its own. This principle is that exemplified by the spreading-out of a mass of pitch continually added to from above. Ice is to some small extent a viscous body; but the inference must be regarded as exceedingly doubtful (as Sir Henry Howorth insists) that 'an ice-sheet will move independently of the slope of its

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\* Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc. vol. xxix. p. liii.

'bed, and cause a lateral thrust upon objects beneath it, if *'its surface differs in level in different places.'*\* A tendency to equalisation must indeed arise under these circumstances; but effect would be given to it—if at all—merely by the rolling downward of the locally accumulated particles. The action, moreover, would be confined to the surface. Internal friction would rapidly destroy the dragging power of the upper upon the lower layers.

'If we are to secure,' our author continues,† 'sufficient motion to make itself felt at the base of the ice-sheet, we must have a very considerable sudden or rapid addition of ice to the upper part of the moving mass; but this could not be secured, it seems to me, for there would be a continual adjustment going on. The additional height gained by every snow-fall would begin to be dissipated as soon as it had fallen, and such additions would not do more than give a certain motion to the upper ice, and would and could not reach the lower layers. We know that in the case of glaciers moving with all the advantages which gravity gives them on a sloping bed, the motion which we can measure in the upper layers is virtually reduced to zero at the bottom; *à fortiori* must this be the case on a flat surface.

'It seems to me quite plain that, in postulating the portage of the drift by means of ice-sheets, glacial geologists have forgotten to establish the physical possibility of the process they argue from, which ought to be the initiatory step in their argument.'

Dr. James Geikie, a foremost authority on the subject, admits it to be 'quite impossible that the vast sheet of ice' (estimated to have been about fourteen by twenty thousand miles in extent) 'that overwhelmed Northern Europe could have been fed by the snows that fell upon the mountains of Scandinavia and Great Britain.' He ascribes its maintenance to snowy precipitations supplied to it immediately from the heavens.‡ But even if these had been sufficient to compensate the rapid melting at its base due (among other causes) to the retarded transmission of the earth's central heat through the ice-mass, they would most likely have been distributed with approximate impartiality over its entire surface. They would assuredly not have been localised so as to keep up the constant slope needed (on the glacialist hypothesis) to produce and sustain movement in a certain definite direction. The difficulty was adverted to by the Duke of Argyll in the address already quoted.§

\* Glacial Nightmare, p. 662.

† Ibid. p. 666.

‡ Prehistoric Europe, p. 205.

§ Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc. vol. xxix. p. lx.

'I cannot help thinking,' he said, 'that there is a fundamental fallacy in comparing the movement of ice masses down the slopes of a mountain with any movement of such masses which is possible on level ground or against opposing slopes. In the one case gravity is an assisting, in the other case it is a resisting force. In the one case the heavier the mass of ice the easier and the faster will be its motion; in the other case every additional ton must add to the difficulty of effecting movement. In the one case thrust and gravity act together; in the other case thrust must act alone, with gravity and friction to counteract it.'

Yet these enormous plateaux of ice which, under the assigned conditions, must have remained as stationary as Chimborazo, are actually credited with the power of marching uphill! The Russian ice-sheet, for example, 'flowed,' Dr. Geikie tells us, 'out of the Gulf of Finland, ascended 'the long slopes that drain to the Baltic, crossed the water-parting, and thereafter pressed forward for a distance of 'not less than three hundred miles in the direction of the 'Black Sea.'\* Scandinavian ice, moreover, according to prevalent views, filled the Baltic and overflowed North Germany, pushed its way right across the bed of the North Sea, depositing the débris of Norwegian rocks on the eastern counties of England, smothered the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and, advancing over the Hebrides, at last faced the Atlantic in a steep ice-cliff along the present hundred-fathom line of soundings. It has further been found necessary, in order to account for the distribution of Silurian boulders from the island of Gothland, to institute cross-currents in the glacial mass, the upper and lower strata of which have been thought capable of moving at right angles to each other.† The Irish Channel, meanwhile, was choked with contending ice-streams from Galloway and Antrim, which not only overrode Anglesea and Man, but, climbing the steep Welsh shore, deposited at heights up to 1,400 feet sand and shells torn from the bed of the sea! Speculative extravagance could hardly be carried further.

The ice-sheets of modern glacialists have been called into existence for two chief purposes. Their business is, first, to carry to their several destinations 'erratics,' or travelled blocks—rock-fragments, that is to say, foreign to the geology of the neighbourhood where they occur; secondly, to fabricate the till or boulder-clay with which a large part of Northern Europe and America is mantled.

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\* Prehistoric Europe, p. 241.

† Ibid. p. 204.

This remarkable formation, sections of which are exposed in innumerable railway-cuttings in Scotland, Ireland, and England north of the Thames, plainly owns in great measure a glacial origin. It is full of ice-scratched stones; the native rock beneath is often polished by the grinding of ice, and striated in a direction leading back to the native place of associated erratics; it contains, as a rule, no remains of animals or plants. The share of water in producing the boulder-clay is not less obvious than that of ice; for it includes laminæ of sand and shingle unquestionably of aqueous arrangement, and occasionally stamped with the very sign-manual of water in the shape of delicate ripple-marks. But the stiff loam constituting the main ingredient of the composition cannot have been deposited by water. If it had, the stones with which it is crammed throughout would have gone to the bottom, and formed a layer by themselves. They show, on the contrary, no signs of having undergone any kind of sorting process, being distributed quite heterogeneously. The agency of ice in the matter, on the other hand, remains obscure. It is easy to define till as the ground-moraine of ancient glaciers. But modern glaciers give rise to no similar accumulations. Their beds remain perfectly clean and free from earthy deposit. The detritus of the rocks over which they travel is washed away by innumerable streamlets percolating their substance, and uniting to form the milky torrent that serves as a kind of escape-pipe for the finer kind of refuse matter, eventually spread out over some adjacent lake-bottom. The accompanying stones, meantime, help to build up terminal moraines, or strew the beds of incipient rivers; but we nowhere find stones and clay kneaded up promiscuously into a stiff paste such as might form till. Agassiz, in fact, first saw this glacial product when he visited Scotland.

But what ice in streams is incompetent to perform was accomplished, we are told, by ice in sheets. This, however, is to shift the scene into the region of the unknown. And it is difficult to imagine that the powers of 'omnipotent ice' can have been so versatile, even in a Glacial epoch, as to enable it to scrape up and to lay down by the same simultaneous action.

'If an ice-sheet,' Sir Henry Howorth pertinently asks, 'is an eroding instrument pressing with enormous weight upon its bed, polishing and striating it, how can it at the same time deposit a layer of soft *débris* underneath its foot?'

The theory of continental glaciers, indeed, leaves his hands badly damaged. No dispassionate inquirer, after duly weighing his criticism of it, can, for instance, seriously believe that an ice-field, covering the whole expanse of Northern Russia, *ascended* the slow slope which the Dwina *descends* on its way to the White Sea, and, without any assured motive power within itself, or *vis à tergo* from without, crossed the watershed, and accompanied the present flow of the Volga, Don, and Dnieper for some three hundred miles to the south. It is true that blocks of Finland granite and greenstone have been found near Moscow, but no reason is yet known why they should not have been brought by floating ice. Absolutely incredible, too, are the feats in shell and stone portage ascribed, with a light heart, to imaginary *mers de glace* in the North Sea and Irish Channel. They amount, it might almost be said, to a *reductio ad absurdum* of the method they exemplify.

So far, then, it seems to us that Sir Henry Howorth has proved his case, which he has certainly made up with uncommon diligence, and presented with no slight ability. This success is of the destructive kind; but he does not stop there. He is not content merely to pull down what others have erected, and leave the ground he has traversed strewn with ruins. This often necessary, but always thankless, office he discharges indeed effectively, but only as a preliminary to reconstruction. His primary aim is to supply converging proofs of the past occurrence of a great event, and to bring into connexion with it results wrongly (as he thinks) associated with other causes. His views (not always quite definitely stated) seem to be of the following tenor.

The Glacial epoch was marked, not by exceptional cold, but by increased precipitation upon lands much more elevated than at present. Numerous and gigantic glaciers descended, accordingly, into fruitful plains, where Palæolithic man lived, in a genial climate, side by side with various kinds of animals now relegated to tropical or semi-tropical regions. But while elephants, hippopotami, lions, hyænas, and rhinoceroses peopled the plains, arctic denizens, such as the reindeer, the musk-sheep, and the lemming, roamed at higher elevations, near the line of perpetual snow. Some perplexing anomalies in the distribution of the fauna and flora of that period are, we readily admit, thus removed; yet it is difficult, if not impossible, to avoid admitting a considerable lowering of the mean temperature of Europe at a time when reindeer were hunted in the South of France.



The state of things described by our author terminated abruptly. A 'mighty flood of waters' overwhelmed man and beast, spread the drift, carried great boulders 'over hill, 'down dale,' scores, nay hundreds of miles from their native hills; its effects turning over, in short, a new page in the earth's history. We cannot but think, however, that Sir Henry Howorth asks too much from a single flood.—He lays upon it incompatible duties. In recurring to the 'manifold 'operations of one versatile cause,' he has not sufficiently considered the laws and limitations under which that cause necessarily acted.

A sudden elevation of a portion of the sea-bottom started the flood-wave on its devastating career. It was a 'wave of 'translation;' that is, the water composing it not only rose and fell, but travelled onward, each particle for a considerable distance before exhausting its primitive impulse. Now, since a wave of this kind might, on a moderate estimate, be attended by a current of fifteen to twenty miles an hour, its transporting power would be enormous.\* Masses of rock weighing scores of tons might quite well have been whirled by it far from their original seats, though scarcely to the great distances vouched for by observation. Indeed, our author himself seems to falter on this point. With his habitual candour—a quality rare among propagators of theories—he mentions that Mr. Hopkins, in his paper in the 'Cambridge Philosophical Transactions' for 1852, 'directed 'the attention of the reader to the fact that the space 'through which a block may be transported by a single 'wave is equal only to a small fraction of the breadth of the 'wave. Consequently a great number of waves might be 'necessary for the transport of blocks to distances to which 'they frequently have been transported.† This is equivalent to an admission that a solitary wave will not do the work required of it.

The watery incursion, whether effected all at once or by instalments, must have come from the north. No other supposition is reconcileable with the nature of the phenomena to be accounted for. In their main part, we hasten to explain; for a considerable residuum of facts remains, in any case, outstanding. Thus a southward travelling wave could not have brought Norwegian rocks to Flamborough Head, nor have landed erratics from Gothland by the Zuyder Zee, nor

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\* The carrying capability of a current varies as the sixth power of its velocity.

† Glacial Nightmare, p. 869.

have fetched *débris* from the Inner Hebrides to the mainland of Scotland. For we are unable to agree that 'all this can be explained if we postulate a greater eruption of water tossed about and driven in various directions.' Only an enormously rapid flow in a definite direction, on the contrary, would give the carrying power required. Their initial trans-latory impulse once exhausted, the waters, however irregularly agitated, should loose their grasp of all but the finer elements of the *débris* swept along with them. Nor could the travelled fragments called 'rocking stones,' or 'perched blocks,' have been dropped into positions of such delicate equilibrium out of water tumultuous enough to compel their obedience to its headlong flow. Big boulders can be sustained only by a tearing flood, and a tearing flood has no leisure for nice balancing.

Post-glacial deposits, in truth, contain evidence of action by water both torrential and still. Among them are to be found extensive sheets of gravel and stones, apparently spread out by violent floods; while the loess of the Rhine must have been precipitated from a perfectly tranquil sea or lake; and various finely laminated members of the till series speak of quiet pools. The boulder-clay itself, however, cannot possibly be credited with a purely aqueous origin; simply because, either by running or by stagnant water, the boulders must have been effectually separated from the clay. Look at the upper valley of the Rhône. The whole spreading bottom, from Viesch to Martigny, is covered with stones, large and small, brought down by the river and its tumbling affluents; while the finer *débris*, at first associated with them, has been swept onward to Villeneuve, where, by its means, some progress has been made in silting-up the Lake of Geneva. The sifting power of water is illustrated by Sir Henry Howorth in the following passage:—

'In high latitudes men were struck from early times by the occurrence of great masses of boulders lying detached and uncovered. *Inter alios* such boulders attracted the notice of Hearne in North America, and the early explorers of Finland and Sweden. North of Labrador they are described as rammed against the hill like a pavement. They occur in a denuded and uncovered fashion over wide areas.

'In Finland, Smaaland, Labrador, and the barren lands of America, such boulders are piled up on the top of each other with no sandy or loamy matrix, as if all the softer materials had been washed away by a mighty flood; and this view is strengthened when we find that as we travel southwards the blocks diminish in number, and the quantity of sand and loam increases, until in a large area on the continent the

blocks disappear altogether, and we have enormous deposits of sand, known as Diluvian-Zand, or Sable Campinien, occupying the greater part of Dutch and Belgian lowlands. It would be natural, if there was a great flood, that the softest and finest of the materials which the water swept away should be carried the furthest and left in wide-spreading layers; but this is quite inconsistent with any action of land ice, or [with] the diurnal operation of water, and, in fact, [with] any other agency than that of a great flood.\*

All this is quite true, but because it is true we are precluded from ascribing to the boulder-clay a diluvial origin. It is absolutely unstratified—as genuine a conglomeration of pebbles and earth as a well-mixed pudding is of plums and suet. The markings on the pebbles, too, show them decisively to have been at one time embedded in ice; while the peculiarity known as the ‘carry’ of the till seems to us entirely inexplicable on the flood theory. The till, or boulder-clay, although it includes imported elements, is very largely of local constitution, representing accordingly the ruins of subjacent strata; and this local constitution is *carried* on some short distance into the adjacent geological region, always in the direction of the ancient glacial flow, as recorded by the striation of the rocks beneath. But a wave of translation could have paid no regard to such details. Parochial distinctions of whatever kind must have become obliterated in its fierce onset. The chalky boulder-clay of Lincolnshire, for example, presents an unusually large area of distinctive drift. It consists mainly of chalk and flints from the strata clothed by it—of chalk in large masses and small, in fragments, in powder, almost in flour. Now Sir Henry Howorth’s wave would have swept over this entire district in about three hours. How, then, could it have laid down over this restricted area the mass of loose materials just caught up from it? Clearly they would have been distributed far and near, and have become hopelessly intermixed with other kinds of *débris* burdening the turbid water, from which indeed the finer chalk sediment might well have taken years to settle down.

The local variations of the boulder-clay are thus decisive against the hypothesis of its deposition by a flood. They inhibit no less emphatically recourse to the agency of ice-bergs or ice-rafts. Many erratics, on the other hand, were doubtless floated by ice into their present incongruous positions. The presence, more especially, of Scandinavian

stones in England, Holland, and Germany may in this way be satisfactorily accounted for.

The entire phenomena of the drift, however, cannot be explained on any single and simple principle. A most complex series of events were obviously concerned in its production. They may have followed each other with extreme promptitude, or they may have been slow of accomplishment. Their succession was certainly so far indeterminate that it fluctuated with the smaller circumstances of time and place, and was hence prescribed by no widely acting cause. Yet they marked an exceptional phase in the earth's history. Glaciation to a unique extent fell in with an epoch of energetic volcanic action and extraordinary terrestrial instability.

'At the close of the mammoth age,' according to our present author, 'there was a very violent and wide-spread dislocation of the earth's crust, which led to the upheaval of some of its loftiest mountain chains. This upheaval was accompanied, as I believe, by an equally rapid and substantial subsidence in other places, of which also there is much evidence.'\*

This last statement has been curiously illustrated in a paper presented by Sir Joseph Prestwich to the Royal Society, December 15, 1892, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. He has collected in it a multitude of facts testifying to a submergence of Western Europe, to the extent of fully 1,000 feet, at the very close of the Post-Glacial period. The movement took place, in his opinion, suddenly, and was followed by speedy recovery. But the work done by it survives in the 'rubble-drift' of southern England, and in equivalent deposits along the French and Mediterranean coasts. Among these the 'ossiferous breccias' occurring near Nice, Antibes, Cottes, and elsewhere, claim particular significance. Lodged in fissures on the summits of isolated hills, they consist largely of the bones of quaternary animals—of mammoths, rhinoceroses, hyenas, bears, wolves, horses, boars, and extinct hares, to which land shells are added. But it was clearly not in the ordinary course of events that remains so miscellaneous came to be accumulated in such unlikely positions. No long train of similar casualties brought about the common sepulture of creatures utterly incongruous in their habits. Everything, on the contrary, tends to show that they fell victims to one colossal accident. As the trembling land went down they

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\* Geol. Magazine, 1892, p. 63.

crowded in terror—according to Sir Joseph Prestwich's interpretation of the facts—towards the nearest elevation, as sailors climb the rigging of a sinking ship, and were there swept helplessly into chasms opened beneath their feet by the violent earthquakes that formed an integral part of the cataclysm. Traces of corresponding *noyades* occur in Sardinia, Corsica, Italy, and Dalmatia. Sicilian caves are often packed with organic débris. From that of San Ciro near Palermo, during the first six months from its opening, twenty tons of hippopotamus-bones were abstracted, and they actually proved fresh enough for use in the sugar factories of Marseilles. They belonged, moreover, not to successive generations perishing in the course of nature, but to animals young and old, all once alive together. The quantities of the breccia discovered outside as well as inside the cavern suggested that the vast herd, driven by the flood from a plain then much more extensive than it is now, had been overtaken and drowned while crowding desperately towards the cave-openings in the precipitous amphitheatre hemming them in on the landward side. Similar osseous drifts, derived from the pigmy pachyderms once abundant there, occur in Malta, the complete submergence of which Sir Joseph Prestwich infers from the total extinction of its quaternary fauna. Not only the various species, but the genera to which they belonged, have vanished.

The author of this remarkable paper, whose reputation for sobriety of judgement is well known, argues with a sort of reluctance in favour of an event at first sight so improbable as an abrupt yet transitory submergence of a large continental area. Yet he attaches little weight to objections from the uniformitarian point of view. 'The question should be judged,' he truly says, 'by the evidence of facts, and not decided by an uncertain postulate.' The order of nature indeed includes swift developments, no less than steady progress towards an end, which, if attained at a rush, as it often is, becomes a catastrophe. Besides, the innate elasticity of the globe allows ample opportunities for what may be called incidental elevations and depressions, to distinguish them from the permanent results of the earth's contraction in the crushing in and folding together of its thin, hardened rind.

It is to these that Sir Henry Howorth looks, as we gather from his essays in the 'Geological Magazine,' for the causes of the great flood. They were immediately connected, he supposes, with the latest epoch of mountain-building, by

which the Himalayas and Cordilleras, the Ural, Altai, and Thian-Shan Mountains were tilted up to their present heights. Nor is it at all unlikely that the close of the Glacial period coincided with very general, if partial, uplifts and depressions. The latter in themselves, and the sympathetic disturbances of the sea attending the former, would amply have sufficed for the destruction of men and mammoths. We have recently learned from the havoc brought about by the great wave of Krakatáo, with what deadly alacrity the ocean responds to volcanic or seismic impulses.

Sir Henry Howorth seeks to account for the sudden and lasting change of climate which accompanied the extirpation of the mammoth in Siberia, by a considerable encroachment of the Icy Sea to the north, simultaneously with the rise of the Central Asian plateau to the south. The country, thus becoming enclosed between two sources of extreme cold, was virtually shut out from a breath of genial air. A reversal of its drainage system ensued. The principal Siberian rivers—the Obi, Yenissei, and Lena—originally flowed, he supposes, into that great inland sea of which the Caspian, the Sea of Aral, and Lake Baikal are paltry remnants. The upheaval, however, of the immense block of territory resting on the shoulders of the Thian Shan and Hindu Kush, turned their currents into the Polar Basin, and with them the main contents of the Asiatic Mediterranean, the overflow of which inundated the Siberian plains, and drowned their quaternary fauna. Arguments in support of this hypothetical succession of events will be fully set forth, we are promised, in a future volume; objections would then as yet be prematurely urged.

Meantime, Sir Henry Howorth has done excellent service in putting the more extreme school of glacialists on their defence, in exposing the fragility of some of their assumptions, and in pointing out the need for improvement in the machinery adopted by them for procuring continental ice-movements. The most striking part of his work consists, however, in his setting forth, as a scientific reality, of a world-wide flood. All geologists agree that, in one way or another, the waters were let loose in those days. One author has been led, by the signs of aqueous action conspicuous on what we may call the actual working surface of the earth, to infer that the Glacial period was immediately succeeded by a Pluvial period;\* others have sought to

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\* *Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc.* xxiv. 455.

account for them by the glacial damming-up of rivers, and the melting of prodigious accumulations of ice; others, again, have had recourse to subsidences, many and various, of the land beneath the water; while some, like our author, have invoked the agency of earthquake-waves; the strong probability being that all these causes were more or less concerned in bringing about the observed effects. But it was left to Sir Henry Howorth to recognise and demonstrate the universality of their character, to gauge the significance of their testimony to the occurrence of what was substantially one momentous event, and to apprehend the true relations of that event to the distribution of life upon our planet.

To cumulative scientific proofs of his contention he adds legendary confirmation. The traditions of all nations affirm, with extraordinary definiteness and unanimity, the interruption, by a deluge, of the early history of mankind. Sir Henry Howorth maintains that their agreement is due to no coincidence of invention, but to the simple remembrance of the catastrophe, handed down, generation after generation, from the survivors; and he is exempt from any suspicion of a *parti pris*. His arguments lead up to no foregone conclusion. Theological bias cannot be said to have warped his judgement. He finds 'the story in the Bible interesting as 'an early example of a widespread tradition and nothing 'more.' But this is merely to echo the verdict of certain critics who look too close to see truly. Self-trained to pry into minutiae, they have lost the larger powers of appreciation. Those, on the other hand (and they are many), who are capable of regarding the great Book of humanity from a higher platform, discern in it qualities placing it far apart from other collections of antique records. For, unlike them, it testifies to an essential oneness of authorship. The utterances of patriarchs, prophets, and evangelists are stamped with a supreme controlling unity. From the Book of Genesis to the Book of Revelation runs the golden thread of the design of redemption. Everything illustrates that design or contributes towards it. Narrative and prophecy are alike subordinate to it; and the common experience of mankind testifies to the fact that the design has been and is being fulfilled.

**ART. V.—*Souvenirs sur la Révolution, l'Empire et la Restauration.*** Par le Général ROCHECHOUART, Aide-de-camp du Duc de Richelieu, Aide-de-camp de l'Empereur Alexandre I<sup>er</sup>, Commandant de la Place de Paris sous Louis XVIII. Mémoires inédits publiés par son fils. Deuxième édition. Paris: 1892.

THE title of this book is a literary bill of fare of rare attractiveness, and the performance quite fulfils the promise. The recollections of a man who experienced some of the horrors of the Revolution; who was aide-de-camp successively of the Duc de Richelieu, the celebrated governor of Odessa and governor-general of New Russia, and of the Emperor Alexander; who fought against the Turks and the Circassians; who took part as a Russian officer in the campaigns against the French in 1812-13-14; and under whose direction and superintendence Marshal Ney was executed, could not fail to be interesting in the highest degree. What adds to the value of the Count's recollections is the fact that from the age of twelve years he began to keep a journal; thus there is no chance of error owing to failure of memory, or of undue colouring proceeding from faded impressions.

Born on September 14, 1788, Louis Victor Léon was the youngest of the five children of the Comte de Rochechouart, colonel of the Arnagnac regiment of infantry, and related to some of the most noble families in France. The Countess, a beauty, a wit, accomplished, and having brought her husband a large fortune, was a member of the best society in Paris, and moreover an intimate friend of Marie Antoinette. Her attachment to the hapless Queen survived the days of her prosperity, and she both spent money and risked life in a series of royalist conspiracies, one of which had for its object the escape of Her Majesty. The government, having discovered her participation in the latter transaction, issued a warrant for her arrest. The Countess, at that time living at Passy, with the subject of these memoirs and two of her other children, was in the habit of going into Paris every day on business. On the arrival of a party of gendarmes bearing the warrant, they found that the lady was absent. Learning that she usually returned home between two and three in the afternoon, they determined to conceal themselves in the house and await her arrival. Luckily, Louis, the third son, aged eleven years, understood the situation. Quietly slipping into the garden, he climbed



the wall, and, running along an unfrequented alley, hastened to meet his mother. She, learning how matters stood, returned to Paris with her brave and intelligent son, and spent a few days in concealment there. The following day she sent for Victor Léon and placed the daughter at a school. Fearing to be caught at Paris, she proceeded to Caen with her two boys, whence she decided to seek refuge in Switzerland, for which country she had a passport. Neither of her children was able to accompany her, seeing that the first part of the journey had to be made on foot. Telling the landlord of the *Établissement de Bains*, where she had been stopping, that she was going to pay a visit in the neighbourhood, she begged him to take charge of the lads during her absence, paying down a month's board and lodging in advance. Starting at five in the morning, two hours later the gendarmes arrived to arrest her. The rascally keepers of the *Établissement* profited by their chance, seized the linen of the children, turned them out of their furnished rooms, giving them instead a bed in a garret, where holes in the roof let in the snow and the rain, half starved them, and made them wait on the bathers. In this miserable condition the two boys remained for four months, the elder profiting by the length of the winter nights to impart, while in bed, to the younger lessons in history, geography, grammar, and mental arithmetic. At length, unable to support their misery any longer, the elder brother wrote to the father, who was living on his estate at Montigny, near Pithiviers, acquainting him with their condition. He forthwith sent the wife of his *maitre-d'hotel* to take them away. At Paris they heard of the death of their sister, and while Louis was kept with his maternal grandmother at Villecresne, Victor Léon was taken by his father to Montigny. It may appear singular that the count, notwithstanding the plots of his wife, his rank, his connexion with the Court, and the fact that his eldest son was with the army of Condé, should have been left unmolested. The explanation is that his uncle, 'the bishop of Bayeux, had closed his life at Montigny, adored by the inhabitants of this village; in recollection of his goodness and virtues, my father was never molested even at the worst of the revolutionary storm; the inhabitants would even have protected him had he been denounced.' \*

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\* It is not explained how it happened that the elder Comte de Rochechouart was living in affluence and safety at Montigny whilst his

After four months of happiness, peace, and comfort, all the sweeter from the contrast to the life of misery at Caen, Victor Léon was summoned by his mother to Switzerland, to which country she announced that she was on the point of proceeding from England, where political intrigues had called her. He was accompanied by his brother Louis, and after much difficulty the children reached Fribourg, where two of their great-aunts had taken refuge. A few months later they were recalled by their mother to Paris, and with her, after a brief interval, went to England. At the expiration of seven months—viz. in December 1798—she was ordered to quit the kingdom, as supposed to be in league with M. de Talleyrand to deceive the royalists. Cuxhaven first and afterwards Altona were her places of abode, where she supported herself and her two children by painting fans, reticules, and boxes, which the boys sold. So hardly pressed were they that one day, having been unable to sell anything, and the emigrants having no credit, they were obliged to cheat their hunger by walking about till the hour of the reception of the Marquise de Bouillé, where their appetite at supper astonished every one. Poor as they were, they nevertheless frequented good society, and among the intimates of the brave, witty, and charming countess was Prince Louis of Prussia, who offered a cadetship in his regiment, then in garrison at Hamburg, to our hero; but as he was only eleven years of age, his mother refused the kind proposal. During their hours of work at the fans and boxes the Countess beguiled the time by relating her experiences of the Court of France. They are worth reading, but are too long for extract.

At length, feeling himself to be a heavy burden on his mother, Victor Léon begged the Comte de Gand, who was about to go to Spain to rejoin his brother, the colonel of the Régiment de Bourbon, to take him as his companion, feeling certain that the count's brother would accept him as a cadet. The count consented, but, being short of money himself, made it a condition that the boy should provide

wife and children were suffering from penury and exile. But Madame de Rochecouart was actively engaged in royalist intrigues, and frequently visited London, where it is stated that she saw the Duke of Portland, 'then Minister of Foreign Affairs.' The Duke of Portland never held that office, and was not a member of Mr. Pitt's administration in 1798. It must have been Lord Grenville who sent this enterprising lady out of England.

twenty-five louis, his share for the expenses of the journey. Going to his mother he told her of his intentions, and asked both her consent and assistance. The pressure of poverty overcame her maternal tenderness, and she offered no objection, while, borrowing from a friend, she handed twenty louis over to Victor Léon. The Comte de Gand was content with this sum, and the two started on their voyage on August 1, 1800, the boy not being quite twelve years old. Driven by a storm into Weymouth, on finding that the necessary repairs to their ship would occupy three months they determined to travel to Falmouth, sail from that port to Portugal, and thence pass into Spain. Financial difficulties, however, intervened. With the exception of a few louis, their only resources consisted of bills on Bilbao, which they could not get discounted. The expense of living at the inn, and the debaucheries of the Comte de Gand, had exhausted all their ready cash, and left them in debt to the extent of 50*l*. The Comte d'Artois, in reply to an application from the Comte de Gand, who had formerly been one of his gentlemen-in-waiting, sent him 50*l*., but by the time that sum arrived their indebtedness had increased. In this dilemma the boy came to the rescue of his careless, extravagant, not too highly principled companion, and borrowed forty guineas from a French priest, who owed his appointment as tutor in the family of an English Catholic nobleman to the recommendation of the Duc de Mortemart, a near kinsman of the Rochechouarts. Notwithstanding this unexpected help, the finances of the two travellers were exhausted at Exeter, the Comte de Gand having left at Weymouth 'a certain sum to two young ladies of very moderate virtue.' Again young Rochechouart came to the rescue, and induced the driver of the stage coach to advance him six guineas on the Comte de Gand's gold watch and chain. At Falmouth they endeavoured to arrange with the captain of the Lisbon packet to give them a passage to be paid for on arrival. He not unnaturally refused, when happily they met a Mr. Griffiths, who had often seen the Comtesse de Rochechouart at Lady Craven's house at Altona, and also knew the Comte de Gand. This generous man, who was also bound for Lisbon, gave them berths in his cabin, and lent them money for their immediate necessities.

After all these difficulties young Rochechouart eagerly seized the first opportunity of separating himself from his improvident and helpless mentor. At Lisbon there were three regiments of French emigrants still wearing the white

cockade, though in the pay of England. One of these was commanded by the Duc de Mortemart above mentioned, the lieutenant-colonel being his brother, the Marquis de Mortemart. Two days after his arrival the boy presented himself to his kinsman, the marquis, the duke being temporarily absent, and was at once appointed Chasseur-noble in the corps till something better should present itself.

‘Delighted, I installed myself that very evening at the Vol de Preiro barracks, and slept that night in the barrack-room. Thus I was a soldier at the age of twelve years and three months—a rough trial! What chances of ruin, without a guide, without having near me either father or mother, no one but strangers or distant relations, from whom I was separated by my position as private soldier in face of field officers!’

Young Rochechouart did his duty regularly. At four in the morning drill, and after that two parades a day. The company of Chasseurs-nobles was placed during marches and manœuvres on the left of the regiment. On other occasions they performed the functions of sergeant, wearing the badges of that rank, and receiving the same pay—viz. 1s. 5½d. a day, besides a ration of bread, meat, and wine. The life, though trying to so young a boy, gave him great happiness; for, in addition to the freedom from care and the contrast to previous misery, his comrades were of the same social position as himself, almost all having been formerly officers, while eleven of them wore the cross of St. Louis. Perfectly content, and without thinking of or caring for any improvement, he thoroughly enjoyed his life. One day, when sergeant at the gate, the sergeant-major of the company came up and said he was to be relieved, for he had just been promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant. At first, believing that a practical joke was being played upon him, he was incredulous, but he could not resist the testimony of the regimental order book. A visit to the lieutenant-colonel explained how this almost incredible event had occurred, for he remembered he was still only a child of twelve years and seven months. It appeared that a sub-lieutenant, being obliged to go to the colonies to take possession of an inheritance, wished to sell his commission after the English fashion, and demanded the small sum of seventy louis. No sergeant or Chasseur noble had that sum available, so the marquis had paid it for his young cousin of the elder branch of the family.

‘There remained, however, a difficulty to overcome. According to the English law, no one could be an officer until he was over sixteen years of age; now I was only twelve years and some months old.

But my life, already so eventful, had aged my face, and my height exceeded five feet; consequently the inspector, before whom I in common with all the other officers of the regiment passed on the occasion of the quarterly muster, paid no attention to me.'

A short campaign in the Alentejo, during which not a single cartridge was burnt, ensued, the Spaniards being the enemy. The English contingent, consisting of the three regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery, all composed of French emigrants, and five hundred light dragoons, was commanded by General Fraser. The result of the operations was that the contending armies ran away from each other, and after the lapse of a few weeks peace was concluded between Spain and Portugal. The Régiment de Mortemart was quartered during the winter in a small town close to Lisbon, where the boy subaltern had an abortive love affair with a fair novice. At one of their rendezvous he was alarmed by a noise, and was so afraid of the consequences of discovery that he absented himself from his regiment for five days. At the end of that time his deliverance came in the shape of the order to embark, for the peace of Amiens had just been signed, and one of the conditions was the disbandment of the regiments of émigrés. Arrived at Portsmouth, the disbandment took place with what M. de Rochecouart ungraciously calls 'a generosity bordering on ostentation.' Each officer received two years' pay, with a present of ten guineas, and was conveyed to some continental port. Our hero received altogether 260*l*.

Returning to France, he found that his father and one of his brothers were dead, and that his brother Louis, the sharer of his early miseries, was at Odessa as a lieutenant of the staff in the Russian service, and that his mother lived with him. After a little more than two years, spent chiefly in Paris, he received an intimation that his mother wished him to join her at Odessa. Relations between France and Russia being strained, he could not obtain a passport direct for his destination, so was obliged to proceed *viâ* Trieste. He was then just sixteen years old, and he had a long journey before him with only thirty-four louis in his pocket. Using every device to minimise his expenses, he yet found on arriving at Milan that he had but sixteen louis left. Knowing that with so small a sum he could not reach Russia, he determined to risk two louis at the gambling table, and if he lost to enter the Austrian army. Fortune favoured him, and he returned to his hotel with a gain of forty louis. Pursuing his route, he reached Mantua. Encouraged by his success at Milan, he

again tried his luck at play and again won largely. On arriving at Venice he possessed seventy-two louis, but, falling ill of a fever, he found on his recovery that an acquaintance whom he had picked up on the road had robbed him of thirty-four louis, so that after paying his expenses he had but twenty-four remaining.

Nevertheless, after many adventures, some hardships, and with strict economy, he succeeded in rejoining his mother, who was staying with her friend the Princess of Nassau near Lemberg. Accompanying his mother and the princess to the latter place in Podolia, he spent the remainder of the winter there. In the spring mother and son went to Odessa. The Duc de Richelieu was absent at St. Petersburg, but Louis, the elder brother of Victor Léon, was at Odessa. Our hero resolved to remain with his brother, while his mother proceeded to take possession of her farms in the Crimea, of which her generous friend the princess had assigned her the revenue. The Duc returned a few days later, and at once promised to obtain for his young cousin a commission in the Russian army. M. de Richelieu was not only a very worthy but a most remarkable man, and we read much of him in these memoirs, for he practically adopted our hero as his son. At the time of Victor Léon's arrival the Czar had just appointed him governor-general of New Russia. Following his mother, young Rochechouart entered by chance the first cabaret he came across at Cherson, whither he had heard she had gone, to ascertain her address. To his horror he found a corpse stretched out there, and that the corpse was his mother, who had died of a putrid fever.

A visit to the Crimea, a stay of some months at Odessa, and a trip to Constantinople, from which he brought back despatches, filled up the time till the arrival of his appointment as sub-lieutenant unattached and aide-de-camp to the Duc de Richelieu. Three weeks later he accompanied his general in the campaign of 1806 against Turkey. In the following year the duke and his aide-de-camp again took the field, and proceeding to Ismail, which was being rather blockaded than besieged, Victor Léon underwent his baptism of fire, of which he gives a naïve account. An armed reconnaissance by two battalions of chasseurs, four squadrons of hussars, a regiment of Cossacks, and four field pieces being made, the duke and his aide-de-camp accompanied it. A body of Turkish cavalry sallied forth, and a sharp fight ensued.

'Several charges of cavalry took part on both sides without results.

I saw there for the first time that of which I was at a later date often a witness in our expeditions in the Caucasus—the fury, the intrepidity of the Turkish horsemen. Five or six hundred horse endeavoured to break up our infantry formed in two squares. Repulsed vigorously by a discharge at, so to speak, the muzzles of the muskets, they turned bridle and re-formed at some distance, to attack another face of the squares. Received with a fresh discharge, and exasperated at not being able to make an opening in this human wall, a dozen of the most intrepid dashed up to the bayonets of the first rank; turning their horses round, they urged them to back rearing, so as to fall over with them on our soldiers, hoping thus to make a road for their comrades; but they fell victims of their heroic devotion without being followed. After an engagement of two hours' duration, General Moyendorf gave the signal for retreat, and re-entered the camp with six wounded. The Turks left about fifty of their number on the field of battle.'

Recalled to take command of an expedition into Circassia, the Duc de Richelieu and his aide-de-camp after a short stay at Odessa proceeded to join the force which was assembled at Taman. The fire of the fleet, combined with the appearance of the Russian troops, induced the Turkish garrison to evacuate Anapa without resistance. The chief object of the little campaign having been attained, the duke returned to Odessa, leaving his aide-de-camp attached to his second in command, in order that he might have an opportunity of distinguishing himself in an excursion into the interior to punish some Circassians for their inroads into Russian territory. The column, numbering a battery and a half, and some 4,000 men, of whom 500 were Cossacks, marched all night, arriving a little before daybreak near their destination. The general gave our hero fifty chasseurs and as many Cossacks, and sent him to destroy the village of an offending chief. The undertaking demanded alike skill, courage, and prudence. M. de Rochechouart showed all three, losing many wounded but only one killed, but accomplishing his mission by burning the village and bringing off some prisoners, forage, cattle, sheep, and half-a-dozen horses. At midnight the column started to punish another chief. The inhabitants of the principal village fled, leaving their property behind them. In a few minutes the village was on fire, and a large number of cattle, sheep, and horses in the possession of the Russians. Their position, however, was critical; in front a steep mountain, on each flank impenetrable woods, and in rear the narrow defile by which they had come. The infantry were so wearied by their night march that a little rest was indispensable before an attempt could be made to extricate the force from what our hero terms 'this terrible mouse-

'trap;' so exhausted indeed were they that they threw themselves on the ground without thinking of cooking. The commander, however, well versed in the dangers and difficulties of Circassian warfare, took advantage of the temporary panic of the enemy, and prepared to resist the attack which he knew was imminent. The bulk of the infantry he drew up in four squares disposed chequerwise. The two squares of the first line he caused to advance as far as possible into the defile which was the sole means of retreat. The two first ranks were ordered to lie down, and the third rank to remain standing so as to guard against surprise. A reserve of infantry, the transport, and 200 Cossacks were stationed in the centre of the four squares. The remainder of the Cossacks were sent into the defile so as to keep the passage free. During the next four hours the troops were occupied in repose and in making and eating their soup. The general then began his return march, but hardly had he moved when a desperate attack was made from all sides.

'A cloud of horsemen covered with steel armour issued from these thick woods; a European on foot could only with difficulty have moved in these thickets without the aid of an axe. In an instant six thousand horsemen, armed with guns, sabres, pistols, lances, and even bows, whose sharp-pointed arrows cause serious wounds, surrounded us. We should have been lost if the general had not previously disposed the troops in squares; not one of us could have escaped from an attack so sudden and so vigorous. The skirmishers fell back hastily on the squares, lying down in order to allow a well-sustained fire by two ranks to arrest the first dash of the assailants. The general, placed in the centre, caused to be loaded with grape those pieces which could be fired without hurting our own men. The grape produced a terrible effect on that mass of cavalry, about two hundred men remaining on the ground. The survivors returned to the charge with fresh ardour, but in vain did the bravest among them try to break our squares; European tactics and the coolness of the troops rendered all their efforts useless. They endeavoured to penetrate through the intervals to our guns; the artillerymen fell at their pieces struck by pistol shots and even by sabres. The general ordered three companies of chasseurs to charge and drive back these intrepid horsemen with the bayonet. I took part in this charge, in which my horse was killed under me without my receiving even a scratch. Our well-directed fire and this bayonet charge dispersed this crowd of enemies and enabled us to continue our retreat, fighting during more than two hours. We at length arrived at nightfall at our previous evening's bivouack. The position was excellent, and we could deploy at our ease, and some section volleys and a dozen cannon shots completely delivered us from the presence of the enemy.'

It may be added that the losses of the Russians were only



sixty-one killed and wounded, while the corpses of 300 of the enemy were stripped. The next day some more villages were burnt, and in eight days after the departure from Anapa the column crossing the Kouban re-entered Russia. M. de Rochechouart returned to Odessa to resume his duties as aide-de-camp, and was rewarded for his service by promotion to the rank of lieutenant unattached. In 1809 the Czar, anxious to compensate the Duc de Richelieu for some affronts which, owing to intrigues, he had received, conferred several favours upon him, among other things appointing his nephew Victor Léon lieutenant in the Chasseurs of the Guard, a grade ranking with that of captain in the line. The duke took Victor Léon with him to St. Petersburg, and in the course of this journey Prince Casimir Lubomirski introduced M. de Rochechouart to Madame Narishkin, the lovely mistress of the Emperor Alexander, and through her influence obtained for the young officer the appointment of aide-de-camp to the emperor, which was conferred upon him in the spring of 1810, with permission to retain his post on the Duc de Richelieu's staff. He performed his new functions apparently for only a day or two, and was not brought into contact with the emperor.

In the spring of 1811, Madame Narishkin spent some months at Odessa for the benefit of the health of her daughter. After a time, with a view to perfecting the cure, she, with a large suite and received everywhere with the utmost honours, went to the Crimea. M. de Rochechouart was of the party, and he gives a brief, but to Englishmen interesting, account of his visits to Simpheropol, Bagtcheh Serai, Balaklava, and Sevastopol. Indeed he several times visited the Crimea and refers to his journeys in it. On this occasion, at the instigation of Madame de Narishkin, he entered on a Don Juanesque adventure which might have had serious consequences. Madame de Narishkin had arranged at Bagtcheh Serai to visit the harem of a Mussulman of rank.

'I was blond and beardless, and my skin was delicate and white. Madame Narishkin took it into her head to make me don the dress of one of her maids and a hat with a large veil; thus disguised, she forced me to accompany her. These ladies of the seraglio, curious about the toilet details of our European ladies, approached, touched us, and looked at us. The corset, above all, puzzled them a good deal. One of them came to me to carry out a regular examination. Fearing a great scandal, I feigned a fit of ill-temper, and, drawing aside, sat down on a divan, pretending to sulk.'

A short expedition into Circassia ensued, in the course of which Soudjouk Kaleh was captured, and subsequently a sharp engagement fought.

In the spring of 1812, war with France being certain, the Duc de Richelieu was summoned to St. Petersburg. He took with him Victor Léon, and the latter resumed his duties as aide-de-camp to the emperor, whom, however, he only saw once on the occasion of announcing to him the parole for the day. After a short stay in the capital the duke returned to Odessa, in order to hasten the march of troops. On the eve of his departure he received a letter from the emperor which M. de Rochechouart considers of historical importance, as it shows that even as early as April 9, 1812, o.s., the emperor had resolved to retire in case of reverses into the interior of Russia in order to draw the French after him.

‘I had hoped, general, to find a moment to say a word to you regarding her, who has been for twelve years my companion, and my child. They are about afresh to place themselves under your protection; but this time one of another nature will be necessary—that is to say, it will take the form of being their adviser if—may God avert it!—some catastrophe may oblige us to fall back so far as to place your provinces in danger. In that case make them journey into the interior, to Pensa or Saratoff for instance; finally guide them with your counsels and direction. I expect this service from your friendship for me and for her. I have no need to tell you how dear these two beings are to me. Adieu, my dear general; the truest friendship is vowed for you for ever.

‘Zarcoselo: April 9, 1812’

To us it seems that there is nothing very significant in this letter. Clearly it was possible that the Russian armies might be driven back into the interior, and in that case the emperor wished naturally to provide for the safety of his mistress and her child. Still the letter is interesting as throwing a light on Alexander’s feelings and disposition.

The contingent of troops furnished by the Duc de Richelieu’s government were collected, and the duke was about to start at the head of them for the frontier when the plague broke out in Odessa. With rare self-denial and a grand sense of duty, he abandoned his chance of distinction in the field for the greater dangers but less glory of combating a deadly epidemic. He sent, however, his young cousin with despatches to General Tormasoff, commanding the army corps of which the division Richelieu made part; and now begins the most exciting portion of his memoirs.

The equipment of M. de Rochechouart, considering that

he was only a captain on the staff, was luxurious. He had a britchka drawn by two horses, two good saddle-horses, a coachman, and two soldier servants. In the carriage stores of every sort were packed, including Bordeaux, Madeira, rum and tea, while his purse contained 80*l*. Thus provided, he started from Odessa on October 5, 1812, *n.s.*, and it may be mentioned that thenceforth all his dates are according to the new style. The Comte de Langéron, commanding a division, obtained permission to place M. de Rochechouart on his staff, though, according to etiquette, he ought as aide-de-camp to the emperor to have accompanied Admiral Tchitchagoff. A series of manœuvres without apparent meaning took place, the Austrians and Russians never coming into actual contact, the only exceptions being a few trifling advanced-guard affairs. Evidently, according to M. de Rochechouart, there was a tacit understanding between the admiral and Prince Schwarzenberg. At the end of October the admiral was ordered to march with 40,000 men on the communications of Napoleon, while 35,000 men under Count Sacken were left to 'continue the 'game of prisoner's base' with the Austrians 55,000 strong.

On November 4 the Russian advance guard under Comte de Lambert, a French émigré, surprised Minsk, which, though an important place full of stores, was only occupied by 2,000 troops under General Bronikowski. M. de Rochechouart expresses his astonishment at the smallness of the garrison and the absence of scouts. His explanation of the absence of the latter is the confidence 'inspired by the in-'exact statements inserted in the bulletins of the Grande Armée, which announced victories everywhere and the 'complete annihilation of the Russian forces.' The admiral was on his side almost as ill-informed as General Bronikowski. He and his officers were completely ignorant of the events which had succeeded the entry of the French into Moscow.

'We did not know where was Napoleon or his army. We were ignorant as to what corps we should have to fight or what was their numerical strength. We did not know the terrible condition of the French army. Our continual marches had deprived us of regular communications; we were proceeding at random, but with extreme prudence.

'There has been much criticism of the slowness of the operations of the admiral and of his conduct on the occasion of the passage of the Berezina. Allowances have not been made for the surprise which he experienced when he found himself without transition and without warning in face of Napoleon! He could not, however, act in a dare-devil manner, and still less compromise his corps, composed of excel

lent troops, who could render eminent service if hurled on the enemy at the right time. It will be seen in what position he found himself in consequence of the reception of the orders of the commander-in-chief, Prince Koutousoff, orders which were positive.'

After two days' halt at Minsk, it was decided to march on Wilna, after first seizing Borissoff and its *tête de pont* on the Berezina. The capture of Borissoff was entrusted to Comte de Lambert, with his advanced guard, consisting of 10,000 men, half of whom were cavalry. M. de Rochechouart was attached for the occasion to the advanced guard. M. Lambert was glad to see him, for his aide-de-camp had been left behind ill at Minsk, and the general wanted an infantry officer, as he himself did not belong to that arm.

At daybreak the columns of attack were formed, and M. de Rochechouart was sent at the head of the skirmishers to reconnoitre the position and strength of the enemy. The advanced posts fell back, and M. de Rochechouart came to the conclusion, from the weak and unsystematic nature of the defence, that the troops in front of him were not Frenchmen, but troops belonging neither to the same nationality nor to the same corps. Discerning that at the right of the *tête de pont* the defences were weakest, he induced General Lambert to give him 300 dismounted hussars and four companies of infantry with which to attack the work in question at that point, while demonstrations were made on the centre and left. The operation was successful, and the flying enemy being followed up closely, the bridge was crossed, and Borissoff taken. General Lambert, wounded in this affair, was obliged to hand over the command to General Count Pahlen. An intercepted letter discovered by M. de Rochechouart disclosed the fact that Napoleon was expected to arrive at Borissoff on the following day.

Two days later, when De Rochechouart was dining with Madame Rochmanoff, wife of the chief intendant of the army, he saw some Russian hussars belonging to the advanced guard galloping into the town. Their horses were covered with foam, and they took the road to the bridge.

'The number of the fugitives increased every minute, yet these same soldiers had fought bravely two days previously. Instead of hastening to my quarters and ordering my people to pass to the other bank, I endeavoured to stop the fugitives; trouble wasted. A prey to panic terror, drunk with fear, if I may thus express myself, they cried "Frantzouzi! Frantzouzi!" incapable of saying anything else. Some pieces of artillery, followed by their wagons, traversed the town at a gallop, overthrowing, crushing everything in their way. It was

necessary to follow the torrent. I proceeded towards the bridge, where I found Madame de Lambert bareheaded. Having succeeded in stopping some of her husband's hussars, she said to them in Russian: "Children, will you abandon your wounded general?" They dismounted and carried their chief on their shoulders; four mounted hussars, leading the horses of their comrades, placed themselves at the head of the cortège in order to make way for him and to protect the march of the wounded men until the other end of this interminable bridge . . . In half an hour all was over; that is to say, out of 10,000 men and twelve pieces of cannon forming the advanced-guard division, only 1,000 men and two guns crossed; the remainder were taken or dispersed. Fifty French chasseurs à cheval of the division Legrand, under the influence of a strong ration of brandy, had surprised the vedettes of our advanced guard in front of Lochmitza; charging them with fury, they had arrived with them at the square of this little town, and had thus caused a panic which produced the rout of the entire body. Poor Pahlen could never succeed in getting together a hundred men with whom to charge the French chasseurs. At the head of this division only since the preceding evening, and unknown by his soldiers, he was carried away in spite of himself by the mass of fugitives. He arrived at our bivouac in a state of despair impossible to describe.'

According to the author, the cause of this disaster had been a puzzle to all writers on the retreat from Moscow with the exception of one, a staff officer of the French army, who published a book on the subject in London in 1815.

The details of the manner in which Napoleon outmanœuvred the admiral at the passage of the Berezina are clearly given in the book before us, and will be read with interest by military students. A day or two later M. de Rochechouart found himself at the spot where the passage was effected, and gives a heart-rending account of the scene.

'I saw on the bridge an unfortunate woman seated; her legs hung over the edge seized by the ice. She held hugged to her bosom a child frozen to death twenty-four hours previously. She entreated me to save this child, not perceiving that she was presenting to me a corpse. A Cossack did her the service of giving her a pistol-shot in the ear in order to terminate this heart-rending agony! Both sides of the road were strewn with the dead in every sort of position, or with men expiring from cold, hunger, and fatigue, their clothes in rags, begging us to make them prisoners. They enumerated all that they could do; we were assailed with cries of "Monsieur, take me with you; I am a cook," or "I am a valet de chambre, or a hair-dresser;" "For the love of God give me a morsel of bread or a scrap of stuff to cover me with." In spite of all our desire, we could unfortunately do nothing.'

On this as well as on other occasions during the retreat, M. de Rochechouart showed a certain amount of sensibility at the suffering which he witnessed; but, considering that the sufferers were Frenchmen and appealed for aid in his mother tongue, his feelings were not as much excited as might have been expected, and he never seemed to experience any scruples at bearing arms against his countrymen. The explanation and excuse are to be found in his hatred of the Revolution, and in the fact that he had become Russianised by his service in the army of the Czar, and that numerous other Frenchmen, driven from their own country by the Terror, were also fighting against his and their compatriots. Still we cannot, after making all allowances for the wrongs which he had suffered and the circumstances in which he found himself, greatly admire this Frenchman in whom it was not true that '*animum non mutat colum.*'

The division Langeron, to which he was attached, followed closely on the heels of the retreating army. General Langeron and his staff always occupied the houses which had been just abandoned by Napoleon and his suite, and generally found the names of the previous occupants written in chalk on the doors.

'My comrades pointed out to me that the name of the Baron de Mortemart was inscribed on a door. It was evidently Casimir duc de Mortemart—the emperor, only recognising the titles which he himself gave, had made him a baron. The room was assigned to me; it was therefore occupied first by a Rochechouart aide-de-camp of the Emperor of the French, and then by a Rochechouart aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia. This singular coincidence was repeated as far as Smorghoni.'

At Smorghoni M. de Rochechouart met three aides-de-camp of the Czar, two of whom were very rich, carrying with them every sort of luxury. It was agreed that all four should live together, a happy arrangement for our hero, who had lost almost all his baggage and equipage in the panic above described. There are many stories, few of them authenticated, of the benefits derived in war from being a Freemason. Our author, however, gives an illustration, with names and places:—

'In traversing that wretched town Oschimiana we saw about one hundred officers, prisoners, crammed in the gaol of the place, behind windows guarded by iron bars. These poor fellows were in their shirt sleeves, having been plundered by the Cossacks of their coats, trousers, &c. On seeing us these unfortunates called to us through their bars, begging for something to eat and fire, and accompanying their heart

breaking cries with impressive gestures. Equally sad spectacles presented themselves at each step. I was therefore greatly surprised at seeing my comrades approach, cause to be distributed among them our remaining provisions and some clothes, and then repair to the Starotz—a Slave name given to the mayor or head of the village. They exacted from him that the stove of the prison should be heated; finally they left money in order that clothes, bread, and meat might be purchased, threatening severe punishment if their orders were not attended to. I asked Wlodeck the motive of this extraordinary interest. He replied: "These are Freemasons; they made us the sign of distress; being Freemasons ourselves, we were bound to succour our brothers, since it was in our power to do so."

The Freemasonry of these Russian officers thus produced more charity and sympathy than patriotism evoked from the heart of the Frenchman. Yet he says, speaking of another *rémigré* in the French service named M. de St. Priest: 'We were absorbed by the same thought of relieving our unfortunate compatriots deprived of food, clothing, and medical assistance.' Whether it was that he thought it possible that among the prisoners might be some of his own relations, whether he was shamed by the charity of the Russian Freemasons, or whether he was stimulated by the benevolence of the comrade above mentioned, it is impossible to say. He relates, however, that at Wilna he and de St. Priest made use of their influence as aides-de-camp to the emperor to greatly alleviate the miseries of some wounded French prisoners.

On the arrival of the Emperor Alexander at Wilna on December 22, M. de Rochechouart asked permission to go to St. Petersburg in order to replace his outfit and restore his health. Leave was granted him, and being entrusted with the charge of a distinguished prisoner and an important despatch for Prince Gortschakoff, minister of war, he travelled in comfort and at the expense of the government. He appears while at the capital to have indulged in certain reflections on the campaign, and makes the following pregnant observation worthy of the attention of historians:—

'If Napoleon had been delayed forty-eight hours longer at Moscow or before arriving at the Berezina, he would have found that river frozen to the bottom, and would have been able to pass wherever he chose, thus saving his artillery, his ammunition wagons, and his baggage.'

On departing from Moscow he was entrusted with a delicate political mission, the account of which throws some light on the history of that critical time:—

'On April 3 Prince Gortschakoff sent for him and said: "On returning home you will receive a visit from Baron de Marschal, ex-attaché to the Austrian embassy at Petersburg, and chargé d'affaires after the departure of the ambassador the Comte de Saint Julien; he will ask your permission to offer you a seat in his calèche as far as the grand headquarters, which have just left Kalisch in order to advance. Here is your passport; you are accompanied by your secretary—you understand who this secretary is. You will start this night in order that your companion may not be recognised. Preserve absolute secrecy concerning what I have just said to you. Here is a despatch for his majesty, another for Count Nesselrode, and, in addition, a thousand roubles for your travelling expenses, for you ought to treat your secretary well. Adieu! a pleasant journey.'"

The mission was successfully accomplished, and in this manner the first emissary of the Court of Austria was brought to the headquarters of the allies at Lauban in Saxony.

With the emperor of Russia at Lützen and Bautzen, our author throws some valuable light on those two bloody fights. Afterwards, when Austria threw in her lot with the allies, the Czar presented his military household to the emperor Francis. M. de Rochechouart had several times been charged by Prince Wolkonski, chief of the Emperor of Russia's staff, and by Count Nesselrode, with missions, and instructions to report their execution direct to his majesty. Chance, however, so willed it that he had always been obliged to give in his reports by an intermediary. He had, therefore, never spoken to the emperor, who did not know him.

'When my turn came to be presented, the Czar could not recall my name. He said to me, blushing, "Name yourself." Very much agitated, I stammered out my name, making a profound bow; then I passed on quite downcast, in despair at having brought this annoyance on the emperor. This little oversight remained a long time engraved on his memory, and I was uneasy as to the consequences of it on my military future, but quite wrongly, as will be seen later on.'

Among the many remarkable and distinguished persons with whom the author came in contact during the campaign was Moreau, whom the emperor had, on admitting him to the Russian army, created a field-marshal. Introduced to the marshal, the latter exclaimed: 'I am charmed, Monsieur de Rochechouart, to see you here; this is the place for a man of your name, and not with that usurper; he is about, moreover, to receive soon the just chastisement which is his due.' Not unnaturally, M. de Rochechouart remarks: 'My astonishment, I confess, was great at hearing these words issue from the mouth of a man whom I believed to



'be sincerely republican.' The vulgarity of the Revolution and the coarseness of the camp had left their marks upon him, causing frankness to degenerate into rudeness. Seated on the left of the Emperor Alexander at a grand dinner, he saw his imperial host about to help himself to some wine.

'The new marshal brusquely seized his arm, exclaiming, "Sire, do not drink that, it is poison; for either what I have just tasted is abominably adulterated, and in that case cannot be served to you, or this drink contains some venomous substance, as indicated by its execrable flavour." The emperor burst into a fit of laughter, and, addressing the grand marshal of his household, said to him: "Count Tolstoi, you hear; it is, however, the wine which you have given me for some days past."'

A few days later, on the first day of the battle of Dresden, Moreau, disgusted with the little energy shown by the generalissimo of the allied army, Prince Schwarzenberg, said to the Czar:—

'"What are they about? Why do they not advance? To judge from the feebleness of the defence, Napoleon is not there; we have only to do with a corps of his army." The Czar, struck with this remark, took Moreau to the generalissimo in order that he might repeat what he had said. The prince gave very bad reasons for his lethargy, which he styled prudence. . . . At length Moreau, excited at seeing the phlegm with which his advice was listened to, exclaimed, dashing his hat on the ground, "Eh, sacre bleu, Monsieur, I am no longer astonished that for the last seventeen years you have been always beaten." Those were the very words which we all heard. One may imagine what an effect they produced. The emperor tried to calm him and to lead him apart. On going away Moreau added this prediction: "Sire, this man will ruin everything." A few minutes after this singular discussion we saw issuing from the three gates of Dresden three close columns with a front of a battalion not less than 15,000 strong each. These masses drove the allies in confusion far beyond the alignment which they had just occupied. Napoleon, having heard the cannonade, hurried up with all his forces, crossed the Elbe, and entered Dresden at the moment when he was least expected.'

On the second day of the battle the allies were forced to commence a retreat, which soon degenerated into a complete rout.

'The Emperor Alexander, surrounded by a far too numerous staff, attracted the attention of the enemy. About one o'clock a French battery sent several volleys of cannon balls amongst us, causing great disorder. Marshal Moreau said to the Czar, "Sire, they are firing upon you. Your person is too useful, and particularly as we are obliged to retreat, in consequence of the faults committed yesterday, last night, and even this morning. I entreat your majesty to avoid a danger in

which there is no glory gained by braving, and whose results may plunge your subjects and your allies in the greatest despair." The emperor understood that there was nothing more to be done; he turned his bridle and said: "Pass, field marshal." At the same instant a cannon shot, from a French battery very near, struck Moreau on the right knee, traversed his horse, and carried away the calf of the left leg. Rapatel, who was talking with me, threw himself from his horse in order to pick up his former general. I also drew near, and heard him utter the words, "Dead, dead."

An amputation of both legs was necessary, and Moreau bore the operation with the utmost courage, only asking permission to smoke a cigar between the two operations.

The capitulation of Culm is touched on by the author, who, in commenting on it, relieves Vandamme from all blame.

'We knew some days later the motive which had all at once arrested the Emperor Napoleon in the pursuit of our routed army after the battle of Dresden. A violent attack of fever supervening on a chill had obliged Napoleon to return to Dresden, instead of passing the night at Pirna, whence he could have pursued the allies *l'épée dans les reins*. The absence of any order emanating from the French headquarters stopped the movement which might have been decisive. Vandamme alone marched forward, believing himself followed: he was crushed. Napoleon habituated his lieutenants too much to receive orders and not to exercise personal initiative.'

The loss of the French was serious, but a portion of the allies also suffered severely, Osterman's brigade of the Russian guard being almost annihilated. M. de Rochechouart was the gainer by the slaughter. The regiment of Chasseurs of the Guard lost 22 officers, so he who in the spring had been promoted by seniority to the rank of second captain, by Culm became, again through seniority, first captain, ranking with a lieutenant-colonel of the line.

On September 7 the allied sovereigns, then at Töplitz in Bohemia, learnt that Bernadotte, Prince Royal of Sweden, had beaten Ney at Dennewitz. To stimulate his zeal the Czar decided to send him the Grand Cross of St. George, the Emperor of Austria the Grand Cross of Maria Theresa, and the King of Prussia the Iron Grand Cross. There was a very natural anxiety on the part of each of the sovereigns that his aide-de-camp should be the first to arrive. M. de Rochechouart, being the aide-de-camp on duty, was entrusted by the Czar with the task of carrying the decoration and an autograph letter to Bernadotte, and ordered to arrive first if possible. He found, however, that the Emperor of Austria, having naturally the same desire, had issued orders that no

postchaises should be provided at the post-office before a certain hour. Our hero was not, however, to be beaten. A ride of ten leagues on his own horse brought him into Saxony, where the Emperor of Austria's orders were not accepted. There, handing over his charger to the Cossack orderly, he started off in a postchaise, arriving at Bernadotte's headquarters twelve hours before the Austrian aide-de-camp, and, after adjusting his toilette, he accompanied Colonel Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian diplomatic agent, to the château in which the Prince Royal of Sweden resided. Bernadotte received him most warmly, expressing himself delighted that a Frenchman had been chosen to bring the decoration. 'All this was said with a charm and a choice of language which produced a great effect upon me; his witty words were seasoned by a strong Gascon accent.'

During the couple of days which our hero spent at Bernadotte's headquarters, the two seem to have been mutually charmed, and the result was an amount of frankness which casts a clear light on the history of that critical time. M. de Rochechouart—Bernadotte would insist on calling him *M. de la Rochechouart*—thus describes him:—

'Bernadotte, Prince Royal of Sweden, born in 1764, was then forty-nine years of age. He was tall and slender; his eagle face exactly recalled that of the great Condé; his thick black hair harmonised with the dead complexion of the inhabitants of Béarn, his country. His bearing on horseback was very martial, perhaps somewhat theatrical; but his courage, his calmness in the midst of the most bloody battles, caused this little defect to be forgotten. It is impossible to come across a man of more seductive manners and speech. He captivated me completely, and if I had been attached to his person, I should have been sincerely devoted to him.'

The frankness of this distinguished soldier must have been most flattering to the young officer. He did not attempt to conceal his aversion for the King of Prussia; neither did he speak more highly of Blücher. He had no liking for the English minister. 'Sir Thomson, he is my sleeping partner,' he cried, laughing. As to Pozzo di Borgo, he always spoke of him as that subtle Corsican.

The great point was to discover the motive for Bernadotte's inactivity after his victory over Ney at Dennewitz, and to apply a counter-motive to induce him to assume the offensive with vigour. M. de Rochechouart, by a mixture of genuine frankness and adroit flattery, succeeded in accomplishing

both objects. After some preparatory talk, he came roundly to the point; on which Bernadotte replied :

‘ Oh, you must understand, my friend, that a great deal of prudence is required in my position ; it is so delicate, so difficult. Besides the very natural repugnance that I have to shed French blood, I have my reputation to maintain. I do not deceive myself ; my fate depends upon a battle. If I lose it, and should ask Europe for six francs, no one would lend me that sum.’

M. de Rocheschouart pointed out that Bernadotte had gone too far to draw back, on which the prince royal continued :—

“ If I had only to concern myself with Napoleon, the matter would soon be settled. Bonaparte is a rascal ; he must be killed. As long as he lives he will be the curse of the world. An emperor is no longer needed ; that title is not French. France requires a king, but a soldier king. The race of the Bourbons is a used-up race which will never come to the surface again. Who is the man who suits the French better than I do ? ”

‘ The apostrophe silenced me a little ; I was not there to discuss such a question. Recovering from my first confusion, I rejoined : “ No one can dispute with Monseigneur this crown, but to obtain it the obstacle must be overthrown. Napoleon is between you and it.” ’

Eventually he succeeded in inducing Bernadotte to cross the Elbe, and saw that operation in process of execution before he commenced his return journey. On arrival at the Russian head-quarters, he was extremely well received by both Nesselrode and the Czar. With the latter he had a three hours’ conversation. In the course of it Alexander was extremely confidential.

‘ Thus he spoke to me of the sincere friendship which he entertained for Napoleon and of the means employed by the latter to win that friendship : “ Imagine that in one of our interviews at Erfurt Napoleon went so far as to say : I know that there exists a woman who possesses all your tenderness ; I know that her portrait never quits you. I ask for this portrait from you ; I wish to carry it for the love of you, as an object which will always remind me of the best friend I have in the world.” I gave it him. I must admit that he has given me excellent counsels ; I have followed them, and it is to them that I owe the success of the campaign of Russia.’

Present at the battle of Leipzig, our hero was several times sent long distances by the Czar on various missions, and his account, wisely limited to what he himself saw, is full of value and interest. He was a witness of the first disgraceful defection of the German troops, which had evidently been carefully concealed. Sent on a mission of observation to

the extreme right, he was almost constantly under a heavy artillery fire.

'One instant I thought myself lost. A strong column of infantry was in front of me uttering tumultuous cries. I stopped and was about to bear off to the right, when one of my Cossacks, endowed with acute vision, said to me: "My officer, they have the butt in the air; they are people who are surrendering." Reassured by this remark, I drew near and saw two Baden regiments abandon the French army and join the corps of General Bennigsen, who was precisely the person whom I was seeking. I reached the general at the moment when he was receiving the Baden colonels. This defection was imitated shortly after by a corps of Wurtemberg infantry and cavalry, who announced that the entire Saxon army would follow their example.'

There certainly never was a stronger case of military treason than that of these troops, and officers of the Baden Wurtemberg and Saxon armies must to this day feel a painful humiliation whenever the phrase 'military honour' is used. That they should have sided with their countrymen from the first would have been noble and brave, that they should have even quitted the French army before the battle would have been excusable, though an honourable soldier does not generally choose for the moment of abandoning his comrades that in which they are in great straits. As for the line of conduct which was actually followed, it well deserves the criticism of the author, who thus writes:—

'A defection which can only be described as infamous treason, as an unworthy action without precedent in the military annals of modern armies; for not only did these troops abandon the French, but they attacked them almost immediately.'

On another occasion, on October 28, M. de Rochechouart was sent to convey a certain order to the Hetman Platoff, and to acquaint General Bennigsen, under whose command the Hetman was, with these instructions. He found the Hetman in a village, part of which was still burning, and drinking tea with rum. Our hero conjectures that the rum had got into his head, and says that 'he was 'more than gay.' It is pretty plain that he was decidedly drunk.

The following day the Czar, accompanied by a numerous staff, entered Leipzig, and the author gives a painful description of the cruel, nay brutal, manner in which this usually amiable and magnanimous prince treated the unfortunate old King of Saxony.

'The King of Saxony stood at the foot of the steps of his palace humbly awaiting the arrival of the victor, hat off and in the midst of

a battalion of his guards with muskets, muzzles on the ground, butts in the air. The Emperor Alexander dismounted and cordially embraced the Prince of Sweden, who had already quitted the saddle. After the exchange of many compliments, Bernadotte said: "Sire, here is the King of Saxony, who offers you his respectful homage;" but the emperor, as if he had not heard him, said: "Where is the Queen of Saxony?" "She is at the top of the staircase awaiting your Imperial Majesty, but here is her august consort, who desires to be presented to you." "Let us go and see the queen." Such is the severity with which the Emperor Alexander treated this old king, victim of his attachment and devotion to Napoleon—a devotion very praiseworthy, since it lasted to the end, in spite of the defection of his troops. I remained stupefied by this reception, which, if not cruel, was little generous on the part of the Emperor of Russia towards the crowned old man, who appeared to me rather saddened than humiliated by this treatment. He followed the angry monarch into the apartments of the queen, but could not get a single word from the Czar.'

We may mention that on his way to enter Leipzig the Emperor Alexander called up M. de Rochechouart, and before all his staff addressed him as follows: 'Well, colonel, have you recovered from your fatigues of yesterday, when you so well carried out the missions which I had to confide to you?' Seldom has promotion been more dramatically conferred, and the newly promoted colonel had good reason to congratulate himself, seeing that he had been only seven years in the Russian service, and had gained the rank of lieutenant-colonel six weeks previously.

The grand head-quarters having arrived at Weimar on October 23, the Czar sent for the author, and said, imitating the accent of Bernadotte:

'I say, my friend, M. de la Rochechouart, go and make that devil of a man bear reason. He advances with a slowness which drives one to despair, while a bold march on his part would have such good results. Tell him that I send you without ceremony, and without a letter in order to induce him to second my efforts. Manage to make him advance. You ought to find him at Gotha.'

The cunning Bernadotte knew as soon as he saw M. de Rochechouart why he had come, and invited him to accompany him to the next halting-place, saying that it happened that he had a letter for the emperor to give him. On arrival: 'I have some orders to give the different corps of every army,' he said to me, 'afterwards we will talk. You will sup with me.' The staff officers of each division of his army seated themselves round a large table, their order books open before them, ready to write the name of the cantonment of each regiment of their division.

‘I expected to see Bernadotte consult plans, but not a single map was unfolded. The prince, placing his right hand before his eyes, as if to reflect, indicated without hesitation the quarters of each, calling out the army corps, then the division, the brigade, and finally the regiment. For example, the Russian army corps, commanded by the Comte de Langeron, first division, under the orders of Count Woronzoff, first brigade, &c., in such or such a village, and so on, all through, for he possessed a marvellous memory, and a profound knowledge of these localities, where he had made war so long. -

‘After this geographical feat, he rose, passed into his apartments, made me a sign to follow him, and opened thus: “Let us see what you have to say to me.” I repeated to him the words of the czar. “You see,” he replied, “that I anticipate the wishes of his imperial majesty. To-morrow you will see me continue my march; there is no longer room for hesitation.” I congratulated him on his resolution, and expressed my admiration at his manner of dictating the cantonments of his troops. “Ah, you see, my friend, that comes from the great experience which I have of those things.”’

At Saxe-Meiningen the Emperor Alexander gave a proof of a good memory, of delicate consideration for the feelings of others, and his regard for our hero. When presenting his staff to the duchess-dowager, he began with M. de Rochechouart, saying: ‘I wish, madam, to begin with this one; he is the Comte de Rochechouart, one of my aides-de-camp, of whom I think very highly. I present him to you the first, in order to repair an act of forgetfulness. When presenting at Prague my military household to the Emperor of Austria, I could not tell his name, he was obliged to name himself.’

One of the most dramatic events of the campaign of 1814, and that which reflected the highest honour on the French troops, was the action at Fère Champenoise. On March 25, General Pacthod, with 9,000 men composed of young soldiers and national guards, was escorting a large convoy of provisions and ammunition. Suddenly he was attacked by a large body of hostile cavalry. The account of the action which ensued we will give in the words of the author:—

‘At the first appearance of the French column in question, there was, in fact, a moment of astonishment in the allied army. To what corps could it belong? What was the cavalry which appeared on the right? We were in the midst of an immense plain; the artillery of the guard were ordered to advance, when all at once we saw the distant cavalry charge home on the column, which immediately threw its infantry into square, and opened a well-sustained fire of artillery. Then there was no longer any doubt; the column belonged to the French army. The order was given to the Russian artillery to begin the attack, all the cavalry being at the same time set in motion. . . . The

order to charge having been given to the cavalry, our staff had not the time to draw on one side to let it pass, and we were forced, under pain of being crushed, to follow the torrent. In two minutes the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia found themselves in the centre of the enemy's column, driven into on all sides by a charge of 16,000 Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, cuirassiers, dragoons, lancers, hussars, or Cossacks. . . . This column, of a strength of 9,000 men, had in an instant 4,000 dead or wounded on the ground, which they had traversed in the hope of gaining a neighbouring wood, where they would have been sheltered from the shocks of the cavalry which was overwhelming them, and from the incessant fire of thirty pieces of cannon. . . . At the same moment when I found myself in the centre of the principal square, with the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and all the officers of their numerous staff swept along in the charge of the hussars and Cossacks of the Guard, I saw near me a French officer struggling with the Cossacks, who were trying to despoil him, in spite of his cries and protests. "Take me to my brother. I have a brother in the Russian army." "What is the name of your brother?" "Rapatel," he replied. I flung myself between him and the Cossacks, ordering them to quit him; and said to him, "Your brother is my comrade; come, that I may have the pleasure of bringing you to his arms." I had scarcely finished pronouncing these words, when Brozine, one of my colleagues, came running up to me and said, "Ah, Rochechouart, what a misfortune! The emperor has just learnt the death of poor Rapatel. He has sent me to seek for his body." Could there be a more pathetic scene? This poor prisoner miraculously escaping the massacre of his troops, hearing of the death of his brother at the moment when he was about to find support and consolation in his arms. Large tears inundated his face, quite black from powder. I hastened to press his hands, and said to him, "You are my prisoner, you will not quit your brother's comrade."

On March 30, 1814, the author, being with the Czar at the Buttes Chaumont while fighting was still going on at Vincennes and Montmartre, was sent with instructions to Comte de Langeron to the effect that a suspension of hostilities was granted, and that not a soldier was to enter Paris. The mission appeared desperate, for bullets and cannon shot were flying about in every direction; but, waving a white handkerchief fastened to the point of his sword, and shouting in French, Russian, and German that there was a suspension of arms, he reached his destination without a scratch. For his success he was rewarded a few days later by the Cross of Commander of St. Vladimir. At night he and his French comrades supped at Belleville, the waiter being much surprised at the excellent French that they spoke.

The following morning he was astonished by learning



that he had been appointed Commandant de la Place de Paris, General Sacken being governor.

‘Let one imagine my astonishment, my joy, my embarrassment. Surprised by being without the slightest preparation given such a command; happy, transported with joy at seeing myself thus re-enter the great city which I had quitted ten years previously in so sad a position, being alone, separated from my relations, who had been scattered by the Revolution, and ruined by their devotion to the royal family, and obliged to content myself with the *panier* of the diligence, the state of my purse not allowing me to take a place inside; to-day I re-entered as commandant de place. There was neither time nor possibility to indulge in reflection; the torrent of business carried me away in spite of myself.’

Just as M. de Rochechouart was about to give the order to the troops placed under his orders, two field officers of the National Guard arrived to accompany him. To his surprise one of them was M. de Brancas, an old friend. A still stranger coincidence was that the place of meeting was a spot quite close to the street and barrier Rochechouart.

We now come to an important act on the part of the author which undoubtedly reflects discredit upon him. Indeed he himself admits that he was wrong. On the entry of the allied armies into France M. de Rochechouart had actively exerted himself, in union with other devoted French loyalists, in fomenting a feeling of loyalty towards the Bourbons, and stimulating a demand that Louis XVIII. should mount the throne. He had also done his best to interest the Czar in the cause of legitimacy. In recompense for his zeal, and also on account of his high rank—by the death of his elder brother he had become the head of the house—the Comte d’Artois had promised him the rank of *Maréchal de Camp* as soon as he should have quitted the Russian service. He therefore resolved, in spite of the continued kindness of the Czar, the numerous benefits which he had received from him, and the friendship and intimacy with which he had been honoured by that monarch, to send in his resignation. He admits that he was guilty of ingratitude, that he ought to have deferred his retirement till he had returned with the Czar to Russia. His excuse is that it seemed hard to quit his country, where he was so thoroughly enjoying himself. However, he frankly confesses his fault, saying, ‘I was wanting in gratitude.’ Evidently even at the time he felt ashamed of himself; for, instead of frankly submitting his circumstances in person to the judgement and kindness of the Czar, he requested General Sacken,

his immediate chief, to be the bearer of his resignation. Naturally Alexander was hurt, and told General Sacken so. With great magnanimity, however, he conferred on M. de Rochechouart the honorary rank of major-general, but declined to receive him to say farewell on his departure.

A few weeks later M. de Rochechouart was admitted into the French army with the rank of *Maréchal de Camp*—or general of brigade—was created *Chevalier de Saint-Louis*, and appointed Lieutenant of the *Mousquetaires Noirs*. No wonder that he, being only twenty-six, considered that fortune smiled upon him. It was soon evident that trouble threatened the restored dynasty, and the author relates a singular anecdote concerning the anticipations of a return of Napoleon. On February 26, in the '*Nain Jaune*,' a satirical journal very hostile to the Bourbons, the following passage appeared: '*Ce n'est pas à coups de bâton que nous chasserons les vautours qui nous dévorent, mais à coups de Cannes.*' It was on that very day that Napoleon quitted Elba in order to disembark in the neighbourhood of Cannes. Our hero followed Louis XVIII. to Gaud, and was appointed *Chef d'Etat Major*, the Duc de Feltre, the only minister who had accompanied the king, being the minister of war *in partibus*, so to speak.

A curious anecdote, of which we may say, *si non è vero è ben trovato*, appears in the memoir before us, illustrative of the disposition of Talleyrand. It was resolved that each of the allied powers should designate a commissioner charged with the surveillance of Napoleon at St. Helena. Talleyrand proposed to the king for this office M. de Montchenu, described as 'an insupportable babbler, a complete nonentity.' On being asked why he had selected this man, Talleyrand replied: 'It is the only revenge which I wish to take for his treatment of me; however, it is terrible. What a punishment for a man of Bonaparte's stamp to be obliged to live with an ignorant and pedantic chatterer! I know him; he will not be able to support this annoyance; it will make him ill, and he will die of it by slow degrees.' We have seen that gratitude was not the strong point of M. de Rochechouart, and he illustrated this defect by his hatred of England. Yet in England his mother had found an asylum. He himself had twice visited that country, and certainly had no reason to complain of his treatment, especially bearing in mind the kindness of Mr. Griffiths at Falmouth. Again he had, as an officer of one of the three regiments of *émigrés* in Portugal, drawn English pay, and when that

regiment was disbanded, he and his comrades had been dealt with liberally. The Bourbons, also, of whom he was a devoted adherent, had been most hospitably received in England. Notwithstanding, however, all these claims of England to his gratitude, he could write of the British army in 1815 as follows:—

‘The Prussian generals and the Duke of Wellington, swollen with pride by the victory of Waterloo, let no opportunity escape of overwhelming us with their evil proceedings. The English, always jealous of France, sought every means to weaken us, not being able to conquer us.’

The French had undoubtedly reason to complain of their treatment by the Prussians, to whom, on the other hand, Napoleon and his lieutenants had given grave causes for cherishing a bitter feeling of revenge. The writer of this article was told by an officer of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who marched in the track of the British and Prussian armies to Paris after Waterloo, that there was a striking contrast between the discipline in the two armies as regarded the treatment of the inhabitants. The behaviour of the Prussians greatly disgusted him. It was indeed a case of *ex victis*, and Blücher was excelled by none of his countrymen in his hatred of the foe now at his mercy. It is well known that he was with difficulty prevented from blowing up the Pont de Jena, and according to his own statements M. de Rochechouart was greatly instrumental in baffling the savage old hussar in his malevolent designs. It is generally believed in this country that the duke placed a British sentry on the bridge, and thus prevented the act of vandalism, but no mention of the duke’s interference is made by M. de Rochechouart. According to him the following is a history of the transaction. Though, in order to spare the susceptibilities of the Prussians, the name of the bridge had been altered to Pont des Invalides, Blücher determined to blow it up, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the foreign generals and the energetic protests of Louis XVIII. and his ministers. The very day even was fixed for this act of vandalism. The minister of war sent M. de Rochechouart to see what he could do with the King of Prussia. As he knew all the aides-de-camp of the king, he obtained an audience without difficulty. To his remonstrances his majesty gave the following surprising answer:—

‘I have already been informed of the intentions of Field-Marshal Prince Blücher. I have caused him to be told that I did not approve

of them, and that I begged him to abandon his project. I have seen with pain that his answer was not conformable to my desires, and that he persists, for the honour of the Prussian army, he says, in his determination. I am about again to send him one of my aides-de-camp, to persuade him to content himself with the change of the name of this accursed bridge.'

Seeing that the king's answer was evasive, he informed the Duc de Richelieu, who hastened to the Czar. Alexander forthwith repaired to the King of Prussia, and told him that, if Blücher did not obey the order which he begged the king to send him, he would place himself on the bridge, and would see if he then would have the audacity to blow it up. We doubt the truth of this version of the story. It was not, we believe, the Russian Czar but the venerable King of France who made this spirited and successful declaration.

Appointed once more Commandant de Paris, the author had the melancholy duty of carrying out the sentence on Marshal Ney. The details which he gives are in the highest degree interesting. It was at first intended to try the marshal by a court martial, but his counsel pleaded that, as the title of marshal was not a grade, but a dignity, he could only be judged by the Chamber of Peers. This plea was fatal to the marshal; for, as General Claparède, one of the members of the court martial, told M. de Rochechouart, the majority of the court were for an acquittal. After his condemnation, Ney was informed that he could receive visits from his lawyer, his wife, and a confessor. He said:

"As to the confessor, leave me alone. I have no need of black coats." At this last phrase, one of the two grenadiers in charge, rising, said to him: "You are wrong, marshal," and showing him his arm ornamented with several chevrons, added, "I am not as illustrious as you, but I am also a veteran. Well, never have I borne myself so boldly under fire as when I had previously recommended my soul to God." These few words, pronounced in tones of emotion and solemnity by this colossus, appeared to make a deep impression on the marshal. He approached the grenadier, and said to him with gentleness, tapping him on the shoulder, "You are perhaps right, my good fellow. That is good advice which you have given me." Then, turning towards Colonel Montigny, "What priest can I cause to be summoned?"—"L'Abbé de Pierre, curé de Saint-Sulpice." . . . "Beg him to come. I will receive him after my wife." The counsel of the old soldier had been listened to.'

On arriving in a hackney coach at the place of execution,

'He refused naturally to place himself on his knees and to allow his eyes to be bandaged. He only asked Commandant Saint-Bias to show

him where he was to stand. He faced the platoon, which held their muskets at "the recover," and then, in an attitude which I shall never forget, so noble was it, calm and dignified, without any swagger, he took off his hat, and profiting by the short moment which was caused by the adjutant de place having to place himself on one side, and to give the signal for firing, he pronounced these few words, which I heard very distinctly. "Frenchmen, I protest against my sentence, my honour"—— At these last words, as he was placing his hand on his heart, the detonation was heard; he fell as if struck by lightning. A roll of the drums, and the cries of "Vive le roi!" by the troops formed in square, brought to a close this lugubrious ceremony.

'This fine death made a great impression on me. Turning to Augustus de la Rochejaquelein, colonel of the grenadiers, who was by my side, and who deplored, like myself, the death of the *brave des braves*, I said to him, "There, my dear friend, is a grand lesson in learning to die."

With this episode the interest in the career of the Comte de Rochecouart comes to an end. In 1822, on an utterly unjustifiable pretext, he was deprived of his post of Commandant de Place de Paris. He remained unemployed till 1830, when he was given the command of a brigade destined to reinforce the army sent to Algiers, but the Revolution caused its despatch to be countermanded. In the following year he was placed on the retired list, and died, in 1858, after such remarkable alternations of fortune as furnish an instructive text for a sermon on the fickleness of the blind goddess.

ART. VI.—*The Baronage and the Senate; or, the House of Lords in the Past, the Present, and the Future.* By WILLIAM CHARLES MACPHERSON. 8vo. London: 1893.

WE deny altogether that the action of the House of Lords in rejecting Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill requires the smallest defence. The Upper House was face to face with a measure of the greatest importance, essential parts of which are condemned by those who are supposed to defend it, which had only been partially discussed in the House of Commons, and which, in order that it might be pushed through by a definite date, had, as to many of its parts, been withdrawn from free discussion. No wonder therefore that a measure bristling with details that had been concealed or evaded, and with principles that had been violated, was defeated by an enormous majority, and accepted by a pitiful minority, consisting of the official colleagues and acolytes of

Mr. Gladstone, and of the dregs of the House of Peers. A second chamber of whatever composition was bound under such circumstances to reject this tremendous constitutional change, and it must continue to reject it until the country has had the issue placed before it in a plain and definite manner. In truth, those who are on their defence are the ministers of the Crown and their followers in the House of Commons, who have tried by political fraud and by unconstitutional proceedings to change the Constitution of Great Britain for no other purpose than to hold together a Parliamentary majority. But the recent vote of the House of Lords has done more than decide the question of the hour, it has vindicated the essential principle of the British Constitution, that no single power—neither the Crown, nor the Peers, nor the Commons—shall exercise an exclusive and arbitrary power in the State. The House of Lords may be comparatively powerless when it is supposed to be contending for its own privileges or interests. But it is invested with an ample and co-ordinate authority when it is supported by a vast majority of the intelligence of Great Britain. That authority is exerted to suspend the determination of a question of unparalleled importance until it has been submitted at a general election to the judgement of the nation. The moment therefore is opportune to consider the character and composition of the House of Peers at a time when events have shown the necessity of a strong second chamber. The task is easier, because in the work at the head of this article there are marshalled facts and arguments bearing on the question which are of much value.

It is somewhat remarkable that a reasoned examination of the legislative position of the House of Lords should have come from the pen of a resident in Australia. Mr. Macpherson, the author of the book at the head of this article, though the son, it is understood, of an English barrister who was the author of a standard work on the Privy Council, and who from time to time held some important public positions, has cast in his lot with the people of Greater Britain, and must be regarded not as an inhabitant of England but of Australia. This fact, however, makes this book of greater interest, because a dweller in the Antipodes, a citizen of a democratic community, is free from the prejudices which can scarcely fail to envelope in some degree an English writer who deals with this subject unless he possesses the rare judicial impartiality of a Hallam or a Stubbs, an impartiality which it is not easy to preserve in

reference to political questions of the day. The book is also of substantial value at the present time, and must continue to be so for a considerable period, because it presents to the reader in an effective manner the points which must be considered in order to arrive at a just opinion of the true position of the House of Lords as a legislative chamber. At times Mr. Macpherson, in discussing historical and political questions of great constitutional importance, would have done well to have restrained the strength of his language. It is no doubt irritating to a writer who sees the political importance of the subject under discussion, and can appreciate historical continuity, to have to examine the contentions of men who appear to be utterly ignorant of the difficulties of government, and whose shallow criticism and empirical advice show an absolute incapacity to appreciate the force of national feeling and the practical requirements of the age. But, in effect, to call the person you desire to convince a fool will not persuade him that you are right, and this is the way, though not in so many words, in which Mr. Macpherson is inclined to deal with many of those to whom the work is necessarily addressed. Again, there is to be found in these pages from time to time some irrelevant material which is likely to prejudice the book. To speak of George III. as 'that great monarch and admirable man,' at once introduces controversial questions which do not belong to Mr. Macpherson's present subject. It is, indeed, a little ridiculous when we remember that if George III. is to be called a 'great monarch' we at once begin to compare him with the queen whom the late Lord Tennyson well styled 'Great Elizabeth.' It is not, however, for the purpose of dwelling on these errors of style and judgement that we allude to them, but rather to let the reader clearly understand that, while they are to be regretted, they do not detract from the value of this work in regard to the matter in it which is really germane to the questions with which it is properly concerned.

It is obvious that if the consideration of the present position of the House of Lords and of the changes which are desirable in it is of any practical value, it must be on the assumption that a second chamber is a necessary part of the Constitution of Great Britain. If this is not granted, then any such consideration is purely academical, and is on the same footing as a discussion of the Witenagemot—a subject full of historical interest, but not of present practical political importance. There is no doubt a small

and insignificant number of persons who will deny that a second chamber is desirable in any Constitution, and who would like to see the House of Commons the only legislative assembly in the country. But there are others who, though they are opposed on principle to second chambers, have sense enough to perceive that, as a second chamber is a part of the English Constitution, and has been for centuries, it would require a revolution to abolish it, and, therefore, they are prepared to reform it in various directions. But it is just as well that the difficulties of such a revolution as the abolition of the House of Lords should be understood, having regard to the fact that whenever the House of Lords does or is expected to do something which the domineering Radical does not like, he at once, whether a newspaper writer or a demagogue, threatens the country with its abolition. The House of Lords is an existing element in the Constitution, and cannot be abolished without both the consent of the sovereign and of itself; if a majority of the House of Commons passed a measure to abolish the House of Lords, 'there would still remain two parties whose consent is indispensable, the monarch and the House of Lords itself.' The insuperable difficulties in the way of such a consent by the Crown and the Upper Chamber are well stated by the author in the following passage:—

'It is unlikely in the extreme that any normal monarch could be induced to yield his consent to such a proposition. No monarch who wished to play the part of what is called a "constitutional" sovereign would consent to such a total and subversive change in the Constitution. No monarch who did not harbour ulterior designs, unfavourable to popular government and public liberty, could fail to feel the want expressed by Cromwell of "somewhat to stand between me and the House of Commons." Cromwell, as we have seen, had his Council of State, and later, in 1658, attempted, though in vain, to revive or create a House of Lords. If even to a man in the position of Cromwell a second chamber presented itself in the light of a necessity, how much more must it appear indispensable to an ordinary and "constitutional" sovereign? No monarch not possessed by an insane desire for absolute and uncontrolled power would consent to the abolition of the House of Lords, and a monarch afflicted with such a mania for autocracy would consent to it only as a needful preliminary to the abolition of the House of Commons.

'But supposing, for the sake of argument, that the consent of the sovereign could be obtained, there would still be wanting the consent of the House of Lords itself. It is unnecessary to suggest that this would not be given as a mere matter of form. The House of Lords cannot be legally abolished without its own consent. The only way, therefore, in which this consent could be obtained, if at all, would be



by the creation of some five hundred peers all pledged to put an end to their own existence, and created for that specific purpose. Nothing else but such a *reductio ad absurdum* would be sufficient. No mere threats of creating peers could avail to terrify the House of Lords into putting an end to its own existence. To vote for its own abolition is a very different thing from yielding a reluctant assent to a measure for the reform of the other chamber of the legislature. It is probable that the House of Lords would fight its guns to the last; if it did not, it would deserve to be abolished. It is probable that it would literally die, but not surrender. Nothing but the doubling of its numbers by a creation of new peers could secure the consent of the upper chamber. The monarch who thus strained his powers, and the House of Commons who compelled him thus to strain them, would in doing so announce that thenceforth the rule of the country was at the disposal of any one skillful enough and unscrupulous enough to seize it. No venerable past, no constitutional sanctity, could from that time onward be alleged on their behalf against the Cæsar who dared to pass the Rubicon. In a contest where violence has once been admitted it is the civilian who must invariably go to the wall; and the throne and sceptre in their fullest and uttermost reality would fall to the first soldier who had the spirit and the enterprise to take them.

‘Without the consent of the monarch and the House of Lords the abolition of that body is in law impossible. Even though the consent of the monarch should be forthcoming, it would still be of no avail unless he were prepared to go further, and accord his active and personal co-operation to the party that attempted the destruction of the upper chamber, and that to the full extent of creating a body of peers, if men could be discovered to accept such peerages more numerous than all the members of the House of Lords. No monarch would dare in this way to imperil his own throne or to give the signal for the downfall of all established institutions.

‘The abolition of the House of Lords, unless as a detail of a revolution, is a mere *brutum fulmen*, an insolent, but an empty and an idle menace. The abolition of the House of Lords, save by a triple consent, which in two cases at least never would be given, can only be effected by a revolution.’ (P. 219.)

The abolition of this assembly is, as Mr. Macpherson truly says, a mere idle menace; and speakers and writers who employ it do not deserve that their words should be considered by serious men. But, at any rate, it is well that the public should understand that these persons, when they advocate the abolition of the House of Lords, are calling not for reform but for revolution, not for an improvement in the existing Constitution but for the destruction of an essential part of it. But disregarding the impossibility of effecting such a revolution, it may be well to consider for a moment whether the welfare of England would be increased by the adoption of a new Constitution consisting of one chamber

only. The bicameral system has been approved by the unanimous voice of mankind. 'Whether we look to republican countries, such as France, Switzerland, and the United States, or to democratic countries, such as the Australian Colonies, the rule is everywhere the same, and in many of these countries the second chamber exercises powers to which the House of Lords puts forth no claim. Neither in the actual world around us nor in our own past history can any warrant whatsoever be discovered for a belief in the beneficence or even the possibility of the single chamber system' (p. 211). When every State in the world may thus be said to have two chambers, it is idle to argue that the House of Commons should be the only English legislative assembly. The mere fact that the country has become more democratic during the course of the nineteenth century is a strong reason in favour of the system of two chambers. 'The necessity of a Senate,' wrote Madison in the 'Federalist,' 'is not less indicated by the propensity of all single and numerous assemblies to yield to the impulse of sudden and violent passions and to be seduced by factious leaders into intemperate and pernicious resolutions.' The House of Commons is now more liable to be led away to pass 'pernicious resolutions' than when it was a less democratic body and was chosen by a less popular electorate. Now more than ever it is necessary 'to prevent mutability in the public councils,' because on an increase in the power of the democracy there has followed a decrease in the individual influence of the sovereign. From democracy to imperialism is a short step: the Second Empire in France is an object lesson of this which will not soon be forgotten. But we have one nearer home: the Gladstonian party, casting to the winds true Liberal principles, have for the last few years given themselves body and soul as abjectly and as servilely into the hands of one man as ever did the French people. Mr. Gladstone suppressed the liberties of the House of Commons in as tyrannical a manner as any autocrat. The democracy of France handed over their liberties to the third Napoleon; the Gladstonians in the House of Commons and in the constituencies gave *carte blanche* to their leader to carry out any policy he chose, and to alter the English Constitution to gratify his own ambition. The lesson has been a useful one, for it shows that the country may at any moment suffer from the tyrannical action of a skilful and unscrupulous man, and that, to safeguard the liberties of the people and the rights of minorities, to prevent hasty legisla-

tion, and to baulk the unbridled will of a powerful demagogue, it is necessary that there should be a second chamber. This body can give time to the nation to consider its position and opportunity to those who value constitutional rights and sober legislation to resist revolutionary changes introduced without a mandate from the majority of the people, whilst a Parliamentary majority in the House of Commons obtained from the constituencies under false pretences is careless of anything but the prolongation of its own existence. The necessity for a body which shall add to the public stability which was so well expressed by the fathers of the American Constitution is, therefore, more pressing than it was a century ago; yet this is the moment which some sanguine believers in the perfect wisdom of the democracy would seize upon at which to abolish the second chamber, contrary to the universal experience of mankind and to all the teaching of history.

But there are two other points of view from which the abolition of the House of Lords must be regarded—namely, in reference to the Crown and to the Colonies. Such a step could scarcely fail eventually to destroy the monarchy and thus leave the country absolutely at the mercy of gusts of popular passion, and in the hands of political demagogues and intriguers.

‘If,’ writes Mr. Macpherson, ‘the House of Lords is to be abolished and no new second chamber erected in its stead, nothing would stand between the nation and the House of Commons but the Crown. It is easy to imagine the position of the monarch in such case. With the whole work of the House of Lords cast upon his shoulders, he would either neglect it and become a mere dupe in the hands of his Parliamentary advisers, to be discarded as useless, like all dupes, when he had served his turn; or, making a stand against the tyranny of the majority in the single chamber, he would find himself involved in a struggle in which the monarchy or else the chamber would be for ever overthrown. Either the single chamber would destroy the monarchy, or the monarchy would destroy the single chamber. Thus the abolition of the House of Lords would bring in its train the abolition of the House of Commons or the abolition of the Crown, the abolition of the British Empire or the abolition of our constitutional freedom, or the abolition of both.’ (P. 21.)

Probably there are some who would regard the sequel of the fall of the monarchy without alarm, but even these men must desire to keep the empire strong and united. But the abolition of the House of Lords would have a contrary effect; it contains many members of Indian, Colonial, and other imperial experience, and all its members are exempt from direct local responsibility. But the House of Commons

'is elected by the constituencies of Great Britain and Ireland; it represents them, and it represents nothing else. And to abolish the House of Lords is to remove one of those checks on the dominance of the electors of the British Isles over the remainder of the empire which alone render the present situation endurable and possible. One democracy has no belief in and no respect for another democracy, and the supremacy of the mother country over the self-governing freemen of her colonies could not long continue if that supremacy were nakedly and undisguisedly translated into a supremacy of a local-party majority in the House of Commons. The quarrel of the Colonies has been with the Colonial Office—that is to say, with the House of Commons. If the will of the House of Commons were set free from all restraint, the quarrel would be renewed more bitterly than ever, and that in a form disastrous to the empire.' (P. 192.)

The point which the author here makes is one well worthy of careful thought. While the House of Commons looks only to the direct effect of its legislation on the local affairs of England, its action may have indirect results of vast importance for the entire empire. The present tendency of the House of Commons is to regard local interests, to be influenced by purely local and personal considerations; and it is to the House of Lords rather than to the House of Commons that the Colonies will look in the future for sympathy and consideration, and it is to the House of Lords that the nation must turn as the ultimate safeguard of its colonial dominions. In truth, the discussion of the propriety of second chambers in a country in general, and the abolition of the House of Lords in England in particular, are outside the range of practical politics. The true and important question is how far the House of Lords now fulfils the functions of a second chamber, and to what extent changes, if any, in its composition are required.

As regards its composition, it is desirable that it should be clearly understood that the House of Lords is not solely an assembly of what are popularly called hereditary legislators. It is, much more than is commonly thought, an assembly of selected men.

'For in the first place,' writes Mr. Macpherson, 'we are confronted with the forty-four Scottish and Irish representative peers and the Lords and ex-Lords of Appeal, who have neither inherited their seats nor can transmit them to their descendants. The Scottish and Irish representative peers are hereditary peers, and as such hereditary counsellors of their sovereign. But they are not hereditary legislators. They owe their seats to election by their fellows. It is true that without their peerages they could not be elected. But hereditary eligibility to an assembly is not the same thing as an hereditary seat

in it. Every commoner has an hereditary eligibility to the House of Commons; but to say that a member of that body owed his seat to hereditary right, or to describe him as an hereditary legislator, would be justly resented as pedantic trifling. The Scottish and Irish representative peers are not hereditary legislators, but hereditary peers and elected legislators. Far from being hereditary legislators, the Scottish representative peers are not even legislators for life.

‘An “hereditary legislator” may mean one of two things. It may mean, as it is vulgarly employed to mean, a legislator whose right of legislation may hereafter be inherited; or it may mean, and properly ought to mean, a legislator who has inherited his right of legislation. Now it is obvious that the Lords and ex-Lords of Appeal are in neither sense “hereditary legislators.” They owe their seats to appointment by the sovereign consequent on an official qualification, and their peerages and seats die with them. If, then, we add to their number that of the Scottish and Irish representative peers, we get at once forty-nine lords temporal out of an actual total in January 1892 of some 515 who are not hereditary legislators, or nearly one in ten; and while thirty-three of these non-hereditary legislators are members of the House of Lords for life, or for so much of that as remains to them after their creation or election, sixteen are members for the still shorter term of the duration of a single Parliament.

‘But among those normal peers of England, Great Britain, or the United Kingdom who are entitled to sit and vote in their own person, not all peers of the United Kingdom are hereditary legislators. To call a man an hereditary legislator who has not inherited his right of legislation, and who is without heirs to inherit it, is to abuse the English language. Every new peer who is without heirs to inherit his peerage, although not in constitutional law a life peer, is in fact a peer for life only. The son of a new peer of the United Kingdom becomes an hereditary legislator on succeeding to his father’s peerage; but the new peer himself is not an hereditary, but a new legislator. And what is true of commoners created peers of the United Kingdom is true also of Scottish and Irish peers incorporated in the Union Peerage. They are hereditary peers; but they are new members of the House of Lords, and the peerages which give them and their heirs a seat in the House of Lords are not and do not become “hereditary” till they have actually been inherited. Every new peer of the United Kingdom is a non-hereditary legislator, and every such peer without heirs is in effect a life peer. The Lords Temporal are not all, or nearly all, hereditary legislators; they are not all even legislators for life.

‘As we have seen, a peerage of the United Kingdom without a remainder, except in the case of the Lords of Appeal, cannot have existence, or at least cannot convey the right of sitting or voting in the House of Lords, and therefore, except in the case of peeresses, never is created. But a United Kingdom peerage bestowed on a man advanced in life who has never married, or who if married has no children, though with a nominal remainder to the heirs of his body inserted as a necessary matter of form in the patent of creation, is to all intents and purposes a life peerage. A peer without heirs, whether

his own children or other near kinsmen, is a peer whose peerage cannot be inherited. And a Scottish or Irish peer newly created a peer of the United Kingdom, with heirs to his Scottish or Irish peerage, but without heirs to his peerage of the United Kingdom, is a peer whose personal right of legislation in the Upper Chamber will not be inherited.' (P. 41.)

And a little further on the author points out, as justifying his allegation, that of the so-called hereditary peers a number are in truth life peers only; that in January, 1892, there were then

'one viscount (Lord Sherbrooke) and seventeen barons (Lords Alcester, Ardilaun, Armstrong, Bramwell, Burton, Castletown, Connemara, Field, Hobhouse, Lingen, Mount Stephen, Penzance, Rowton, Sandford, Thring, Wantage, and Winmarleigh), who were first peers of the United Kingdom, having previously been commoners, and who were without heirs to inherit their titles—that is to say, in everything but law they were life peers.' (P. 43.)

But in addition to the Scotch and Irish representative peers, to the law lords and to the new peers, there must also be added the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and a certain number of the English bishops. And, further, it must be borne in mind that of the legislators who have inherited a peerage from their fathers, and therewith a right of membership in the House of Lords, there are many who would in any event, and in the most picked Upper Chamber, be members of that body. It is unnecessary to draw up a detailed list, for names will at once come to mind—the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Rosebery may be instanced as examples—of men who, although members of what is primarily an hereditary legislative body, are yet essentially selected and representative legislators. But in addition to these peers who have made their mark in the political affairs of their time, there are a number of others who represent particular localities and particular interests, and who have special experience. Men who have large landed interests in parts of England are essentially representative men; those who are concerned with the administration of important commercial undertakings, are essentially representative peers, and must not be regarded simply as hereditary legislators; while peers such as Lord Carrington, Lord Jersey, and Lord Onslow have a special experience of colonial affairs, which again renders them essentially representative peers. It would be easy to lengthen the list of peers with special qualifications arising from service in some branch of State employment to

fortify this position. But, further, there are in the House of Lords thirty-two peers who did not inherit their titles, and twenty-six lords spiritual. When to these we add the men who, though hereditary peers, are, as we have seen, essentially representative and selected peers, there is no difficulty in perceiving that it is most incorrect to consider the House of Lords a mere hereditary legislative body. From the manner in which some writers describe the House of Lords a foreigner might well suppose it was simply a body of men identical with a fixed caste of hereditary nobility, whereas it is not only hereditary, but also in reality though not in theory partly elected and partly representative. The House of Lords has always had a recuperative force which has kept it in touch with the people, not only from fresh creations of peerages, but from the intermarriage of peers and commoners, and from the fact that the children of peers gradually fall into the general body of the middle classes. The result has been that the English aristocracy 'alone 'has preserved its existence undisputed, and continues to 'occupy a useful and brilliant place in the Constitution, 'while in every Continental country the aristocracy have 'either entirely disappeared or maintain only a struggling 'and precarious existence.'\* If the aristocracy of England still occupies 'a useful and brilliant place' (*eine fruchtbare und glänzende Stellung*), equally so does the House of Lords. No statesman of the present century has done more to assist the recuperative force of the House of Lords and to strengthen it by keeping it in touch with the people than Mr. Gladstone. In his first Ministry, beginning in December, 1868, he created seventeen peers; in his second Ministry, which began in April, 1880, he created nineteen peers, and in his short Ministry in 1886 he created six peers. Mr. Gladstone has thus added forty-two new members to the House of Lords, exclusive of those created during his present tenure of office; whereas Lord Palmerston, in the course of his long career as Prime Minister, created only twelve peers. It has been fortunate for the country, looking to the recent developement of Mr. Gladstone's opinions, that he thus thought fit to strengthen the House of Lords. Apart, however, from this political aspect, the creations of Mr. Gladstone emphasise the fact that the House of Lords is not an assembly of mere nobles, that it is in touch with the people, and that to a certain extent many of the peers who may strictly be

\* Bluntschli, 'Theory of the State,' p. 139 (Oxford translation).

styled hereditary legislators are yet only the sons or recent descendants of lately ennobled commoners, and are thus, in a sense, rather representative than purely hereditary legislators. It is important that this essential element of the House of Lords should be clearly grasped, because it is through these features in its character that it has retained its influence and that it is capable of yet further expansion, so as to remain a great element of stability in the Constitution, and to become a chamber filled with 'a due sense of national character,' to quote from the 'Federalist,' appreciating the Imperial and Colonial character of the British Empire.

It must be obvious from what has been stated above that, in order to justify the existence of the House of Lords as a second chamber, it is not necessary to go to the length of defending in theory a second chamber of purely hereditary nobles, because, as is evident, the House of Lords is a second chamber partly hereditary and also largely representative in character. But we must point out that it is a common fallacy to suppose that a representative assembly must be elective, and that an elected assembly must be necessarily representative of all shades of opinion. An elected assembly for purely political purposes represents essentially a numerical party majority; it does not represent fully the imperial interests of the nation or the great institutions of the State. And, further, the rigidity of party ties and discipline prevents the party majority from exercising individual judgement; whilst, as has been already pointed out, within the walls of the House of Lords sit men who represent every interest in the State, and with experience in every branch of the public service, and who are untrammelled by wire-pullers and uninfluenced either by the fear of losing a seat or by small local considerations. The fact of a man being elected a member of the House of Commons appears to be regarded by some writers and speakers as conferring a superior political sagacity on him. But we deny altogether that the politician who is ever looking for party advantages, and who day by day responds to the crack of the party whip, is a surer counsellor of the nation than the peer who mixes among his neighbours, and does not mingle week after week in the crowd at Westminster. In truth, the only ground on which the voice of a majority can be regarded as fully representative and decisive is when it represents the clear and unmistakeable expression of the national will on a clear and unmistakeable issue. It is not convenient for the opponents of the House



of Lords to bring out the facts, and it strengthens their case on the platform when they disingenuously speak of the House of Lords as if it were an assembly of nobles who are a caste by themselves.

But even if the House of Lords were a more strictly hereditary assembly than it is, there is a good deal to be said in favour of an Upper Chamber so composed as contrasted with one elected or nominated. 'A large number 'of peers,' writes Mr. Macpherson with complete truth, 'in each generation show their inherited capacity for 'high affairs not merely in Parliament, but in the official 'service of the nation. . . . And it is the high capacity 'for affairs that is required in the members of a select 'assembly, not the genius which from the nature of things 'is ever isolated and unique' (p. 123). In order to show that there exists this considerable measure of inherited capacity, Mr. Macpherson has in the appendix to this volume compiled a number of facts bearing on this point. While they do not show capacity of the same kind, or of an equal degree in the same family in each generation, they clearly demonstrate that capacity above the average is apparent in many families which spring from ancestors who have become peers by reason of their distinguished services or pre-eminent talents. The most remarkable instance of a family which has shown inherited capacity is probably that of the Russells; but the tenth, twelfth, fourteenth, and fifteenth Earls of Derby are yet further examples—instances indeed of intellectual ability increasing as time advanced. Another example is that of the Earls of Harrowby. 'The second Baron and 'first Earl of Harrowby was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, an Ambassador, President of the Board of Control for 'India, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and for fifteen 'years Lord President of the Council. The second Earl was 'Chancellor of the Duchy and Lord Privy Seal. The third 'Earl was Vice-President of the Council from 1874 to 1878, 'and President of the Board of Trade from 1878 to 1880' (p. 407). Instances might be multiplied all tending to show a large measure of capacity existing in each generation of the peerage, a measure probably much greater in proportion than in the same number of families taken at random from among commoners. A good deal, no doubt, must be set down to the fact that in many of these families politics and public affairs have been the first interest of many of the peers from an early age. It has been not the least of the valuable results of the English peerage that it has thus in

each generation furnished a number of men capable of carrying on the affairs of State; to this must be added the fact that the English peerage has saved the nation from a *noblesse* of the Continental character and from the supremacy of a plutocracy. These latter points do not directly bear on the question of a second chamber, but, as they show that the peers are neither members of a noble caste nor plutocrats, they serve to justify an hereditary second chamber under certain circumstances. In truth, the real complaint, when we thus examine somewhat closely the hereditary principle in this country in connexion with a second chamber, is not against this principle *in toto*, but against it without a modification, without some curtailing of the numbers of hereditary peers with rights as legislators, and without some addition of representatives of the higher intellect of the country which exists outside the peerage. The weakness of the House of Lords arises not from containing less actual ability and less experience of affairs than an elected or a nominated second chamber, but from the fact that it is at once too large and too small; on important occasions too many peers assemble, and yet the general number of working legislators is not large enough to give full weight to the decision of the House in the course of its ordinary business.

It has to be borne in mind that the House of Lords has been gradually losing its character of a baronage or assembly of territorial lords, and has become more a senate. Thus, though in constitution it has changed but little, in character and composition it has changed greatly.

‘In origin a baronage, the peers of England at the Union of 1707 were reinforced by representatives of the baronage of Scotland. At the Union of 1801 the House of Lords received a fresh accession in the representatives of the baronage of Ireland. But ever since the accession of King George III. the House of Lords has been steadily tending to become less and less of a baronage and more and more of a senate. The unions themselves inverted the House of Lords with an imperial character which had previously been less manifest in the second chamber of a Parliament which, although without superior in the way of a written Constitution, and exercising for long a paramount jurisdiction over Ireland, was at the same time a local and territorial legislature. At the present time the House of Lords is beyond doubt the imperial chamber. But in the English Parliament, a territorial legislature, the House of Lords, putting aside the Lords Spiritual, was an English baronage, and a baronage was before all things territorial. The unions, being a consolidation of imperial authority, emphasized the imperial character of a legislature which, before locally supreme, now stood without a rival, and in particular the imperial character of the

House of Lords. But the great multiplication of the Union peers by George III., the long wars that took place in his reign, and the imperial harvest of those wars in conquests and cessions, contributed still more to delocalise the Upper Chamber, and to substitute a senatorial for a baronial qualification in the modern peerage. That monarch had to contend with a resuscitated feudalism, and in an extension of the empire he sought and found a support of the supremacy of the Crown. For the second chamber in the governing body of the empire a purely territorial baronage was manifestly insufficient. George III. broke down the power of the Whig families, and stormed their stronghold, by the obvious expedient of greatly increasing the number of peers; and his peers were taken not from territorial magnates only, but from men eminent in every department of the public service, chancellors and judges, ambassadors and ministers, admirals and generals, and Indian and Colonial governors. Ever since the accession of the King in whose reign India, and Australia, and South Africa were added to the empire, and Canada confirmed to it, this tendency of the House of Lords to put off the baronage, and put on the senate, has been progressing till it has at last found a formal acknowledgement in the creation of life peerages for the Lords of Appeal. Landed property is no longer regarded as a requisite in aspirants to the peerage; and the connection between the House of Lords and the soil of the United Kingdom, once so intimate, is now rapidly approaching dissolution. A variety of causes have co-operated to bring about this result. The great increase in the number of different forms of wealth, the outburst of material prosperity in portions of Great Britain, the luxury and ostentation of modern society, the wide extension of the means of travel, the growing cosmopolitanism in taste and residence of the wealthier and better educated classes, the agricultural depression consequent on unrestricted foreign competition, all have combined to detach the peerage from the soil. A number of peers have been created from men, often childless, with little or no property in land. Other peers have in one way or another parted company with the landed estates that were formerly attached to their titles. Peers whose income, being derived from land, has shrunk through the general depression of the agricultural interest, or whose estates were greatly encumbered by the burdens laid upon them in more prosperous times, have been glad to escape with the remainder of their fortune, or, notwithstanding their reluctance, have been compelled to sell. More fortunate peers, whose income, derived from other sources than agricultural property, has expanded instead of diminishing, have felt the force of those temptations to foreign residence and travel, and the less provincial society of great capitals, which none but the most retired or bucolic are in this age wholly able to resist. The agrarian revolution in Ireland, and the menace held out to land by witless Jacobin capitalists, who have not the sense to see that all property is held by the same title, have shaken public confidence in landed investments; while the loss by landed proprietors of the political power which they formerly exercised, and modern changes in the law of real property, have all contributed to the same end. Land has become a far less

desirable possession, and the social prestige and political power formerly attendant on land ownership have very largely disappeared. The impoverishment of some peers by the decline in agricultural values has combined with the enrichment of other peers by the growth of villages into towns, and towns into cities, to destroy the territorial attachment and distribution of the peerage.

'Far more various in the elements of its composition than in the days of Whig ascendancy, the House of Lords to some extent reflects the great growth of British interests beyond the British Isles, and the present abundance and variety of national interests within the isles themselves. The House has steadily tended to become less of a baronage and more of a senate; and the peers, in becoming more imperial, have of necessity become less local, as in becoming urban and modern they have also become less rural and feudal.' (P. 279.)

Mr. Bagehot has stated the true functions of the House of Lords now and in the future with striking clearness. 'Since the Reform Act (of 1832) the House of Lords has become a revising and suspending House. It can alter bills, it can reject bills on which the House of Commons is not yet thoroughly in earnest, upon which the nation is not yet determined. Their veto is a sort of hypothetical veto. They say, "We reject your bill for this once or these twice, or even these thrice; but if you keep on sending it up, at last we won't reject it." The House has ceased to be one of talent directors, and has become one of temporary rejectors and palpable alterers.\* It is absolutely wrong and not in accordance with historical facts to allege, as is the habit of certain speakers and writers, that the House of Lords sets itself to oppose the will of the people. It is a characteristic of the *fin de siècle* Radical that he is so full of conceit that he regards his own opinion as being that of the people at large. When, however, we look back upon the portion of the century which commences after the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, at which date a new epoch in our history began, the voice of the people being from that time more clearly ascertainable, we do not find that the House of Lords has prevented any great measure upon which the people had clearly pronounced their opinion. No two measures of the first importance were more opposed to the interests and the prejudices of an assembly with the characteristics of the House of Lords than the Act for the repeal of the Corn Laws and the Irish Land Act of 1870. Each of these statutes touched the House of Lords per-

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\* The English Constitution, p. 100.

sonally, but each of them was passed. These are the two strongest instances which can be found, because each of these measures not only introduced a great change, but also had a special personal effect on the territorial character of the House of Lords. When we have these facts before us it is useless to multiply examples of the manner in which the House of Lords has over and over again affirmed measures which have passed through the House of Commons, and on which the people had been consulted and spoken with no uncertain voice. The Education Act of 1891, to cite but one other instance, was a piece of legislation with which the House of Lords could have little sympathy, but it has become the law of the land. Therefore, we may brush aside the rubbish which is used by demagogues that the House of Lords opposes the will of the people, for if it did so it would not be in existence. But, on the other hand, it is unquestionable that in regard to small measures upon which it is impossible to obtain a clear popular expression, the House is sometimes apt to take a course not altogether unaffected by prejudice, not always for its own advantage or the advantage of the people. By way of an example, we may cite the recent rejection of Lord Herschell's bill to enable landed property to be divided among the next of kin in the case of an intestacy, in the same way as personal property. But who can say that the House of Commons is not also tarred with the same brush? It allows prejudice sometimes to overcome its judgement, as when in the beginning of this year it passed an unworkable resolution in regard to the Indian Civil Service. This defect, therefore, does not make the House of Lords less in its functions chiefly a revising and suspending House. But it is also a debating House, and in it questions of foreign and colonial policy are discussed from a higher standpoint than is frequently possible in an assembly such as the House of Commons, overwhelmed with work and anxious about those subjects which are not only most comprehensible by constituents, but which come home to their interests. The House of Commons can be more in earnest about the workman's glass of beer or the vaccination of his infant than over the Indian frontier or the occupation of Egypt, subjects closely interwoven with the continuance and the prosperity of the empire at large. And having regard to the increasing number of subjects to which the attention of the legislature is directed, to the tendency of the age to seek for the intervention of the State in various affairs, which in former times were left to indi-

vidual action, the need both for the more frequent discussion of many questions political and social, and for the introduction and consideration of a large number of bills on subjects of a non-party character in the House of Lords, has become more pressing. But to enable the House of Lords to revise and suspend with confidence, to give its judgments upon questions of foreign and colonial policy, after a serious debate, the full weight in the country to which they are entitled, it requires to be strengthened, and therefore some reform in its constitution is necessary. For the danger to the House of Lords is 'not in assassination but atrophy, not abolition but decline.'\* We have not to define its functions, but to enable it to fulfil them. 'What is expected from a well-constituted second chamber,' says Sir Henry Maine, 'is not a rival infallibility but an additional security;†' and what we have to do is to make the House of Lords, at a time when the tyranny of a temporary majority of the House of Commons not resting on the full will of the people may cause national disasters, more thoroughly 'an additional security' to the Constitution and the country.

It is obvious that reforms should be such as will tend to preserve the Upper House and make it a national senate, having confidence in itself and not hampered by the fact that even yet the territorial qualification of many of its members is a source of weakness. To some extent, when so many members are interested in the land, this fact must have a tendency to bias their judgement on some subjects, and—what is of equal importance—to prejudice them in the eyes of the democracy, many of whom will be ever seeking to find some feeling of caste as the mainspring of political action. For the existence of a second chamber sufficiently strong to perform its duties not only efficiently but so as not to appear unbiassed in the eyes of the people, it is desirable that one class should not have such a large predominance as to make its political actions appear, however unreasonable it may often be, suspicious to the popular eye. The House of Lords has, therefore, yet to become less of a baronage and more of a senate, and it has yet to take some measures to remove the grievance that a certain number of peers only appear in the House on rare occasions. Mr. Macpherson has generally no

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\* Bagehot, 'English Constitution,' p. 129.

† Popular Government, p. 180.

sympathy with ordinary Radical writers; but on this point he rather loses his judgement, for he says that

'the Radical party has a just ground for complaint in the callous and contemptuous treatment of measures that have passed the House of Commons at the hands of peers who, as a rule, take no part in politics, and pay little or no attention to political questions. There are too many peers who stroll down to a great Parliamentary discussion as they might to a general meeting of their club. It is this which arouses so vehement a sentiment of indignation in the Radical bosom. The real levity and the apparent insolence of such handling of great national questions is deeply and bitterly resented, nor is it possible to say that such resentment is unwarranted. This is a great blot on the House of Lords, and a very serious drawback to its efficiency and influence. The careless indifference to the affairs of the nation ordinarily exhibited by many peers is set in a still more unfavourable light when contrasted with the zeal shown to discredit Toryism, and imperil the Constitution by throwing out, for the occasion only, some Radical measure which some of them have not so much as read, and of which others have not the sense to understand the mischief. There are peers whose only purpose in public life seems to be to embarrass their own party, and give the enemy occasion to blaspheme. A peer who steadily refuses to discharge the public duties of his order ought to be debarred from interference in legislation at his sole whim and pleasure. There are mischievous and eccentric persons in the House of Commons, but they are there by the deliberate choice of their constituents. They represent, as it is intended that they should represent, the folly and ignorance of their electors, so that the Crown, in the pursuance of its designs, may know how far popular prejudice requires to be dissipated or consulted, how far popular ignorance requires to be dispelled. But the folly and ignorance that a foolish peer represents are only his own. The House of Lords, in a great debate on foreign policy, would impress the bitterest Radical of any intellect; but the public respect for it is not promoted when an Orange peer jumps up and declares it a fixed article of the Conservative creed that the National Gallery should be closed on Sunday. A monarch who feels himself unfit for the discharge of public duties can abdicate the throne. A prince on succeeding to the throne can renounce his right to the succession. A peer can only stop away, and in doing so give the impression of contemptuous indifference.' (P. 286.)

Abstention from the ordinary business of the House does not imply indifference to the affairs of the nation, and if on important divisions a number of peers, who are seldom seen at Westminster, attend rather to register an opinion already formed than to weigh the arguments of the speakers, this is only what constantly occurs in the House of Commons, and is a characteristic of this age of public discussion. The evil is more superficial than real, for the non-political peers, as

they may be termed, may be fairly regarded as representing that considerable part of the electorate which does not habitually interest itself in all phases of party warfare, but yet holds the balance on all great national questions. Still the difference between the ordinary and the extraordinary size of the House is too striking to be desirable.

Having thus indicated the two things to be aimed at, it is desirable to consider how the author proposes to attain them.

‘There is only one policy really open to the House of Lords, that of its further self-development into an imperial senate, a senate after the style of the Roman Senate under Augustus, rather than after the style of the American Senate under Mr. Harrison. But if the House of Lords is to be so developed, then it must undergo a change not only in its composition, but its constitution; not a reform of addition only, but a reform in its existing structure. A senatorial tenure must go hand in hand with a senatorial qualification, an extended provision must be made for life peerages; and for the future these hereditary peers who are personally without public distinction must be content to be represented by deputy, as the Scottish and Irish peers are at present, though on an electoral basis better adapted to secure the representation of minorities. In this way the number of hereditary legislators can be further reduced without injuring the peerage, while room will be made at the same time for an increase in the number of life members of the Upper House. The efficiency of the House as a legislative chamber would be greatly promoted; the drawbacks to its hold on public esteem would be removed; and eminent men could be freely summoned to the House without entailing the formidable consequence of their descendants also sitting in it for all time.’ (P. 295.)

In other words, life peers must be created, and the existing hereditary peers must elect representatives. Such a change, whilst it would be far-reaching and important, is based on the actual condition of the House of Lords. To establish a brand-new second chamber on entirely different lines from one which is in existence is to throw away all the valuable results of experience, whilst to copy systems in vogue in other countries is to apply to one nation schemes which are founded on entirely different considerations. ‘An American Senate is impossible without American States, and in the British Empire American States do not exist’ (p. 253). This is the short and practical answer to the suggestion that the remedy for any defects which may be found in the House of Lords is to establish a senate on the American model, or as near thereto as possible. We must cut our coat according to our cloth. The builders of the American



Constitution had ready to hand a number of States joined in a Federal Union; they had, therefore, an actual foundation from which to work. They did not attempt to set up an assembly elected by localities, as is the case with three-fourths of the French senators. They constructed their second chamber in accordance with the actual state of the nation. Therefore, if we are to regard the United States as an example, we must not copy the scheme which Madison, Jay, and Hamilton elaborated, but we must act on the principles which actuated them—namely, to establish a strong assembly based on the actual Constitution. The House of Lords is in theory only an hereditary assembly, though in fact, as we have abundantly shown, not a little actually representative, and it is also composed of life members. We have, therefore, to modify the one element and to enlarge the other. We require neither to seek in treatises for theories, nor to search over the Old and the New Worlds for examples. We have our own Constitution, our own traditions, and our own experiences, and last, not least, we have our own national prejudices and ideas, and we have the means and the power to work with these by the adoption of the two plans already mentioned.

The first of the above-mentioned plans is no new suggestion. It was proposed by Lord Palmerston in 1856, and rejected by the House of Lords under the influence of Lord Lyndhurst. It was again brought forward by Earl Russell in 1869, and a bill for this purpose was not only read a second time, but actually passed through Committee, though, strange to say, it was thrown out on the third reading by a majority of thirty. We are greatly surprised that Mr. Macpherson has not referred in any part of his book to this bill. We can scarcely suppose that he is ignorant of it; but the omission is the more astonishing because Earl Russell introduced a detailed measure, and, as Mr. Macpherson goes into particulars, a comparison of those which he proposes with those of 1869 would have been very desirable. As a matter of fact, the bill of 1869 is, from the point of view of a reform of the House of Lords, greatly more important than the proposal, as it may be called, of 1856. In the Wensleydale case Lord Palmerston's Government desired that Baron Parke should be created a life peer simply and solely to strengthen the House of Lords as the Supreme Court of Appeal. But in 1869 Earl Russell introduced a bill, which would have had to receive the approval of the House of Commons, with the intention of strengthening and enlarging the constitution of the

House of Lords as a legislative assembly; it was intended as a measure of constitutional reform. In 1856 the House of Lords upheld the decision of the Committee to which the validity of Lord Wensleydale's patent was referred, which had come to the conclusion that the Crown could not by the mere exercise of its prerogative create an indefinite number of life peers to sit and vote in the House of Lords. The House acted on grounds of constitutional law. In 1869 Lord Russell proposed to add this power, which it was decided in 1856 the Crown did not possess, to the prerogatives of the Crown by legislative enactment. The first attempt was theoretically an exercise of monarchical power by the sovereign which in theory was *ultra vires*, and might be used against the wishes and welfare of the people; the measure of 1869 proposed to make, so to say, a gift to the Crown by the people. The exercise of the power in each case would in fact and in practice, having regard to the present constitutional position of the sovereign, be in the hands of the first Minister of the Crown, the servant of the majority in the House of Commons; the distinction between the exercise of the power by a constitutional prerogative and a legislative prerogative is, therefore, in truth purely academic. Lord Palmerston's proposal was rejected, not wholly on this high constitutional ground, but to some extent from a prejudice against the Prince Consort, because it was thought that he was anxious that the Crown should create life peers by an exercise of the royal prerogative. Earl Russell's proposal was destroyed on quite other grounds, chiefly by reason of its own pettiness. According to the bill, the full number of life peers should not exceed twenty-eight. As it was introduced, not more than four life peers could be created in one year; in Committee this number was reduced to two. Mr. Bright properly described this measure as a childish tinkering with the Constitution: it was obvious that it could not change sensibly either the character or the constitution of the House of Lords. When, therefore, Lord Malmesbury took the unusual course of moving the rejection of a measure on the third reading, on which the House had not even divided on the second reading, it was felt that it was not worth a vigorous defence, and that the rejection of so feeble a measure could raise no popular discontent. Still, the measure of 1869 must be regarded as of greater importance than the proposal of 1856 to create a particular lawyer a life peer for a particular purpose, a step which has probably received greater attention than it deserves from the memor-

able effort of mind and memory of Lord Lyndhurst in his speech against the proposal. But the creation of life peers is the necessary and primary remedy for the existing defects of the House, and by the acceptance of law peers for life the House of Lords has really admitted the principle which Lord Lyndhurst induced it to reject in the *Wensleydale* case. It was a principle which so acute a constitutional and political critic as the late Mr. Bagehot pronounced to be an almost perfect expedient:—

‘The life peers who would have been then introduced would have been among the first men in the country. Lord Macaulay was to have been among the first. Lord Wensleydale, the most learned and not the least logical of our lawyers, to be the very first. Thirty or forty such men, added judiciously and sparingly as years went on, would have given to the House of Lords the very element which, as a criticising chamber, it needs so much. It would have given it to critics. The most accomplished man in each department might then, without irrelevant considerations of family and of fortune, have been added to the Chamber of Review. The very element which was wanted in the House of Lords was, as it were, by a constitutional providence, offered to the House of Lords, and they refused it. By what species of effort that error can be repaired I cannot tell; but unless it is repaired the intellectual capacity can never be what it would have been, will never be what it ought to be, will never be sufficient for its work.’

It is probable that the present generation will see the error repaired by the creation of a certain number of life peers; and the possibility that the false step taken by the House of Lords in the middle of the century will be retraced at its end may be taken as evidence that the proposed change was introduced on previous occasions before the nation was ripe for it. If the country had been profoundly dissatisfied with the composition of the House of Lords in 1856, it would scarcely have allowed the question to slumber for half a century, or viewed the rejection of Lord Russell’s bill in 1869 with indifference. But to carry the first plan into practice is not without its difficulties. The creation must be wide, but it must not be too extensive or eccentric; it must represent colonial and imperial interests as well as the classes into which the community is divided. Mr. Macpherson defines the two requisites in the following manner: ‘The number of such peers should be carefully defined and limited,’ and ‘each of such peers should be required to possess a definite and fixed qualification.’ It is obvious that if the Crown could create any number of life peers the second chamber would become too completely the

creature of the Minister of the day, and altogether subservient to the House of Commons. It would also prevent the gift of a life peerage being regarded either as an honour or a privilege. No doubt the Crown has now the power to create as many hereditary peerages as it pleases, and 'the existence of this power,' to use the late Mr. Bagehot's words, 'is as useful as its energy,' for it is this power which in the last resort can prevent a political deadlock. But in the first place the very fact that the peerage is hereditary prevents a certain number of commoners from becoming peers, and a sudden and large creation of hereditary peers might in a few years raise up a body strongly opposed to the policy of the very Ministers to whom they owed their political being. This fact has recently received a marked illustration. For of the peers created by Mr. Gladstone who are living, the larger proportion are now opposed to his Irish policy. The creation of a number of hereditary peers, apart altogether from its unconstitutional character, has also such obvious practical drawbacks that it is impossible except in an extraordinary crisis. But the creation of life peers may be different; they are not a permanent addition to the peerage, and the Act would not, therefore, shock the constitutional sense of the nation, as would a creation of hereditary peers—they have no successors to be of different opinion from themselves, and they can be more easily obtained. It is thus clear that Mr. Macpherson is right when he says that the number of life peers must be limited.

But when the author proceeds to discuss the qualifications of a life peer, he indulges, it must be confessed, somewhat in a work of supererogation. This he does for a considerable space, and, as we understand him, he contemplates that the Act by which the Crown should be allowed to create life peers should state their qualifications. Thus he says: 'With regard to science, it might be laid down that to have been a Fellow of the Royal Society for ten years, or to have filled the office of President of the Royal Society . . . should qualify for a life peerage.' In Lord Russell's bill six classes of qualified persons were stated—namely, peers of Scotland and Ireland, commoners who had been members of Parliament for ten years, officers of the army and navy, high legal and judicial officers, persons distinguished in science, literature, and art, and, lastly, persons who had rendered service to the Crown in public office for five years with fidelity and ability. Lord Derby, on the second reading, objected to these classifications, and suggested that the choice of the Crown

should be unfettered. In principle he was certainly right. The only object of such a classification would be to prevent improper creations; but a classification would not do this. In truth, to give in an Act of Parliament various offices, the holding of which would entitle a person to be created a life peer, would be worse than useless. No doubt some general words which would tend to exclude mediocrity might not only be necessary but desirable. Yet in the main the selection must be left to the Prime Minister, just as the selection of new hereditary peers is now in his hands. There is, and always will be, an ample number of eligible persons among men eminent in politics, civil and military administration, commerce, and letters. The vastness of our empire, the responsible duties which fall to those who are concerned in its administration, whether at home or abroad, the ramifications and the immensity of the commerce of Great Britain, have caused to be collected within this island a far larger proportion of men endowed with the qualifications of legislators than has probably ever been seen in any age or in any nation.

The obvious reform in regard to the hereditary peers is to extend the system of representation which at present exists in connexion with the Scotch and Irish peerages to the entire peerage.

‘If hereditary peers are to form an element in the second chamber, then the hereditary peerage must for this purpose be subjected to the test of a further selection, either by the Crown or by itself, or by both. To develop the senatorial aspect of the House of Lords there is no need whatever to abolish the hereditary peerage or to stop the further creation of hereditary peers. All that is required is that peers who have inherited a peerage should be submitted to a test of personal fitness for legislators, a test to be supplied either by qualifications through office and the consequent nomination of the sovereign, or by election by their fellows. It cannot be pretended that the application of such tests to the Union and English peers is any derogation to their peerage, for the latter of these tests has been applied for nearly two centuries to the peerage of Scotland; and a method of representation that is good enough for a Scottish lord with three or four centuries of peerage and five or six of nobility is good enough and to spare for the grandson of an English cotton-spinner. It is impossible to maintain that a man whose father was created a peer twenty or thirty years back, after filling a subordinate post in an Administration that was certainly not “epoch making,” has a better title to a seat in the House of Lords, independent of election, than the holders of peerages of such antiquity as the earldom of Mar and the earldom of Caithness, of such historic fame as the earldom of Rothes and the earldom of Morton, the earldom of Dundonald and the viscounty of Falkland. That a man has

done good service though not great service to the country in very recent times, may be an excellent reason for his own seat in the House of Lords, may be an excellent reason for the hereditary peerage enjoyed by his descendants; but it is no reason whatever why these latter should be privileged to the disadvantage of those whose names are identified through centuries with the national life and historic greatness of the country. The peerage is becoming senatorial in the character of its qualification, and the tenure of seats in the House of Lords by hereditary peers should become senatorial in character likewise. To reform the House of Lords while maintaining and fortifying the hereditary peerage, it is necessary that the hereditary peers should consent to be represented in the second chamber by those members of their order only who possess a senatorial qualification.' (P. 326).

This is thoroughly good sense, and we should be surprised if any Conservative statesman or politician would object to such a change. It is essentially a Conservative change, because it does not introduce any new constitutional principle; it simply extends the operation of one which was long ago applied to the peerages of Scotland and Ireland. It was introduced for good and substantial reasons, and it should be extended for equally good and substantial reasons. When a reform in a country such as Great Britain, with so many centuries of history, with a Constitution which has grown almost insensibly and has moulded itself to the movements of each succeeding age, can be accomplished on existing lines, it has increased chances of a favourable reception, and it has the still further advantage of being based not on an uncertain hope and anticipation, but on the firm ground of experience. From the system of election Mr. Macpherson would exclude three classes of hereditary peers—new peers, peers by inheritance recreated, and 'peers by inheritance of 'senatorial qualification.' Each of these classes would, as we understand the author, have special qualifications. The commoner is not raised to the peerage without due reason, the new peers 'have been immediately selected by the Crown, 'and the fitness of the original founder of the peerage is 'still present.' But once the system of election in the peerage is established, it should be firmly carried out. Men are by no means always created peers for their own personal eminence; on the contrary, in recent years the size of a commoner's purse has had not a little to do with his elevation to the peerage. To place a wealthy banker or brewer on the same footing as an eminent statesman or diplomatist is obviously ridiculous. Taking a few names at random from among batches of new peers created in a single Administration, we find, for example, Lord Robartes and Lord Selborne,

who were made peers by Mr. Gladstone in the course of his first Administration, Lord Herschell and Lord Burton in his third Administration. Lord Robartes and Lord Burton are gentlemen of honour and wealth, but no one would say for a moment that they possess any intrinsic right by mere elevation to the peerage to be excluded from the representative system so as to sit in the House of Lords without election. In any such system Lord Selborne and Lord Herschell would probably be certain to be chosen as representative peers. On the other hand, it might be well to enact that new peers who have before their elevation held high office in the state should on creation be entitled to sit in the House of Lords for their life. It would be a shock to a system of representative peers were men of eminence not to be elected, and it is not beyond the bounds of probability, having regard to the Conservative bias of the peerage as a whole, that several Liberal statesmen might be left out in the cold. This would be a national scandal, and a shock from which the House of Lords would not easily recover; it is a step which the good sense and feeling of the peerage would, we should hope, prevent them from taking. But still it is one which must not be left out of sight. The way to prevent it would be to exclude, as we have said, men who have held high office in the State from the representative system. This would also strengthen the House in the country, for it would, so to speak, add men who have by a process of natural selection risen far above the crowd to the chosen peers who have been elected by their fellows. The same reasoning would apply to peers who have been recreated. That a peer not selected by his fellows should, by rising from a barony to an earldom—perhaps by mere liberal pecuniary assistance to his political party—become *ipso facto* a member of the House of Lords for life, would be an anomaly for which nothing can be said. Thus in fact the only peers who would not fall within the elective system would be those who, in Mr. Macpherson's words, possess a 'senatorial qualification,' and we have thus reduced his three classes to one class. In place of senatorial qualification we prefer the words 'who have held high office,' because, as we have already pointed out, we cannot agree with his view that classes of public servants or others eligible for life peerages should be enumerated in any Act of Parliament by which this reform should be secured. Of course, from the author's point of view, senatorial qualification must be read in connexion with the class of offices and positions which make a

man eligible for a life peerage. But, as we have said, no such enumeration is desirable, nor even, if it were desirable, is it a practical suggestion. And if we are right in this view, then the fact that a peer, whether he be one newly created, recreated, or hereditary, has held high office can alone be a reason for giving him the privilege of a seat in the second chamber, not by election of his fellow peers, but by virtue of his eminent services.

When we approach the consideration of the term for which representative peers should be chosen, we are met by the difficulty that the term for which Scotch and Irish peers are chosen differs. The first are elected only for a Parliament, the second for life. It may be argued that personal fitness is the basis of a representative body of peers, and that representation for life is antagonistic to the effective working of the principle, that apart altogether from questions of health and occupations, a representation for life may exclude from selection a number of peers most fitted for legislative duties. Half a dozen men may spring up in the course of a decade of greater natural capacity and energy than any half-dozen of the actual representative peers, and unless they are elected or there are places for them to fill the so-called representative peers may cease to be truly representative. Moreover, it may be said, that in the House of Lords of the future, it will be more than ever necessary that the hereditary peers who sit in it should not be inferior to the life peers, and that they are likely to be so unless the representative peers are kept up to the highest possible standard by constant change. Only election for each Parliament could keep the peers representative in living touch with the electors, writes Mr. Macpherson. It may be asserted also that only election for each Parliament can keep the peers representative thoroughly efficient, able to hold their own with the life peers, and in touch with the general national feeling in all great questions as distinguished from mere party, which is a great deal more important than being in touch with the peers electors, for the selection of representative peers by the general body of peers is not, as in the case of the election of members of the House of Commons by the nation, that they should represent the electorate, but that they should be fit persons for the performance of the duties of a second chamber. If peers representative were merely to be the representatives of the body of peers, their numbers should be very few, and they need not by any means be the most eminent or distinguished members of their order. On



the other hand, election for life would give greater stability to the Upper Chamber, and would prevent attempts from being made by wirepullers to alter the party constitution of the assembly at each general election, attempts which in the present state of political manipulation would be pretty certain to be tried. And the vacancies which would occur from time to time would keep the representative peers in touch with the country. On the whole, therefore, we favour representation for life. But in any event the condition of either the Scotch or the Irish representative peerage must be altered, and the peers of England, Scotland, and Ireland placed on the same footing.

This brings us by a natural sequence to another point of interest and importance—‘the whole five peerages should be amalgamated into one imperial and pan-Britannic peerage, and to this imperial peerage a representative peers’ system should be applied.’ No doubt there is a broad simplicity about such an arrangement which is attractive, but these simple and sweeping changes, when more closely examined, are not always so desirable as they appear at the first sight. The alternative to such an arrangement appears to be that the Irish and Scotch peers should still continue to elect representatives as they now do, and that the other class, composed of three classes of existing peers—namely English peers, that is to say, those who hold peerages created before the union of Scotland and England in 1707, peers of Great Britain, that is to say, peers created between that date and the union with Ireland in 1801, and peers of the United Kingdom created since this date—should also elect a number of representative peers. No contention is more absurd than that Scotland or Ireland are in any sense separate nations: but they are distinct localities. To retain the local character of portions of the peerage is pleasing to local spirit and local prejudices; but it has a more practical advantage—it gives to such portions of the peerage a local representative character. The representative peers of Scotland in a reformed House of Lords would have greater weight when Scotch questions were under discussion than if they merely formed individual members of a body of representative peers of the United Kingdom generally. In other words, representative peers in three sections would be more influential and more truly representative than if they consisted of one section only, and, when measures affecting Scotland or Ireland were under discussion, there would exist in the House of Lords a local voice which would carry weight with the other

members. Nor would the imperial character of the House suffer by reason of its local representative character. Among the life peers would be found men who would speak with special knowledge of colonial and Indian questions; and it is among the life peers that we should have chiefly to seek for the element which, while it could not be said to represent in the strict sense of the word either India or the colonies, yet would be entitled to speak with authority on the subject, and to be listened to with attention. But the truly imperial character of the House of Lords would spring not from the representative position of this or that individual peer, but from the character and the capacity of the House as a whole, from its freedom from local prejudices and local pressure, from its broad view of political questions, from its ripe experience in administration and statecraft, and from its sympathy with every portion of the empire in every quarter of the globe.

An important, but still a subsidiary, detail of any such measure would be the number of representative peers, their proportion to the whole body of peers, and the manner of their election; but we are not now drafting a bill, we are examining the basis of a reform of the House of Lords. Once the main principles of such a change are agreed upon, these minor but necessary points will not be difficult of solution. A larger question, however, presents itself when we meet with Mr. Macpherson's statement that 'peers by inheritance not entitled to sit in person, whether by personal qualification or as the elected representatives of their fellows, or as peers recreated by advancement in rank or the duplication of their peerage, should be allowed to stand for election to the House of Commons' (p. 340). There are objections to this plan, but they can hardly be said to prevail from a practical point of view. The House of Commons might have greater attractions for strong and leading peers than the House of Lords, and if once the real leaders of the second chamber became members of the House of Commons, a traditional practice might spring up by which the chief political leaders, who were at the same time peers, might be members of the Lower House. Such a practice would permanently weaken the second chamber and detract from its value. Again, it is conceivable under such a system that peers who were the leaders of the more advanced portion of the Liberal party might prefer a seat in the Commons to one in the Lords, and a popular cry might in such circumstances easily be raised that the policy of the House of Lords was

not that of the peers at large, but of a Conservative section only, and that the Upper Chamber was not truly a house of representative peers. The extraordinary anomaly might also arise that a conflict might spring up between the two Houses, in which the leaders of the House of Commons might be peers. On the other hand, if the representative peers and those who have senatorial qualifications are really the pick of the peerage, there would only be left as peers qualified to sit in the House of Commons a residue of the peerage, the exclusion of which from the right to a seat in the House of Commons would not be a national loss.

Mr. Macpherson, on the other hand, advances various reasons why the peers not chosen as representative peers should have a right to be chosen as representatives of the people in the House of Commons. If they are not representative in the Upper House, that 'is no reason why they should not represent other people in the Lower Chamber.' No doubt it is not in itself a reason, but, as we have indicated, there may be reasons which do not appear to have occurred to the mind of the writer. On the other hand, strong as many of the objections are to the non-representative peers being eligible for election to the House of Commons, it must be admitted that to deprive them of the right of either sitting as peers or as representatives of the people in the House of Commons would be to constitute them a class of political pariahs. The most ignorant artisan may represent a constituency in the House of Commons should one be minded to send him to St. Stephen's. Can we place an educated gentleman in a worse position than the most stupid of his workmen? The question is a practical one, and we are bound to answer it in a practical spirit. Clearly we cannot deprive a peer of a right which every commoner possesses, however doubtful may be the results of leaving him this right. Mr. Macpherson appears also to suggest that a peer with a senatorial qualification should not be allowed to abandon his seat in the Upper Chamber for one in the Lower. There is much to be said for this view: it would tend to strengthen the Upper House; but, on the other hand, if a peer who is not chosen as a representative peer may sit in the House of Commons, can a peer who chooses to give up his seat in the House of Lords be fairly prevented from so doing and from seeking a seat in the Commons?

The author has rightly devoted a chapter to the Lords Spiritual. This is essentially a separate division of the subject, dependent, however, upon the conclusions which are arrived at in regard to life peers. For the Lords Spiritual are now

life peers, and, if the principle of life peerages be regarded as desirable and one which should be extended, then it is impossible to argue successfully that some, at any rate, of the bishops of the Church of England should not be members of the second chamber. We have already come to the conclusion that life peers—men representative of all shades of opinion—should be created, and the bishops represent not only the Church of England, but various forms of education and culture. Mr. Macpherson would therefore not only keep the English Episcopate in the House of Lords, but add to the Upper Chamber men from other religious denominations.

‘If the Nonconformists believe themselves to have a grievance in the presence of the bishops in the House of Lords, then the way to remove it is, not to agitate for the expulsion of the bishops, but to pass a law admitting Nonconformist divines. If the exclusive representation of the Church of England in the second chamber of the Imperial Parliament is felt as an injustice, then the remedy lies not in depriving religion of all express and formal representation, but in extending the representation, now limited to the Church of England, to the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Nonconformist bodies. The Nonconformists may object to the exclusive representation of the English Church, but they would scarcely object to the representation of Theism or Christianity. If they do so object, then the conclusion becomes irresistible that their attachment to Christianity is far surpassed in intensity and fervour by their hatred of Anglicanism. Surely this cannot be true of the Nonconformists as a whole. Surely some at least of them must be accessible to measures of conciliation conceived in the amicable spirit of Archdeacon Sinclair. But if, this be so, if, rather than concede to the Church of England a share in the representation of religious interests in the House of Lords, they would abolish the representation of religious interests altogether, then it may not be amiss to remind them that it is only for the representation of Presbyterianism and Nonconformity that legislation would be necessary. If their objection to the presence of the bishops is so violent and stubborn that, rather than acquiesce in its continuance, they would refuse such concessions as might be held out to themselves by a life peers bill, then it may be worth while to call their attention to the fact that no life peers bill would be needed for the introduction of Roman Catholic prelates into the second chamber. One peer, by inheritance, is already a clergyman of the Church of Rome. There is nothing to prevent the Crown from making other Roman Catholic clergymen peers by creation. A Roman Catholic priest bound to celibacy would, in effect, be a life peer. But to bring a Nonconformist minister into the House of Lords would, in nineteen cases out of twenty, entail the creation of a perpetual peerage.

‘If the Protestant Dissenters entertain an opinion that the services of their ministers to the general community are not such as to merit public recognition, it is not for those of us who do not happen to be Protestant Dissenters to vehemently dispute the truth of this contention. But no such obstacle exists to the representation of the Church of

Rome, the attitude of whose rulers, when properly approached, is towards the State that of statesmen, and towards society that of men of the world. This great international and cosmopolitan association acts under other influences than those which dominate the being of some hole-in-the-corner English sect. If the Nonconformists feel conscientious scruples as to their own representation by means of a life peers bill, it would be extremely wrong to force representation upon them. But the fact that they were unwilling to consent to their own representation would be no reason for depriving the Church of England of her representation, nor for withholding representation from those religious bodies whose members are not troubled with the uneasy qualms of the Nonconformist conscience' (P. 351.)

This puts the matter in a nutshell. But while in theory it may seem desirable not only to retain the bishops of the Church of England in the House of Peers but to add to them representatives of other religious bodies, in practice such a scheme is unworkable. There would be a great, though it may be a prejudiced, opposition from many quarters against the inclusion of Roman Catholic and Nonconformist clergy among the members of the Upper House, an opposition which would be warmly supported, though on quite different grounds, by all those who object to any connexion between politics and religion. To add a new class is more difficult than to keep an existing one; but, at the most, only some members of the bench of bishops can be retained, for there can be no doubt that the number of the English Episcopate for legislative purposes must considerably be reduced. When the See of Manchester was created in 1847, it was provided by the Act which established the new bishopric that the number of Lords Spiritual sitting in Parliament should not thereby be increased, but that the junior bishop of any other See than Canterbury, York, London, Durham, or Winchester, should not be entitled to receive a writ of summons till a vacancy occurred among the bishops of the new class thus defined. By the operation of this Act, and by the establishment of other new dioceses, 'a class of bishops with a right *in posse* only to a seat in the House of Lords has thus grown up.' It is clear, therefore, that it would be perfectly constitutional to limit yet more the number of prelates entitled to a writ of summons. So far as regards the bishops as distinguished from the archbishops, there can be little doubt that the bishops who are to sit in the House of Lords should be chosen for the same term as other representative peers. To attach the privilege of a seat in the Upper House to certain sees has many obvious disadvantages, not the least of which is that it may exclude

from the House the prelates who may most fitly be found there. What could be more ridiculous than to have men such as Wilberforce, Magee, and Lightfoot excluded from the Senate, while three amiable, old, and incompetent gentlemen had the right to seats which neither their inclination, capacity, nor health enabled them to occupy except in theory? But what the number of these representative spiritual peers should be, and the manner of their election, are details into which we shall not enter, for, as we have already said, these are subsidiary matters which are not of the same importance as fundamentals of the reform. But that the House of Lords should not be an absolutely lay assembly is clear, not only because to make it such it would be a complete break with the past—though that, in the opinion of many, would be a substantial reason—but because it would cause the House of Lords to be less thoroughly representative of the mind of the nation, and would detract from its critical value.

We have now indicated what appear to be the main lines on which a reform of the House of Lords should be carried out, and we have been able in a great measure to agree with the views of the author of the ‘*Baronage and the Senate.*’ Those views are summed up and succinctly stated in an early part of the work, and it is fitting to reproduce that summary here:—

‘From the example of the Scottish and Irish peers it becomes evident that a seat in the House of Lords is no necessary or inseparable feature of a peerage; that it is just as feasible for peers to be represented by their elected members in the Upper Chamber, as for commoners to be represented in the Lower Chamber of the imperial legislature.

‘From the example of the House of Appeal it becomes evident that it is possible to vary the nature of lords temporal by the explicit substitution of a senatorial for a baronial qualification and a senatorial for a baronial tenure, without in any way destroying or impairing their historic continuity and character. From the one we get the principle of the representation of heredity by further selection; from the other the principle of qualification by office.

‘And from the changes wrought in the Lords Spiritual we may draw the conclusion that a seat in the House of Lords is not of the essence of a Christian bishop; that it is even possible, though not perhaps advisable, to conceive of a House of Lords without any bishops at all. And we draw the further and more important conclusion that all bishops are not of equal value as regards seats in a legislative chamber, and that the local position of the Anglican Church in the kingdom of England, its spiritual rights and temporal endowments, would nowise

be injuriously affected by a second readjustment of the ecclesiastical elements represented by the Lords Spiritual to the altered conditions of our time.'

The reform indicated in the summary is practical and possible, and it is essentially one which should emanate from a Conservative Government not averse to well-considered improvements of the Constitution. If a bill with this object was passed through the House of Lords, it must necessarily be accepted by the House of Commons. This assembly could not refuse to assist in a change of a Liberal character initiated by a Conservative Administration. Many of the members of the Lower House might wish for a more radical alteration, but no sane man will refuse half because he cannot receive a whole loaf. Even the light-headed band of Radicals who call out that the House of Peers must be 'mended or ended,' a phrase which is absolutely contradictory, since the mending of a thing necessarily strengthens it and defers its end, could not oppose such a reform. Thus it has the advantage of being a measure which can only be opposed in the House of Lords itself, and which is not likely to meet with active hostility in that assembly if introduced by the head of a Conservative Government. The measure which Lord Russell introduced in 1869 met with a comparatively friendly reception from Lord Derby; and the Marquis of Salisbury has lately declared, in reference to the House of Lords, that he is 'not at all averse to see improvements in 'its constitution.'\* Under these circumstances the mass of the English people will assuredly welcome any such well-considered plan as has been set out in the preceding pages, by which the Upper House shall be strengthened and its usefulness increased. As Mr. Bagehot has acutely observed, the danger to which it is exposed is not abolition but death from decline. Its enemies, therefore, will be the last to suggest measures which shall establish it more firmly as the second legislative chamber of the United Kingdom. They would watch its evanescence with satisfaction. But it behoves those whose chief anxiety is to uphold the existing Constitution, and also those who in accordance with the great traditions of the Liberal party are in favour of prudent changes when the country is ripe for them, not to allow this century to depart without passing into law a reform which, like the memorable measure of 1832, would broaden and strengthen the Constitution of the United Kingdom and draw more closely together every part of the British Empire.

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\* Speech on July 7, 1893.

ART. VII.—*The Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G.* By his Wife, ISABEL BURTON. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1893.

THIS is a very extraordinary book, written by a very extraordinary woman, about a very extraordinary man. It is a book with no pretensions to art—a book which, as setting every canon of taste, composition, grammar, and even spelling, at defiance, is either far above or far below criticism; a book in which vanity and hero-worship alternate, in which the extremes of silliness and good sense, of stupidity and sparkling wit, of ignorance and acute perception jostle each other; a book which combines nobility of thought, womanly feeling, and devoted affection with much that tends to render even these qualities ludicrous. It is a book which abounds with sentences worthy of Du Maurier or Mrs. Malaprop, as where the author tells us that ‘her days were taken up with the protection of ‘cruelty to animals,’ or that one of her husband’s ‘great ‘pleasures was . . . the intense cruelty to animals.’ Lady Burton’s manner of writing explains much of this. ‘I have ‘no leisure,’ she says, ‘to think of style or of polish, or to ‘select the best language, the best English—no time to ‘shine as an authoress. I must just think aloud, so as not ‘to keep the public waiting.’ But to ‘think aloud’ with effect requires a habit of thinking clearly and accurately; and the public would have been quite willing to wait till the writer had time to express herself intelligibly. With all this, however, the book is both interesting and amusing, and is one which will be read, and ought to be read, for its matter, if not for its literary merit.

We are not now concerned with the general question whether a man’s widow is the best or the proper person to write his life. In this instance Lady Burton has a decided opinion that of all persons she is the fittest, and, indeed, the only one competent to describe the man as he really was.

‘Richard,’ she says, ‘was such a many-sided man that he will have appeared different to every set of people who knew him. He was as a diamond with so many facets—the tender, the true, the brilliant, the scientific, and to those who deserved it the cynical, the hard, the severe. Loads of books will be written about him, and every one will be different; and though, perhaps, it is an unseemly boast, I venture to feel sure that mine will be the truest one. . . . I always think that a man is one character to his wife at his fireside corner, another man to his



own family, another man to *her* family, a fourth to a mistress or an *amourette*, if he have one, a fifth to his men friends, a sixth to his boon companions, and a seventh to his public, and so on *ad infinitum*; but I think the wife, if they are happy and love each other, gets the pearl out of the seven oyster shells.'

But Lady Burton forgets, or does not know, that many men, perhaps most men—even if they have not a mistress or *amourette*—act a part to their wives as they do to everybody else and to themselves; that the wife too is often blinded by her love and her devotion; that she deceives herself, rather than is deceived; and that, in fact, she may very well know less of her husband's character than many an indifferent man who meets him in the world, in everyday intercourse, in affairs or in pleasures, and forms his opinion as a matter, not of affection, but of cool judgement. It does, indeed, appear that during the thirty years following her marriage Lady Burton's life was more closely bound up with her husband's than is that of most women. She travelled with him, she studied with him, she worked with him, and was to him in the many different relations of colleague and companion, of brother and friend, of sister and wife. But the last seems to swallow up the rest; to blind her to all defects, to all faults, to the possibility of others quite honestly forming a different estimate of the man's conduct, character, or genius, and to content her with an unreasoning worship of one who was, as she described him, a many-sided man, a remarkable man—but still a man, not a god.

Few men, indeed, have been the centre of such warm and often bitter discussion. He was a man of great ability and force of character. He won the love of a rare woman, and had many warm friends, but far more enemies. And in no position did he enjoy or retain the confidence of those in power: he was mistrusted, if not feared, by his superiors; disliked or hated by his equals; with the result that he continued through life in a subordinate position. As a soldier he never rose beyond the rank of captain; nor as a civil servant did he rise higher than a second-class consulate; while as an explorer, the Royal Geographical Society, which entrusted him with the command of one expedition, gave him their gold medal and did not employ him again. Lady Burton naturally attributes this relative failure to the persistent jealousy of small-minded men. It was due rather to the fact that those in authority never knew what dependence was to be placed on him, that they were never sure that at some critical moment he might not prefer his own opinion

to their orders ; and largely also to the insolent want of tact of which he was frequently guilty, and that not only in official but in social matters, when it took a more offensive form. Widely devotion may represent such conduct as arising out of a strict regard to truth, or a playful humour, some instances of which, taken at random, may serve as samples.

‘He could not abide amateur music, and at evenings at home, if anybody proposed a little music, and a girl got up and nervously warbled a ballad about banks and butterflies, he used to put his hand to his stomach and walk out of the room. . . . With regard to flowers, he would go out and bring one little wild flower and put it in a glass of water on his table. If anybody gave him a bouquet, or brought hot-house or garden flowers and put them under his nose, he would turn away with disgust. . . . He was intensely simple in his tastes. I used to busy myself greatly, Martha-like, about making his room extremely comfortable, but the moment I put anything pretty in it it used to be put in the passage.’

Some wives might resent this as rudeness: to Lady Burton it now seems simplicity and truth. But then, on the other hand—

‘Richard was a regular *gamin* ; his keen sense of humour, his ready wit, were always present. He adored shocking dense people and seeing their funny faces and stolid belief, and never cared what harm it would do him in a worldly sense. I have frequently sat at the dinner table of such people praying him by signs not to go on, but he was in a very ecstasy of glee ; he said it was so funny always to be believed when you were chaffing, and so curious never to be believed when you were telling the truth. He had a sort of schoolboy bravado about these things that, in his high spirits, lasted him all the seventy years of his life.’

As an instance of this, we are told how, on one occasion, talking to Sir Bernard Burke of his pedigree, he spoke of his descent from Louis XIV.

‘He said, “I want this to be made quite clear.” Sir Bernard said, “I wonder, Captain Burton, that *you*, who have such good northern and Scottish blood in your veins, and are connected with so many of the best families, should trouble about what can only be a morganatic descent at best.” I can see him now, carelessly leaning against the book-case with his hands in his pockets, with his amused face on, looking at the earnest countenance of Sir Bernard, and saying, “Why, I would rather be the bastard of a king than the son of an honest man,” and his hearty laugh at the shocked expression and “Oh, Captain Burton !” which he had been waiting for.’

Lady Burton attributes this *gaminerie*, this unrestrained license, this want of self-control, to his descent: it was

more certainly due to the faults of his education. As to his descent, it may, or may not, have been curiously mixed. Burton has been commonly spoken of as an Irishman. It does not appear that he had a drop of Irish blood in his veins, and he was born in Hertfordshire in 1821. The family was from Westmoreland, but his grandfather, the Rev. Edward Burton, settled in Galway, where he was rector of Tuam, and married the daughter of Dr. John Campbell, the vicar-general of Tuam. Dr. Campbell's wife was the daughter of a certain Louis Young, who had been brought from France as a baby, and was said to be an illegitimate son of Louis XIV. Of this there is no evidence which could be accepted as satisfactory even by a pedigree-maker, but Burton believed it, and Lady Burton lays great stress on it. It was from it, she says, from the 'very strong strain of Bourbon blood,' that Burton 'got his fencing, knowledge of arms, his ready wit and repartee, his boyish gaiety of character as alternately opposed to his melancholy, and lastly, but not least, his Catholicism.' After Burton's death the 'Gipsy Lore Society Journal' published a suggestion that he had also 'a tinge of Arab, or perhaps of gipsy blood.' Of this his wife says, plainly enough, 'There is no proof,' though she thinks it not impossible.

'There is no question,' she says, 'that he showed many of their peculiarities in appearance, disposition, and speech, speaking Romany like themselves. Nor did we ever enter a gipsy camp without their claiming him. "What are you doing with a black coat on?" they would say; "why don't you join us and be our king?"'

From which the transition is easy; and, ignoring the absence of all proof or even direct conjecture, she assumes the gipsy blood as a well-established fact, explaining many personal peculiarities, and at last says distinctly—

'From Arab or gipsy he got his fluency of languages, his wild and daring spirit, his agnosticism, his melancholy pathos, his mysticism, his superstition, his divination, his magician-like foresight into events, his insight or reading men through like a pane of glass, his restless wandering, his poetry.'

But though this mixed descent and these racial peculiarities are, to a great extent, based on the imagination either of Burton himself or of his wife, there can be little question that the manner of his education had very much more to do with the formation of his character. While Burton was still an infant his father retired from the army and took up his residence on the Continent, settling for some time at

Tours, and afterwards wandering to different places in France and Italy; and thus, sometimes at a day school, more often not at school, and with a short interval in England, the child became a boy, and the boy became a man, without the most elementary notions of discipline and obedience. He learned, in the most colloquial and unconventional way, the various languages and dialects with which he came in contact: to form a linguist, the training was, perhaps, ideal; but of moral restraint there was none. At a very early age the boy, with his sister and brother, both younger, earned a local reputation as 'devilets.' They beat their nurses, one after the other, 'generally by running at their petticoats and upsetting them;' and when 'a huge Norman girl' was brought in to impose on 'this turbulent nursery by her breadth of shoulder and the general rigour of her presence,' they not only upset her, but jumped on her.

'Our father and mother'—it is Burton himself that tells the story—'had not much idea of managing their children; it was like the old tale of the hen who hatched duckling'. By way of a wholesome and moral lesson of self-command and self-denial our mother took us past the pastry cook's windows, and bade us look at all the good things in the window, during which we fixed our ardent affections upon a tray of apple puffs. Then she said, "Now, my dears, let us go away: it is so good for little children to restrain themselves." Upon this we three devilets turned flashing eyes and burning cheeks upon our moralising mother, broke the windows with our fists, clawed out the tray of apple puffs, and bolted, leaving poor mother, a sadder and a wiser woman, to pay the damages of her lawless brood's proceedings.'

At Pisa, a few years later, they were taught the violin, which Edward, the younger brother, took kindly to, but which Richard abhorred, so that eventually he broke the violin over his master's head. 'Then,' he says, 'my father made the discovery that his eldest son had no talent for music, and I was not allowed to learn any more.' They were afterwards at Naples for some time. Richard was then about 15, Edward between 12 and 13. The boys had the best masters, and in some irregular way lessons always went on, but otherwise they were permitted to do pretty much what they liked. Drawing they studied and practised assiduously; so also fencing; and Richard, who became an accomplished swordsman, has recorded his high esteem for the Neapolitan school. 'It was a thoroughly business-like affair and rejected all the elegancies of the French school; whenever there was a duel between a Neapolitan and a French-

'man the former was sure to win. We boys worked at it heart and soul, and generally managed to give four hours a day to it.' This was, every way, very much to their advantage, for no worse place than Naples could be imagined for boys to run loose in. At that time 'it was, perhaps, the most dissolute city on the Continent. The natives were bad, but the English visitors were worse.' The poor boys, left to themselves, naturally got into scrapes, as the result of one of which 'our father and his dog, M. du Pré [the tutor], proceeded to condign punishment with the horse-whip; but we climbed up to the tops of the chimneys, where the seniors could not follow us, and refused to come down till the crime was condoned.'

After this their father had had enough of Naples, and moved on in search of a purer moral atmosphere, which he found at Pan, where Richard learnt the Béarnais dialect. 'It is,' he says, 'a charming, naïve dialect, mixture of French, Spanish, and Provençale, and containing a quantity of pretty, pleasant songs. The country folk were delighted when addressed in their own lingo. It considerably assisted me in learning Provençale; and I found it useful in the most out-of-the-way corners of the world, even in Brazil.' Besides this the boys practised fencing, and learnt to box from an Irish groom; fell in love with the daughters of an old German baron, who laughed at their precocious impudence; tried to smoke and suffered accordingly; and were introduced to 'a bowl of steaming punch' by a Jamaica Irishman with a very dark skin and a very loud brogue, who 'was passing the winter there for the benefit of his chest.' Edward was not very well, and did not drink, so Richard, that the punch might not be wasted, drank for two. It was a raw, snowy day, and the cold air outside finished what the hot punch had well begun. The dark-skinned Irishman and Edward took the elder boy home.

'I managed,' he says, 'to stagger upstairs. I was deadly pale, with staring eyes, and compelled to use the depressed walk of a monkey, when I met my mother. She was startled at my appearance, and as I pleaded very sick she put me to bed. But other symptoms puzzled her. She fetched my father, who came to the bedside, looked carefully for a minute at his son and heir, and turned upon his heel, exclaiming, "The beast's in liquor!" The mother burst into a flood of tears, and next morning presented me with a five-franc piece, making me promise to be good for the future, and not to read "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," of which she had a dreadful horror.'

By-and-by they went to Pisa and to the Baths of Lucca.

There was always trouble, and as the boys were older their escapades were more serious.

'It was evident,' says Richard, 'that the Burton family was ripe for a break-up. Our father, like an Irishman, was perfectly happy as long as he was the only man in the house, but the presence of younger males irritated him. His temper became permanently soured. He could no longer use the rod, but he could make himself very unpleasant with his tongue . . . and I do think now that we were not pleasant inmates of a household. We were in the *Sturm und Drang* of the teens. We had thoroughly mastered our tutor, threw our books out of the window if he attempted to give a lesson in Greek or Latin, and applied ourselves with ardour to Picault le Brun or Paul de Kock. . . . Instead of taking country walks we jodelled all about the hill-sides under the direction of a Swiss scamp. We shot pistols in every direction, and whenever a stray fencing master passed we persuaded him to give us a few hours of "point." We made experiments of everything imaginable, including swallowing and smoking opium.'

So the break-up came, and Richard was sent to Oxford, Edward to Cambridge, with the idea in their father's head that they might read for fellowships and take orders. Edward was rusticated in his first term, and went into the army. Richard remained up longer, but the place was in every way distasteful to him. He was not allowed to wear a moustache; a young fellow who laughed at him refused to meet him with pistols; the dinners in hall were barbarous; and—forgetful of the ruin punch at Pau—the wines seemed disgusting. He objected to the 'fellow-commoners,' as, by a strange confusion, he calls them, and still more to the 'tufts,' types of a former age, now practically extinct.\* The place, he says, was a hotbed of toadyism and flunkeyism. There was no theatre, no opera; balls were unknown; occasionally a dreary concert. Once a mesmeric lecturer came.

'He called for subjects, and amongst the half-dozen that presented themselves was one young gentleman who had far more sense of humour than discretion. When thrown into a deep slumber he arose, with his eyes apparently fast closed, and, passing into the circle of astonished spectators, began to distribute kisses right and left. Some of these salutations fell upon the sacred cheeks of the daughters of the heads of houses, and the tableau may be imagined.'

The university studies were a weariness; time at lectures was 'thrown away.' He failed for a scholarship, and 'stirred

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\* The term 'fellow-commoner' was peculiar to Cambridge. The Oxford equivalent was 'gentleman commoner.' The meaning was identical, but the Oxford name was certainly the more offensive.

the bile' of the examiners by pronouncing Latin in the Italian manner, and Greek by accent, as he had picked it up from a merchant at Marseilles. He tried to learn Arabic, but without a teacher found it uphill work. 'There was a Regius Professor, but he had other occupations than to profess. If an unhappy undergraduate went up to him and wanted to learn, he was assured that it was the duty of a professor to teach a class and not an individual.' The one oasis in his Oxford life was the preaching of Newman.

'There was a stamp and seal upon him, a solemn music and sweetness in his manner, which made him singularly attractive; yet there was no change of inflection in his voice; action he had none; his sermons were always read, and his eyes were ever upon his book; his figure was lean and stooping; and the *tout ensemble* was anything but dignified or commanding; yet the delivery suited the matter of his speech, and the combination suggested complete candour and honesty; he said only what he believed, and he induced others to believe with him.'

It was thus that Burton made up his mind to leave Oxford; and as his father would not consent to his doing so he had no difficulty in getting himself rusticated, and a little extra impertinence caused the sentence to be pronounced *sine die*, without appointing a time for him to return.

All this and much more to the same purport is now printed as it was dictated by Burton to his wife in 1876, and has a singular biographical interest as explaining his later wild and unconventional career. That he was a man of remarkable ability is admitted; but the ability was joined to a fierce temper, and possibly to the instincts of gipsy blood, quite unbroken by the rough discipline to which, according to their several nationalities, boys are usually subjected. He had not learned, he never learned the practical value of the adage that speech is of silver, silence of gold, and as an undergraduate, a young officer, or an old man he gave utterance to the thought of the moment, without caring whether the thought was just or the utterance of it judicious; or rather, perhaps, he often spoke contrary to his thought, from a desire to appear more frank, more careless than he really was. Sometimes too it was the desire to pose as a wit, forgetting that wit, in a subordinate, is a dangerous possession, unless it is kept under strict control. He may, at the time, have thought it clever to write a 'pungent epigram' on Sir Charles Napier clearing 60,000*l.* as prize money; but the prize money was justly and fairly won, and the epigram could bring nothing but ill-will to its author.

So too an 'epitaph' on his commanding officer in India. He tells the story himself, in 1888, apparently not realising, even then, that he had been 'too clever by half.'

'Our colonel,' he says, 'was one Henry Corsellis, the son of a Bencoolen civilian, and neither his colour nor his temper were in his favour. I had been making doggerel rhymes on men's names at mess, and knowing something of the commanding officer's touchiness, passed him over. Hereupon he took offence, and seeing well that I was in for a row, I said, "Very well, Colonel, I will write your epitaph, which was as follows:

"Here lieth the body of Colonel Corsellis;  
The rest of the fellow, I fancy, in hell is;"

after which we went at it hammer and tongs.'

When Burton left Oxford, his father, sorely against his will, obtained for him a commission in the Bombay Native Infantry, and he arrived out in 1842. The state of things in India, the place, the society, his regiment, his quarters, pleased him no better than Oxford had previously done, and in his reminiscences he made no pretence of concealing his dislikes; of likes he had none. As here and elsewhere, his disapproval was, as often as not, unthinking, unreasoning, unknowing; it would have been better if the editor had exercised some reticence, if only in the matter of names. But her husband's opinion, however carelessly expressed, was too sacred a thing for her to tamper with, and what he dictated is now printed. We thus learn that the society was low middle-class suddenly shot up to the top of the tree, where it lost its head; that vulgarity and superciliousness were everywhere; that the government was mismanaged, the administration cramped, and that Burton was 'scandalised by the contrast of the wretched villages under English rule and those that flourished under the Gaikwar;' that he was disgusted with his position as a Company's officer; that a French *piou-piou* would have looked on such a service with contempt; that he regretted that he had not entered the Duke of Lucca's guards, and attributed the ridicule which his regret excited to ignorance; that his messmates drank immoderately of 'bloating malt liquor,' and thought beer as the necessary consequence of drinking beer.

Such and such like opinions, freely expressed, did not tend to make him a favourite, and time might have hung heavy on his hands if he had not had within himself one noble and sufficient resource. He passed his drills easily enough, and then, he says, 'I threw myself with a kind of frenzy upon my



‘studies. I kept up the little stock of Arabic that I had acquired at Oxford, and gave some twelve hours a day to a desperate tussle with Hindustani. Two moonshees barely sufficed for me.’ Within six months after his arrival in India he passed in Hindustani with distinction. ‘The candidate was expected to make a written translation, to read and translate  *viva voce*  from a native book, to read a written letter (often vilely scrawled), and to converse with the ‘moonshee.’ In six months more he passed in Gujerati; and, continually increasing his store, within seven years from landing in Bombay he had officially passed in six native languages, besides studying others, including Multani. It does not appear that Persian and Arabic, both of which he had completely mastered, were reckoned in these six; and Lady Burton adds that he had also attained considerable proficiency in the language of monkeys, to which, however, Burton himself makes no reference. Towards the end of his life he claimed to know, in all, twenty-nine languages, independent, apparently, of dialects, such as the Béarnais, already mentioned, or Provençal, or Neapolitan; and though this number is not more than half that with which Cardinal Mezzofanti has been credited, it is sufficient to place him in the very first rank of linguists; for his knowledge of many of them was curiously thorough. Some of the members of the Persian Legation told Lady Burton that he spoke Persian ‘like ourselves. He might have never been out of ‘Teheran; he even knows all the slang of the market-place ‘as well as we do.’ It is not given to every one to master twenty-nine, or more than an insignificant fraction of twenty-nine, languages; but the method of a man who has done so is worth noting. He says:—

‘My system of learning a language in two months was purely my own invention, and thoroughly suited myself. I got a simple grammar and vocabulary, marked out the forms and words which I knew were absolutely necessary, and learnt them by heart by carrying them in my pocket and looking over them at spare moments during the day. I never worked more than a quarter of an hour at a time, for after that the brain lost its freshness. After learning some three hundred words—easily done in a week—I stumbled through some easy book-work (one of the Gospels is the most come-at-able), and underlined every word that I wished to recollect, in order to read over my pencillings at least once a day. Having finished my volume, I then carefully worked up the grammar minutiae, and I then chose some other book whose subject most interested me. The neck of the language was now broken, and progress was rapid. If I came across a new sound, like the Arabic *Ghayn*, I trained my tongue to it by re-

peating it so many thousand times a day. When I read I invariably read out loud, so that the ear might aid memory . . . and whenever I conversed with anybody in a language that I was learning I took the trouble to repeat their words inaudibly after them, and so to learn the trick of pronunciation and emphasis.'

But it was not only the pronunciation and emphasis which he so successfully acquired. In India, at any rate, he devoted much time and study to the thought which the language expressed. He mastered the text and the whole theological system of the Koran; he was more or less exactly acquainted with the religious etiquette of the Hindus; he associated with the natives in a way which few Englishmen have ever attempted; and, aided by his swarthy complexion and Oriental type of features, was able to mix with them, unrecognised. When wandering in Sindh he assumed the character of a half Arab, half Persian merchant, a mixed foreign nationality which at once accounted for any errors of pronunciation or accent.

'With hair falling upon his shoulders, a long beard, face and hands, arms and feet stained with a thin coat of henna, Mirza Abdullah of Bushire set out upon many and many a trip. He was a *bazzaz*, a vendor of fine linen, calicoes, and muslins. Such chapmen are sometimes admitted to display their wares, even in the sacred harem, by fast and fashionable dames, and he had a little pack of *hyouerie* and *virtu* reserved for emergencies. . . . Thus he could walk into most men's houses quite without ceremony; even if the master dreamed of kicking him out the mistress was sure to oppose such measure with might and main. He secured numberless invitations, was proposed to by several papas, and won, or had to think he won, a few hearts.'

Sometimes he rented a house and gave *conversazioni*; sometimes he set up a shop and attracted the women by sweetmeats, and scandal, and presents.

'Sometimes the Mirza passed the evening in a mosque, listening to the ragged students who, stretched at full length with their stomachs on the dusty floor and their arms supporting their heads, mumbled out Arabic from the thumbbed, soiled, and tattered pages of theology upon which a dim oil light shed its scanty ray, or he sat debating the niceties of faith with the long-bearded, shaven-pated, blear-eyed, and stolid-faced *genius loci*, the *Mullah*.'

Everywhere the Mirza's experiences were full of interest and novelty. It was that he was mixing with the natives as a native, that he saw them reveal themselves and their inner nature, and that he thus learned and familiarised himself with the peculiarities of the Oriental mind, 'its regular irregularities of deduction and its strange, monotonous one-

'idea'dness.' Nor were these excursions only for amusement and study. He was for some time on the staff of Sir Charles Napier, who took advantage of his aide-de-camp's wonderful talent, and in this way obtained information that was occasionally of very great value, while Burton's vanity was flattered by his being called on to do what nobody else could. Nothing connected with the study of native character was too big or too little for him to apply himself to. Native swordsmanship was one such, although 'its grotesqueness and buffoonery,' he says, 'can be rivalled only by its insufficiency. The wrestling was another matter, and not a few natives of my company had, at first, the advantage of me.' This was followed by lessons from a native jockey.

'All nations seem to despise one another's riding, and none seem to know how much they have to learn. The Indian style has the merit of holding the horse well in hand, making him bound off at a touch of the heel, stopping him dead at a hand gallop, and wheeling him round as on a pivot. The Hindu will canter over a figure of eight, gradually diminishing the dimensions till the animal leans over at an angle of 15°, and, throwing himself over the side, will pick up sword or pistol from the ground. And,' he adds, 'as I was somewhat nervous about snakes, I took lessons of a "charmer," and could soon handle them with coolness.'

He was fortunate in making the acquaintance of Captain Walter Scott of the Bombay Engineers, a nephew of 'the Magician of the North' and then in charge of the Survey of Lower Sindh. By Scott's favour Burton was appointed an assistant in the 'Survey,' and thus learned the practical use of the instruments, whilst materially aiding the work by being able to read and translate the important Italian books on hydraulics. And at this time, the winter of 1844-5, he had a good deal of hawking, and collected material for his 'Falconry in the Valley of the Indus,' which was published in 1852.

All this appears now in the light of education. Unknowingly, in great measure, it was the training for the work of his later life; a training surely never surpassed in all respects but one, a most essential one, tact in dealing with his official superiors. It was not in his nature to make friends of those in high places. The libertinism of his conduct, of his manner, most of all, perhaps, of his speech, offended them; and when promotions or appointments were moving it was not in the direction of Burton. In 1849 he hoped to be appointed interpreter on the staff of Sir Charles Napier. It may be that Napier resented a certain 'pungent epigram;' it may be that some

one else with influence—Colonel Corsellis, possibly—remembered a similar act of folly. Another, a man of far inferior qualifications as a linguist, was gazetted, and Burton at once determined to go home. Rage and disappointment made him really ill; he had no difficulty in getting himself invalided, and so embarked at Bombay for a passage round the Cape. ‘My career in India,’ he wrote many years afterwards, ‘had been in my eyes a failure, and by no fault of my own; the dwarfish demon called “Interest” had fought against me, and, as usual, had won the fight.’ This is also, of course, Lady Burton’s opinion. It will scarcely be the opinion of any one who critically reads Lady Burton’s book.

This return to England was practically Burton’s farewell to a military career. It was, too, in other ways, the turning point of his life. At Boulogne, in 1850, he made his distinct start as an author, and wrote, or rather prepared for the press, his ‘Goa and the Blue Mountains,’ ‘Scinde, or the ‘Unhappy Valley’ (both published in 1851), and the ‘Falconry,’ already mentioned, published in 1852. It was there too, also in 1850, that he met his fate in the shape of Miss Isabel Arundell, then a school girl, who as she first saw him in the street turned to her sister and whispered, ‘That man will marry me.’ Burton was, perhaps, equally struck, though we have not his naive confessions. But the next day he was there again, ‘and chalked up, “May I speak to you?” leaving the chalk on the wall. So,’ says Lady Burton, ‘I took up the chalk and wrote back, “No; mother will be angry;” and mother found it, and was angry; and after that we were stricter prisoners than ever.’ However, a few days later they were introduced. The name struck her, for, as she tells at some length, an old gipsy crone, by name Hagar Burton, had some time before told her fortune and said, ‘You will bear the name of our tribe and be right proud of it; you will be as we are, but far greater than we.’ It is always difficult to feel quite sure that a prophecy, first published after the event, has not been subjected to some modification in the retelling; but Lady Burton seems to have no doubt that this was a genuine forecast of her future name and wanderings. The idea of ‘destiny’ had possibly a good deal to do with confirming the impression which Burton’s bold figure and military air made on the girl, and she describes her feelings in a manner unusual outside a novel in three volumes.

It is impossible to say when it first occurred to Burton to

make the pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca. Most likely it was during his part-playing in Sindh. It was not, however, till the beginning of 1853 that the project took definite form, and it was then carried out without loss of time. His Sindh experiences had prepared him for it, but even so the undertaking was most difficult and dangerous. There is not one of the daily and almost instinctive acts of life which a Moslem does not perform in a totally different manner from the Christian; and the peculiar difficulty of the task which Burton proposed to himself was the maintaining the assumed character for weeks and months, without a moment of relaxation. Sleeping and waking he was to be an Oriental. The accomplishment of such a task was so remarkable that there have not been wanting men to suggest that it never was accomplished; to maintain, on the one hand, that he was recognised throughout as a European convert to Islam, and on the other that he did not go at all; that the whole story is a fiction, and a very impudent fiction. This, at any rate, seems attempting to explain what is marvellous by what is incredible. During now nearly forty years Burton's '*Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah*'\* has been read and discussed by thousands perfectly competent to detect the inaccuracies of a man describing what he had not seen or experienced. The book bears the stamp of truth on every page.

As to his being known as a European convert, it seems impossible. The suggestion is supported by no evidence. It appears certain that, forty years ago, a convert, if allowed to go at all, would not have been allowed to visit the most sacred places, still less to kiss the Black Stone, and would have been in perpetual danger of being slain by any ignorant fanatic, all which is contradicted by the record. Burton assuredly believed that he was not known till the very end of his adventure. He tells, indeed, how his servant, 'the boy Mohanmed,' had his suspicions excited at Suez by the appearance of a sextant, and 'declared that the would-be Haji was one of the infidels from India.' But the boy was promptly silenced by his companions, who denounced him as 'a pauper, a fakir, an owl, a cut-off one, a stranger, and a Wahhabi for daring to impugn the faith of a brother believer.' If the boy's suspicions were not entirely put to rest by this broadside of abuse, he found it prudent to keep

\* First published in 1856, but the summarised story was related to the Royal Geographical Society in 1854 and 1855.

quiet about them. It was he that guided Burton to the Kaabah, the sanctuary, and forced a way for him through the crowd to enable him to kiss the stone. It was not till the very last, at Jeddah, after he had been with Burton on board the steamer, that his suspicions were again awakened. He secured his perquisites and went off, saying to his fellow-servant, 'Now I understand. Your master is a sahib from India. He hath laughed at our beards.'

Lady Burton is very angry with one critic, who says that 'at no period of his life could Burton have passed for an Arab one second after he began to speak.' The assertion, according to her, 'is absolutely untrue;' but in any case it has nothing whatever to do with the matter, for during the pilgrimage Burton represented himself as a Pathan. His own account is perfectly clear, and does not claim the 'absolute' perfection on which his wife insists.

'Born in India of Afghan parents who had settled in the country, educated at Rangoon, and sent out to wander, as men of that race frequently are, from early youth, I was well guarded against the danger of detection by a fellow-countryman. To support the character requires a knowledge of Persian, Hindustani, and Arabic, all of which I knew sufficiently well to pass muster; any trifling inaccuracy was charged upon my long residence at Rangoon.'

After a short rest in Egypt Burton returned to Bombay, and almost immediately offered his services to conduct a long-talked-of expedition through Somali Land, the proposal being 'to penetrate *via* Harar and Gananah to Zanzibar,' starting in the spring of 1854. The proposal was accepted, but various causes delayed the start, and the little party, consisting of Burton, Speke, and Herne, all officers of the Company's army, did not reach Aden till October. The original plan was then modified, and it was determined, in the first instance, for the three officers to make three several excursions in the Somali country, Burton himself going to Harar, at that time unvisited by a European. The service was one of extreme danger, calling for the exercise of great tact; but one of the most remarkable things about this remarkable man was that in his intercourse with Orientals, or when playing a part, he could govern his conduct with prudence and guide his affairs with discretion; though the knowledge that any imprudence or indiscretion might prove fatal had no doubt its own special influence. Burton entered Harar, had a long and friendly interview with the Amir, and returned safely to Aden in the following February, all of

which he very fully described in his 'First Footsteps in East Africa,' published in 1856.

By the end of March the party, increased by the addition of Lieutenant Stroyan of the Indian Navy, was again collected at Aden, and in the beginning of April they crossed over to Berberah, whence they were to start for Zanzibar. They still expected some instruments from England, and for those, as well as their letters, they determined to await the arrival of the mid-April mail. It was the end of the annual fair, but everything seemed quiet enough. 'During thirty years not an Englishman of the many that had visited it had been molested at Berberah, and apparently there was as little to fear in it as within the fortifications at Aden.'\* By the 15th the excitement of the fair was over, and the last vessel had departed, though on the 18th a country ship put into the harbour and was almost accidentally detained; fortunately, for in the small hours of the night, without quarrel or warning, a murderous attack was made on the party. Their guards and Somali servants bolted at once. Stroyan was killed; the other three, more or less severely wounded, Burton with a javelin through the mouth, cut their way down to the beach and got on board the country ship, which carried them to Aden. The meaning of the attack was never known. Some fancied it the outcome of trade jealousy and a dread that the opening of the country by Europeans might spoil the market. Burton believed that it was 'the act of a band of brigands, not the expression of a people's animus;† but, in any case, the misadventure put an end to the further prosecution of the scheme.

Burton returned to England, and, when his wounds were healed, went out to the Crimea, where he volunteered for service with the irregular cavalry, known officially as 'Beatson's Horse' and in everyday language as the 'Bashi-Bazouks.' That they were a useless and costly experiment was recognised even at the time. They were never employed, and when Burton joined them the war was practically ended. His nominal service with the corps lasted about three weeks, during which time he was oscillating between Constantinople and the head-quarters at the Dardanelles. A violent quarrel broke out between Beatson and the powers above him; he was summarily superseded, and Burton resigned. On September 30 he quitted the corps, and sailed for England on

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\* *First Footsteps*, p. 445.

† *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xxv. p. 150.

October 18. It is well to bear the length and nature of his service in mind; for, from a careless perusal of his account of what was going on, of the diplomatic tangle, and of the conduct of the campaign, it might be supposed that he was intimately and personally acquainted with everything that went on, from beginning to end, instead of merely repeating the gossip of the *cafés* or the *canards* of the mess table, flavouring them, as was his wont, with much gall, vitriol, and ill-nature. One officer is described as 'a man redolent 'of pipe clay and red tape'—things, we may remark, which do not give off a very strong odour—one was of 'offensive 'presence and bullying manner;' another 'found his way 'into a felon's jail at Malta;' and these are all named. The account of Sir Stratford Canning, the great Eltchi, with its exaggerations and blunders, is almost humorous, but is meant to be spiteful.

'Lord Stratford,' he says, 'had, as often happens to shrewder men, completely mistaken his vocation. He told me more than once that his inclination was wholly to the life of a *littérateur*,\* and he showed himself unfit for taking any saving the humblest rôle among the third-rates. . . . He wrote poetry. . . . After his final return home he printed a little volume of antiquated "verse or worse," with all the mediocrity which the gods and the columns disallow. . . . His last performance in this line was a booklet entitled "Why I am a Christian" (he of all men'), which provoked a shout of laughter amongst his friends. . . . Of his "Christianity" the popular saying was, "He is a Christian, and he never forgives." His characteristic was vindictiveness. . . . He abhorred difference of opinion, and was furious with me for assuring him that *Halash* and *Abyssinia* are by no means equivalent and synonymous terms. . . . When in a rage he was not pleasant: his eyes flashed fury, his venerable locks seemed to rise like the quills of a fretful porcupine, he would rush round the room like a lean maniac, using frightful language—in fact, "langwidge," as the sailor hath it—with his old dressing-gown working hard to keep pace with him, and when the fit was at its worst he would shake his fist in the offender's face. The famous ambassador struck me as a weak, stiff-necked, and violent old man, whose strength physically was in his obstinate chin, together with a "pursed up mouth and beak in a pet," and morally in an exaggerated "respectability," iron-bound prejudices, and profound self-esteem.'

Lord Stratford's reputation is written in the history of the century and needs no defence against the flippant vituperation of wounded vanity, but it is not uninteresting

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\* In appreciating the value of this confidence it will be well to remember that Sir Stratford was at this time 68, that Burton was 34, and that their acquaintance was of the slightest.



to compare with it the calm expressions of an ex-attaché at Constantinople—Lord Stratford—who wrote in 1862:—

‘I want Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to feel that his position in foreign politics is that which was held by the Great Duke in war and by Lyndhurst in law; and that he is not only able, but bound, before it is too late, to survey the world from his height, and to speak of the future with impartial utterance, like Moses from Mount Pisgah.’ \*

But Burton saw nothing of this. To him the war was wicked, entered on ‘to humour the grudges of two rancorous ‘old men,’ and its conduct silly: every man concerned with it—statesman, diplomatist, or soldier—was either a rogue or a fool, with the one exception of Lieutenant Burton, of the 18th Bombay Native Infantry, who, during seven years’ service as a subaltern in India, had never seen a battle or gone through a campaign; who, having spent his time in linguistic and ethnological studies, knew nothing of the science of war; who, being engrossed in other affairs in Arabia, in India, or in Africa, had had no opportunity of tracing the course of events either before or during the war; and therefore considered himself competent not so much to criticise as to denounce, in wild and generally insulting language, every action, every measure, and every person whose name he had an opportunity to mention. If anything was wanting to explain the ill-will which so many people bore him, the void is filled by the venomous and libellous chapter containing the record of his so-called opinions on the war in the Crimea, which Lady Burton, with amazing want of discretion, has now permitted to be published.

On returning to England Burton reverted to the old scheme of African exploration. The idea was taken up by the Royal Geographical Society, which contributed 1,000*l.* towards the expenses of the proposed expedition. The Society was then far from being the large and wealthy corporation of the present day, and the grant was a most liberal one; though Burton, who does not seem to have enquired into the possibilities of the case, considered that he was rather shabbily treated. Meantime the Boulogne flirtation of six years before was renewed, and quickly ripened into a more tender relationship. One day in August he met Miss Arundell, quite accidentally, it would appear, in the Botanic Gardens. As they parted after some conversation she heard him say to the lady he was with, a cousin of her own, ‘Do you know that your cousin has

‘grown charming? I would not have believed that the ‘little school girl of Boulogne would have become such a ‘sweet girl.’ And the cousin answered, ‘Ugh!’ in a tone of disgust. Other meetings followed.

‘At the end of a fortnight,’ says Lady Burton, ‘he asked me “if I could dream of doing anything so sickly as to give up civilisation, and if he could obtain the consulate at Damascus to go and live there.” He said, “Don’t give me an answer now . . . you must think it over.” I was so long silent from emotion . . . that he thought I was thinking worldly thoughts, and said, “Forgive me! I ought not to have asked so much.” At last I found my voice, and said, “I don’t want to ‘think it over.’ I have been ‘thinking it over’ for six years, ever since I saw you at Boulogne. I have prayed for you every day, morning and night. I have followed all your career minutely. I have read every word you ever wrote, and I would rather have a crust and a tent with *you* than be queen of all the world. And so I say now, Yes! YES! YES!”’

Miss Arundell’s family was opposed to the marriage, but her mind was quite made up, supported too by the horoscope which Hagar Burton had drawn in the days of her childhood, and by a recent assurance at Ascot, only two months before. ‘Are you Daisy Burton yet?’ asked the gipsy. ‘Would to God I were!’ was the answer. ‘Patience!’ said the crone; ‘it is just coming.’ Lady Burton firmly believes in omens, horoscopes, forecasts, and dreams. She admits that she is superstitious, and tells the following story as a sufficient reason for being so:—

‘We had been engaged for some weeks. One day in October we had passed several hours together, and he appointed to come next day at four o’clock in the afternoon. I went to bed quite happy, but I could not sleep at all. At 2 A.M. the door opened and he came into my room. A current of warm air came towards my bed. He said, “Good-bye, my poor child. My time is up and I have gone, but do not grieve. I shall be back in less than three years, and I am your destiny. Good-bye.” He held up a letter, looked long at me, and went slowly out, shutting the door. I sprang out of bed to the door, into the passage—there was nothing. . . . At eight o’clock, when the post came in, there was a letter to my sister, enclosing one for me. He had thought it too painful to part and had thought we should suffer less that way. . . . He had left London at six o’clock the previous evening, eight hours before I saw him in the night.’

All which, as a dream about a person of whom her mind was very full, is not very remarkable. The supernatural details may easily be the work of imagination and deceptive memory running riot over a period of thirty-five years. And this suggestion seems the more allowable as Lady Burton’s

memory has unquestionably played her false in another matter of the same date. She says, 'Richard traced for me a little sketch of what he expected to find in the Lake 'Regions,' and gives a copy of the map, which was very certainly drawn not in 1856, but in 1864.\*

It was, however, quite true that Burton had left for Bombay, whence he went to Zanzibar and onwards on his adventurous and remarkable journey to the great African lakes. The story of this journey, the modern discovery of Tanganyika and the Victoria Nyanza, and of so much that has since become a commonplace of African geography, has long been before the world,† and calls for but little notice here. Neither shall we do more than refer to the angry quarrel which—after the fashion of African travellers—broke out between Burton and his companion, Speke; as to which Lady Burton has been needlessly diffuse, more especially as she can only discuss it as a partisan.

But whatever the personal merits of the case may have been, it is at least certain that in the geographical suggestion, about which the dispute nominally began, Speke was right and Burton was wrong. Burton maintained, and continued to maintain, that Tanganyika was part of the Nile system, and discharged its waters to the north. After Baker's and Speke's later discoveries his theory took form in an imaginary river from Tanganyika into Albert Nyanza, thence meeting the outfall from some other lake or lakes to the eastward, and so forming the White Nile. It was a plausible theory, one which any geographer was entitled to hold, one which many geographers did hold; but it never was, never could be, anything more than a theory, and the exact observations of the last ten years have utterly upset it.‡ Speke, on the other hand, maintained that there were high mountains to the north of Tanganyika, which made it impossible for its waters to escape in that direction; that the Victoria Nyanza was a sea rather than a lake, and that it was the head of the Nile. About this there was a great deal of fancy, for

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\* Vol. i. p. 254; but the alterations bringing the map up to date are referred to on p. 465. Cf. 'The Nile Basin' (1864), *passim*, and the maps.

† Journal of the R.G.S. vol. xxix. (1860); Burton's 'Lake Regions of Central Africa' (2 vols. 8vo, 1860).

‡ A good popular account of Tanganyika, with a map from his own survey of the lake, has recently been issued by Mr. E. C. Hore, an agent of the Church Missionary Society, and now in charge of the Central African Exhibition (48 Pall Mall).

when Speke was near the head of Tanganyika he was purblind and did not see the mountains; when he was on the shores of the Victoria Lake he saw only a very small portion of it, and described its vast extent from the reports of the Arabs, whom he very imperfectly understood. His fancy may have been directed by instinct or intuition: it assuredly was not the result of observation, and it is quite possible that he put the statements forward to annoy Burton, to minimise Burton's discoveries, and to aggrandise his own. About this we know nothing. What we do know is that his fancy has been very exactly confirmed by later travellers, and that to Speke, not to Burton, belongs the actual credit—such as it is—of having first, in modern times, visited the sources of the Nile.

Another quarrel into which this expedition led Burton was one with Colonel, afterwards General, Rigby, at that time consul at Zanzibar. So far as the case can be understood, or any public interest attaches to it, Burton believed that the guides, guards, and porters for his journey, most of whom had been directly or indirectly engaged by Rigby's predecessor, Colonel Hamerton, were to be paid a certain sum down before starting, and a further sum on their return, conditional on their good behaviour. As he judged them to have behaved very badly, he refused to pay this second instalment. But after Burton's return to England they, the badly behaved servants, applied to Rigby, who represented their case to the Secretary of State for India. He believed that the men's demands were just, and that Burton's refusal to pay them was likely to stand in the way of any future explorer; and he said so in terms which offended Burton and drew from him the 'countercheck quarrelsome.' Lady Burton implies that Rigby was actuated by jealousy. This is absurd. The two men were old acquaintances, but seem to have always had a certain natural antipathy, which easily passed over into hatred. Rigby was a man well known and esteemed, a man of ability and prudence; but to the end of his life the mere name of Burton was enough to rouse him to fury—an effect similar to that which his name had on Burton and still has on Burton's widow.

Burton has himself told of his extreme sufferings during the last part of his journey. A short stay at Zanzibar enabled him to go on to Aden, and thence, a little later, to England, which he reached towards the end of May 1859. In London he found his betrothed, who describes his appearance in somewhat unflattering terms.

'He had had twenty-one attacks of fever, had been partially paralysed and partially blind; he was a mere skeleton, with brown, yellow skin hanging in bags, his eyes protruding, and his lips drawn away from his teeth. . . . His youth, health, spirits, and beauty were all gone for the time. . . . Never,' she adds, 'did I feel the strength of my love as then. He returned poorer, and dispirited by official rows and every species of annoyance; but he was still, had he been ever so unsuccessful, and had every man's hand against him, my earthly god and king, and I could have knelt at his feet and worshipped him. I used to feel so proud of him; I used to like to sit and look at him, and to think "You are mine, and there is no man on earth the least like you."'

As he recovered his health he was anxious that the marriage should take place; so was Miss Arundell, and as her mother was still opposed to it she wrote to her a long letter, setting forth Burton's merits and her devotion. It is a truly remarkable letter, of which the few sentences we can quote give a very inadequate idea:—

' . . . I am rather ashamed to tell you that I fell in love with Captain Burton at Boulogne and would have married him at any time between this and then, if he had asked me. The moment I saw his brigand, dare-devil look I set him up as an idol, and determined that he was the only man I would ever marry; but he never knew it until three years ago, before he went to Africa. . . . When I came home one day in an ecstasy and told you that I had found the Man and the Life I longed for, that I clung to them with all my soul, and that nothing would turn me, and that all other men were his inferiors, what did you answer me? "That he was the *only* man you would never consent to my marrying; that you would rather see me in my coffin." Did you know that you were flying in the face of God? Did you know it was my Destiny? . . . It surprises me that you should consider mine an infatuation, you who worship talent, and my father bravery and adventure, and here they are both united. Look at his military services—India and the Crimea! Look at his writings, his travels, his poetry, his languages and dialects! Now Mezzofanti is dead he stands first in Europe; he is the best horseman, swordsman, and pistol-shot. He has been presented with the gold medal; he is an F.R.G.S. . . . With regard to religion, he *appears* to disbelieve, pretends to self-reliance, quizzes good, and fears no evil. He leads a good life, has a natural worship of God, innate honour, and does unknown good. *At present* he is following no form; at least none that he *owns* to. He says there is nothing between agnosticism and catholicity. . . . Now, dearest mother, I think we should treat each other fairly. Let him go to my father and ask for me properly. Knowing you as I do, your ideas and prejudices, I know that a man of different religion and no means would stand in a disagreeable position; so does he, and I will *not* have him insulted. . . . Do not accuse me of deception, because I shall see him and write to him whenever I get a chance, and

if you drive me to it I shall marry him in defiance, because he is by far my first object in life. . . .’

Mrs. Arundell’s answer was ‘an awful long and solemn ‘sermon,’ to the effect that ‘Richard was not a Christian ‘and had no money.’

‘I do not defend my letter to my mother,’ adds Lady Burton. ‘I should not wish that girls should say or think that this is the way to write to one’s mother. . . . I print it to show what Richard’s character was, and the impression that a girl would receive of it. . . . I only plead that I was fighting for my whole future life and my natural destiny . . . that I had to force my mother’s hand or lose all that made life worth living for. Richard used to say that my mother and I were both gifted with “the noble firmness of the mule.” Of course I can see *now* what an aggravating letter it must have been.’

This was in October 1859, and as months passed by without improving the situation Burton started for a tour in North America, sending Miss Arundell a ghostly message, followed by a letter to say that he would be back in nine months. If she would then marry him, well and good; if not, he would go back to India and return no more. The direct result of his tour was the publication, in 1861, of ‘The City of the Saints.’ The indirect result was his marriage a few weeks after his return, about Christmas 1860. Mrs. Arundell was still bitterly opposed, but her husband consented, and the wedding came off without her knowledge. A few weeks later she wrote to Mr. Arundell that ‘a dreadful misfortune had happened in the family. ‘Isabel had been seen going into a bachelor lodging in ‘London, and could not be at the country house where she ‘was supposed to be.’ On which Arundell telegraphed back, ‘She is married to Dick Burton, and thank God for it.’ The old lady’s fright rendered her now most amiable; she received the delinquents affectionately, and, says Lady Burton, ‘mother embarrassed us very much by asking our ‘pardon for flying in the face of God and opposing what ‘she now knew to be His will.’

Burton’s marriage necessarily altered his life. For the last twelve years his connexion with the army had been little more than nominal, except in the matter of pay; and he hoped to retain this while holding an appointment under the Foreign Office—a condition by no means unusual, especially when the place-holder was a man of exceptional merit. Lord John Russell, the then Foreign Secretary, gave him the consulship at Fernando Po, on the West Coast of Africa, which he accepted as a beginning, though the salary

was only 700*l.* a year in a pestilent climate. The Indian army, however, was just then being remodelled; and in a fit—possibly of economy, more probably of personal pique—Burton's name was removed from the list. And thus he entered on his duties under the Foreign Office. His public career has been pretty fully described by himself in the numerous volumes which he passed through the press. He had all along been a free writer, and now endeavoured to turn his talent to profit. It may be doubted whether his success was equal to his industry. No less than seven volumes of West African travels and experiences were published in 1863–4, two more in 1875, and yet another two in 1883—eleven volumes in all, about Western Africa and the negro, subjects which the general public do not consider of entrancing interest. In 1864 he got himself transferred to Santos, in Brazil, which produced ‘*The Highlands of the Brazil*’ (2 vols. 1869), and ‘*Paraguay*’ (1870), and indirectly gave rise to his translation and biography of Camoens, published, in collaboration with his wife, in 1880. He had not allowed Mrs. Burton to go with him to Fernando Po. When he went out to Brazil she accompanied him, in the first instance, to Lisbon, where she had some new experiences. At the Braganza Hotel, she says—

‘our bedroom was a large whitewashed place; there were three holes in the wall, one at the bedside bristling with horns, and these were cockroaches some three inches long. The drawing-room was gorgeous with yellow satin, and the magnificent yellow curtains were sprinkled with these crawling things. The consequence was that I used to stand on a chair and scream. This annoyed Richard very much. “A nice sort of traveller and companion you are going to make,” he said. “I suppose you think you look very pretty and interesting standing on that chair and howling at those innocent creatures.” This hurt me so much that, without descending from the chair, I stopped screaming and made a meditation, like St. Simon Stylites on his pillar, and it was, “that if I was going to live in a country always in contact with these and worse things, though I had a perfect horror of anything black and crawling, it would never do to go on like that.” So I got down, fetched a basin of water and a slipper, and in two hours by the watch I had knocked ninety-seven of them into it. It cured me. From that day I had no more fear of vermin and reptiles, which is just as well in a country where nature is over-luxuriant. A little while after we changed our rooms. We were succeeded by the late Lord and Lady Lytton, and to my infinite delight I heard the same screams coming from the same rooms. “There!” I said in triumph, “you see I am not the *only* woman who does not like cockroaches.”’

After a two months' tour in Portugal Mrs. Burton went back to England to wind up matters, and in due time joined her husband at Rio. When they got to Santos they found that São Paulo, on the top of a hill, and with a more healthy, more agreeable climate, was included in the consulate; so they determined to make that their head-quarters. It was 'our first real home,' says Lady Burton; and she gives a pleasant account of their house and surroundings, their neighbourhood and society. In this she is at her best, and writes with a spirit and *verve* for which her other writings had not prepared us. Some of her little adventures and experiences have, perhaps, not quite so much to do with Burton as, from the title of the book, they ought to have; but their merit is an excuse for the digression. When she is not oppressed by the godlike qualities of her husband, she appears as a clever, capable woman, self-reliant in difficulties, with a pretty sense of humour, and able to tell a story without losing the point. Here is a quaint bit of folk lore—if, indeed, it was not the ready lie of an offending servant, a free negro, thirty-five years old and four feet high, black as a coal, brimming full of intelligence, and answering to the name of Chico. Chico was her confidential servant, and she treated him with kindness and consideration, though her husband kept saying, 'Wait a bit, 'till you have lived with negroes a little; you philanthropic 'people always have to give in.' So one day,

'about six weeks after I got Chico, I heard a tremendous noise and shrieks of agony proceeding from the kitchen, and rushing in the direction, I found Chico roasting my favourite cat at the fire. I made one spring at his wool and brought him to the ground. Richard, who had also rushed out at the noise, saw me and clapped his hands, saying, "Brava! brava! I knew it would happen, but I did not think it would be quite so soon." I could only blubber out, "Oh, Jemmy"—this was her pet name for Burton—"oh, Jemmy, the little beast has roasted my cat!" He then punished him himself, and Chico was a good boy evermore. In begging for forgiveness he told us that their fathers and mothers always instructed them that when Christ was thirsty, if He asked a little dog for water, the dog would go and fetch it for Him; but if He asked a cat for water it gave Him something in a cup which I cannot mention in polite society; and that all the little negroes were taught to be cruel to cats, and that he *had* done atrocious things to cats, but he would never do so any more.'

In the course of 1868 Burton had a serious illness. He attributed it to the climate, and as the consulate did not seem to lead to anything he resolved to give it up. They



broke up their house, sold off everything, and while Mrs. Burton went back to England her husband obtained leave of absence, and, by the advice of the doctors, went for a prolonged tour through South America.

‘He had a splendid journey to the Argentine Republic and the rivers Plata, Parana, and Paraguay, for the purpose of reporting the state of the Paraguayan war to the Foreign Office. He crossed the Pampas and the Andes to Chili and Peru, amongst the bad Indians. He went to the Pacific coast to inspect the scene of the earthquake at Arica, returning by the Straits of Magellan, Buenos Ayres, and Rio to London.’

And meantime Mrs. Burton had been working in his interest at home, and had obtained for him from Lord Stanley—the late Earl of Derby—the long-coveted consulship of Damascus. This was an appointment for which Burton was, in many respects, singularly well fitted. His perfect knowledge of Arabic—which quickly included Syriac and other cognate dialects—as well as his familiarity with Arab character and tone of thought, seemed to point him out as made for the position. Unfortunately for him, and perhaps for his country, he, as consul at Damascus, was subject to the Consul-General at Beyrout; and in his usual manner he quickly got into difficulties with his chief, whose name seldom appears, either in Lady Burton’s sentences or in those written by her husband, without some derogatory epithet or qualification. Of course he saw much of the country. He had exceptional opportunities and availed himself of them, his wife generally accompanying him. The account of their travels and adventures, with a good deal of local history and politics, has been very fully given in Lady Burton’s ‘*Inner Life of Syria*’ (2 vols. 1875), and in ‘*Unexplored Syria*’ (2 vols. 1872), written by them jointly. But he was not long in getting into hot water, and that not only with the Consul-General, but with the missionaries, with the leading English Jews—Sir Moses Montefiore, Sir Francis Goldsmid, and others—and with the Wali, or Turkish Governor-General. Lady Burton believes that all these were either the blind victims of misrepresentation or were actuated by jealousy of Burton’s superior abilities. She cannot understand that men in high places have commonly some power of sifting evidence, and are not necessarily eaten up with jealousy of their subordinates.

That Burton was a capable man, no one ever doubted. That he was a prudent man, many did doubt and will con-

tinue to doubt. It cannot be maintained that it was judicious for him, the consul of a foreign Power, to pose as a court of appeal from the Wali; and when his interference took the form of supporting natives in revolt against the Wali's authority his Government had no alternative but to recall him. That the insurgents called themselves Christians has absolutely nothing to do with the matter. It needs credulity out of the common to believe that the howling revivalists of Damascus saw the Christ, even as St. Paul saw Him, and were converted, even as St. Paul was; but when Lady Burton declaims against the Moslem intolerance, she ought to be reminded of the homely proverb that 'what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,' and that the Church to which she belongs has always maintained, and does still maintain, the sacred duty of suppressing heresy, even by force, whenever it has the power. In this case it was not only intolerance of heresy; it was the perfectly justifiable intolerance of what was certain to give rise to a sanguinary riot.

At any rate Burton was recalled, and after some little delay was appointed to the consulate of Trieste, in which he passed the remainder of his life. He made, indeed, different journeys or tours, the most interesting of which was described by Lady Burton at the time in '*A. E. I., Arabia, Egypt, India*' (1879), and partly by Burton himself in '*Sind Revisited*' (1877). Other books which owed their origin to these trips were '*The Gold Mines of Midian*' (1878), '*The Land of Midian*' (2 vols. 1879), and '*To the Gold Coast for Gold*' (2 vols. 1883).

The consular duties at Trieste were not heavy, and during these later years of his life Burton appears to have devoted himself more closely than ever to the pursuit of literature. The number of volumes, original, translated, or edited, which he passed through the press was very great, besides a large number of occasional papers in various magazines or in the proceedings of different societies. If bulk alone made a distinguished author he would take a foremost place among our men of letters; but with all his ability he never arrived at writing what would be read as literature: his version of the '*Lusiads*' of Camoens was at once his most ambitious attempt and his most ghastly failure. When he had an original experience of strange interest to relate, as in his celebrated pilgrimage, his volumes had a certain success, and could reach a second or even a third edition: but not even the danger of his visit to Harar, nor the geographical enthusiasm aroused by his discovery of Tanganyika, could

float the weighty volumes in which he recorded his achievements; and his less important works speedily found their way into the remainder market. The reason is obvious. It is not so much that his matter is smothered in detail, and that two volumes are filled with what might very well be told in one; that all sense of proportion is lost; it is rather that with all his ability, with all his linguistic facility and astounding conquests, he never attained the art of writing English. It has been happily said that no man can, at the same time, be a master of even two languages. Burton is an illustration of this. Able to converse more or less fluently in twenty-nine, and to speak several of them with an accuracy of intonation that deceived even the natives, his English, forcible enough, is not the English of the ordinary English gentleman. His expressions are peculiar; his grammar is eccentric, not unfrequently atrocious; his words are newly coined, borrowed from other languages or from the forgotten recesses of a dictionary; and he affects a mannerism apparently intended to be antique, but producing, in reality, that variety of it which has been aptly called 'Wardour Street English.' Works so written are not literature; they will not be read for the manner; and when the matter loses its interest they will not be read at all. Lady Burton's estimate of her husband as a writer is, naturally, very different. She thinks that he wrote most admirable prose; she thinks also that, as a poet, he stands on an eminence far above all others. She says:—

'On the return journey from Mecca Richard composed the most exquisite gem of Oriental poetry that I have ever heard or imagined, nor do I believe it has its equal, either from the pen of Hafiz, Saadi, Shakespeare, Milton, Swinburne, or any other. It is quite unique: it is called the 'Kasidah.' It will ride over the heads of most, it will displease many, but it will appeal to all large hearts and large brains for its depth, height, breadth, for its heart, nobility, its pathos, its melancholy, its despair. It is the very perfection of romance; it seems the cry of a soul wandering through space, looking for what it does not find. I have read it many times during my married life, and never without bitter tears; and when I read it now it affects me still more. He used to take it away from me, it impressed me so. I give you the poem here in full.'

And she gives it. It consists of some two hundred and seventy stanzas in octosyllabic verse, which, as only the alternate endings rhyme, are printed as couplets of lines of sixteen syllables. And though Lady Burton has condemned us in anticipation, we are obliged to say that it does not

appeal to us for anything but dulness, stupidity, obscurity, and not unfrequently blasphemy. But it is quite harmless; for few will read it: we should have said none, were it not for Lady Burton's statement that she has read it many times. That a really able man should write such rubbish is not the least strange thing in the story of his life. That any one, even his wife, should be able to read it, and should dare to commend it, is perhaps still more strange.

Burton's last work, his one pecuniary success, was his translation of the 'Arabian Nights,' of which it is unnecessary here to say more than to repeat our verdict pronounced seven years ago.\* It is one of the most indecent books in the English language; and when Lady Burton—who happily knows nothing about the matter herself—quotes her husband as saying, 'I don't care a button about being prosecuted; and if the matter comes to a fight I will walk into court with my Bible and my Shakespeare and my Rabelais under my arm, and prove to them that, before they condemn me, they must cut half of *them* out, and not allow them to be circulated to the public,' she does it in ignorance of the fact that gross, needlessly gross, as is the text, the matter which utterly condemns it is in the notes and commentary, where it is lugged in, as often as not, *à propos de bottles*, and has nothing whatever to do with the necessities of the translation. When Burton wrote that he had 'given to the public the pure, unadulterated article,' consciously or unconsciously he wrote what was contrary to the fact; for, leaving the question of purity on one side, there is a great deal of adulteration, and of very nasty adulteration. But it paid, and paid well. This extraordinary agglomeration of filth, which ran to sixteen volumes, was issued at a high price—sixteen guineas for the set; but the thousand copies printed were all subscribed and paid for. Lady Burton took charge of the business arrangements. She says:—

'A publisher offered Richard 500*l.* for it, but I said, "No, let me do it." It was seventeen months' hard work, but we found (no matter how) the means of printing, and binding, and circulating. We were our own printers and our own publishers, and we made between September 1885 and November 1888 sixteen thousand guineas, six thousand of which went towards publishing, and ten thousand into our own pockets; and it came just in time to give my husband the comforts and luxuries and freedom that gilded the five last years of his

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\* 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 335, July 1886.

life. When he died there were four florins left, which I put in the poor box.'

Besides the four florins and a vast pile of manuscript, finished or unfinished, there was left one work still in MS., but ready for the printer. This was 'a translation from 'Arabic manuscripts very difficult to get in the original, 'with copious notes and explanations,' and it bore the title of 'The Scented Garden.' If Burton had lived it was to have been published in the same manner as the 'Nights.' After his death his widow—having the sole right to all his papers—intended to offer it to a friendly bookseller for 3,000 guineas, to save herself the trouble. But its existence had become known; there were some 1,500 intending subscribers, and a publisher offered her 6,000 guineas. This struck her as strange, and she thought before accepting such an offer she ought to know what it was she was selling. She sat down to read it; and then, calmly, deliberately, and of set purpose burnt it. It appeared to her unutterably vile: no doubt it was so, though it can hardly have been worse than the 'Nights;' but the objectionable matter may have been in a more concentrated form. There can, however, be no doubt that she acted conscientiously: the MS. was absolutely at her disposal, and she sacrificed 6,300*l*. She complains that she has since received many insulting letters on the subject. She needs no higher approval than that of her own conscience: but she may find some comfort in the assurance that her action in this matter is approved by every man of honour in the civilised world. The publication of such a book, bad enough in a man, would have been infamous in a woman; but the knowledge of what her husband was capable of ought to teach her caution in too freely commending his edition of the 'Nights.'

Burton died at Trieste on October 20, 1890. His body, embalmed and brought to England, now rests in the cemetery at Mortlake, in a mausoleum daintily fashioned in the semblance of an Arab tent. He was a man with many faults, faults of education, faults of temper, faults of character; he had many and bitter enemies, and much evil was spoken of him, often undeservedly; but he had many and rare talents; and the man to whom children ran, the man who won the devoted love of a good woman, cannot have been altogether bad. *Requiescat in pace!*

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung. Poems by the Way. The Defence of Guinevere, and other Poems.* By WILLIAM MORRIS. London: 1877-1892.
2. *The Works of Lewis Morris.* London: 1890.
3. *The Tower of Babel. Saronarola: a Tragedy. The Human Tragedy. Prince Lucifer. Lyrical Poems. Narrative Poems. Fortunatus the Pessimist.* By ALFRED AUSTIN. London: 1892.
4. *The Light of Asia. Poems National and Non-Oriental. Poliphus's Wife, and other Poems. Adzuma, or the Japanese Wife.* By Sir E. ARNOLD. London: 1885-1893.
5. *Poetical Works of Aubrey de Vere.* New Edition. London: 1884.
6. *The Angel in the House. The Unknown Eros; Third Edition.* By COVENTRY PATMORE. London: 1890.
7. *Poems. The Floping Angels. The Prince's Quest; New Edition.* By WILLIAM WATSON. London: 1892-93.
8. *A Country Muse.* New Series. By NORMAN GALE. London: 1893.
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10. *Death's Disguises, and other Sonnets.* By F. MARZIALS. London: 1889.
11. *English Poems.* By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. London and New York: 1892.
12. *The Feast of Bacchus. The Growth of Love. Achilles in Scyros.* By R. BRIDGES. Oxford and London: 1889-92.
13. *At the Sign of the Lyre. Old World Idylls.* By AUSTIN DOBSON. 1893.
14. *Thirty-two Ballades in Blue China.* By ANDREW LANG. London: 1881.
15. *New Poems. Firdausi in Exile.* By EDMUND W. GOSSE. London: 1879-85.
16. *The Renewal of Youth, and other Poems.* By F. W. H. MYERS. London: 1882.
17. *Poems.* By JEAN INGELow. Three vols. London: 1880-85.
18. *Poems.* By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. London: 1891.

19. *Portraits.* By AUGUSTA WEBSTER : New Edition. *Selections from the Verse of Augusta Webster.* London : 1893.
20. *Love-Lyrics and Songs of Proteus.* By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. London : 1892.
21. *Verses written in India.* By Sir ALFRED LYALL. London : 1889.
22. *Underwoods.* By R. LOUIS STEVENSON. Second Edition. London : 1887.
23. *Barrack-room Ballads, and other Poems.* By RUDYARD KIPLING. Second Edition. London : 1892.

WRITING to his friend and correspondent, the Rev. William Mason, under date December 19, 1757, the author of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' thus delivers himself, in regard to the offer of the appointment of Poet Laureate which had been made to him by Lord John Cavendish \* :—

'If any great man would say to me, "I make you Rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of 300*l.* a year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, Sir, we shall not stand upon these things," I cannot say I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me Sincere to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me, but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations; for my part I would rather be serjeant trumpeter or pin-maker to the palace. Nevertheless, I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. . . . The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet laureat.'

It is curious to contrast with these contemptuous expressions of Gray's the fact that the appointment to the office of Poet Laureate is at the present moment hanging fire, we may shrewdly suspect, in some measure from the difficulty of finding any adequate successor to the great poet who has ennobled the position of Laureate to the

\* The offer was made to Gray by Lord John Cavendish in pursuance of the express wish of his late brother, the Duke of Devonshire, who had held the office of Lord Chamberlain.

English Court\* as it never has been ennobled before.† Candidates, indeed, have not been wanting; they are officiously prominent, and the pertinacity with which various 'eminent poets' have vied with each other recently in thrusting into print verses condolatory or congratulatory on events in connexion with the royal family has an obvious business element in it; but these demonstrations, to adopt a famous judicial phrase, 'have not assisted us much.' If, however, the delay in selecting a Laureate arises in any degree from a doubt as to the advisability of keeping up the office, we are scarcely in sympathy with such doubt. Without ignoring the objections of a sentimental nature which may reasonably be urged against the appointment of a Court poet, we think it is worth while to retain what is, in fact, the only official recognition of literary genius in this country, though there may be good reasons for an interregnum at present. Meanwhile, the attention which has been recently directed to the subject affords an occasion for looking round among our contemporary poets, and estimating the poetic resources of the country, not solely in reference to the Laureateship, but in a more general and comprehensive sense.

In making such a survey, even in a necessarily brief and concise manner, one cannot but be struck with the large amount and variety of verse produced of late years, which, if not all deserving of the title of poetry, is at all events up to a very respectable standard of literary execution. Mr. H. D. Traill, indeed, in a magazine article published in the early part of last year, half humorously offered to the public a list of no less than sixty-five English poets now living, of whom some fifteen (whom he prudently declined to name) would in any age of English literature have been accepted

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\* There seems to be an impression, judging from the numerous questions on the subject which were addressed to Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, that the office is a ministerial appointment. The Poet Laureate is a court official, and the appointment rests formally with the Lord Chamberlain, though it is perhaps fitting that the opinion of the Prime Minister for the time being should have some influence on the selection.

† We are not forgetting Wordsworth, but he wrote nothing officially, while Tennyson's official position is commemorated by one poem of considerable importance, the 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,' besides some smaller *pièces d'occasion* which are at least superior to any previous examples of Poet Laureate's poetry, both in moral tone and literary style.



as poets of some degree of eminence, leaving a round fifty of 'minor poets.' Mr. Traill, if we are to take him seriously—it is one of the charms of his critical writing that we never quite know when we are to take him seriously—is somewhat indulgent, and in his list of 'minor poets' we fear that we should find ourselves in many cases quarrelling rather with the noun than with the adjective in the definition. Nevertheless, the existence of a very considerable body of contemporaries who can produce good verse is indisputable. This unusually prevalent facility in verse-making has its deplorable aspect. It tends to reduce what is called 'poetry' to the condition of a mechanical craft exercised by rote, rather than the artistic expression of thought—

'And little masters make a toy of song  
Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.

'And some go pranked in faded antique dress,  
Abhorring to be hale and glad and free;  
And some parade a conscious naturalness,  
The scholar's not the child's simplicity.

So notes a true poet, Mr. Watson (to whom we shall have to refer again), with characteristic insight into some of the weaknesses of contemporary poetry. Others there are who labour to become eminent poets by the lengthy treatment of lofty subjects, as if largeness of scale and grandeur of subject could in themselves lift the writer to the heights of Olympus; while others who have produced a few pieces of genuine poetry, in moments of apparently exceptional inspiration, have been unadvisedly led to continue the process of versifying when the inspiration has fled, and to produce volumes in which one-tenth of poetry is embedded in nine-tenths of versification, to the great detriment of the chance of survival for the poetry.

It would be pedantic to assert that the boundary line which separates poetry from mere versification can be always strictly defined; it is sometimes rather to be felt than defined. Let us, however, venture to suggest briefly that the qualities we should look for in poetry which is to have the best chance of permanent recognition as such are, in the first place, a distinctly conceived idea or motive, the expression or illustration of which is the *raison d'être* of the poem; the choice not merely of words which adequately express the thought to be conveyed—that is not sufficient—but of the very best words in which it can be expressed; the

most conscientious finish bestowed on both literary and metrical construction; the avoidance, as if it were the plague, of all affectation of diction, particularly that affectation of archaism which is so prevalent a vice at present;\* the elimination of all that does not directly assist or adorn the expression of the central idea of the poem—in other words, concentration both of thought and language; and, finally, the obvious moulding of the language in accordance with the conditions of verse, as a form of artistic expression perfectly distinct from prose. Only in the fulfilment of all these requirements can the poet hope to impart to his work that indispensable but indefinable element which we recognise as 'style.'

To revert for a moment to the Laureateship, we may put on record our conviction that, as far as pure poetic power is concerned, there can be no question that Mr. Swinburne had the legitimate claim, when the office became vacant, to the succession. It is unnecessary to go again into the consideration of his genius as a lyric poet, to which we devoted an article not long since; but, taking him at his best, we cannot see that anyone else had a claim to be in the running with him. Unfortunately, he is rather too much in the position of the candidate for a chair in the French Academy in Daudet's '*L'Immortel*,' who in his earlier and more light-hearted days had been guilty of a poem under the title '*Toute Nue : à Éropolis*,' and had thereby disqualified himself for membership of an institution which was nothing if not respectable.

The poet whose name has been most prominently mentioned, next to that of Mr. Swinburne, in connexion with the subject, is Mr. William Morris, but it may be presumed that his well-known Republican or Socialistic convictions preclude any idea of a Court appointment being either offered to or accepted by him, and any remarks we have to offer in regard to his poetical works are therefore entirely apart from the Laureate problem. Mr. Morris has long and of

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\* The comparison of the works of Chaucer and Spenser affords a very significant object lesson in this respect. Chaucer wrote frankly and freely in the best language of his own day; Spenser, as Pope remarked, 'affects the obsolete.' The result is that Chaucer's poetry, though further removed from us by time and by differences of orthography, has still an air of freshness and modernity about it in comparison with Spenser, with whom we never lose the feeling that he is writing in an artificial and antiquated style.

right held a prominent position among contemporary poets ; the question is whether he is likely to retain the same position in the future. He possesses a rich imagination, a marked individuality and a certain elevation of style, a mastery in the use of language, and conscientious finish in form and versification. But these great gifts are perilously weighted by the same defects which have acted as a drag upon Spenser—an artificial archaism of style and language, even of thought, and a tendency to inordinate lengthiness, which is rendered the more palpable by the equable and rounded finish of a style which, in his longer poems, never sinks below a certain level, but also never rises above it. ‘The Earthly Paradise,’ the poem to which he first owed his position, is like a series of pictures in stained glass, rich in colour, conventionalised in style, finished everywhere to an equable balance of tone, but destitute of the breadth and freshness of open-air life. The subjects vary, but the treatment seems always the same ; the names of different mythological characters are introduced, but the characters have no distinct or individual life : they remind us too much of Lowell’s remark on Gower’s poetry, ‘You may have left off with Clytemnestra, and you may begin again with Samson ; it makes no odds, for you cannot tell one from t’other.’ The same criticism applies to ‘Jason,’ which is cast in the same mould. Wherever you open either poem it is always pleasant to read—for a time ; but it is impossible to read either for long without a sensation of tediousness. ‘Sigurd the Volsung’ stands in some respects on a higher level. It is the only modern epic in the language that is worth speaking of (for we cannot apply the title of ‘epic’ to the ‘Idylls of the King’), and the manner in which the spirit of the narrative and the freedom and roll of the verse are kept up with unflagging energy throughout so long a poem is truly remarkable. Yet here again we find the same defects of conscious archaism and inordinate length ; and however the reader may be carried away at first, by the time he has got halfway through he begins to wonder when he will get to the end. The visionary nature of the personages and events dealt with has something to do with this. In spite of the modern revived interest in the Nibelungen legend, the personages and their motives of action are too remote for the most part from ordinary humanity : there is not the clearly defined human personality and character which we find in the personages of the *Iliad*. The unaffected and broad simplicity and redundancy

of the ancient Homeric epic is one thing; the acted simplicity and redundancy of a modern Homeric epic (as 'Sigurd' is obviously intended to be) is another thing. The poem will keep a niche in English literature as a remarkable effort of its kind; but we doubt if it will be much read in the future. With more concentration, more restraint on the author's rather perilous facility in versification, it might have been a truly great poem; and he might still make it so, if he could face the task (always a trying one) of recasting it.

Mr. Morris's most recent volume, 'Poems by the Way,' contains some of the best things he has written. 'The Folk-mote by the River' and 'The Burgher's Battle,' with its pathetic burden, 'And we return no more,' give us vivid glimpses into the reality of the turbulent early English life, when the struggle for life was an actual physical fight for existence. It is true that the sentiment of 'The Burgher's Battle' must be regarded as projected backward on the subject from the standpoint of the present day, rather than as representing any feeling which could have existed then; but it is none the less impressive on that account. 'Thunder in the Garden' is an exquisite and very original love idyll. One cannot quit Mr. Morris's poems, either, without a word of recognition of the delightful pictorial suggestions of incident and colour which are so frequently flashed upon us.

' But when the waves had touched the marble base,  
And steps the fish swim over twice a day,'

from 'Atalanta's Race:' the picture of Gudrun standing by the stream in the early morning, as

' Bare for the sunny river and the water undefiled—

Round she turned with her face yet dreamy with the love of /  
yesternight;'

or this Burne-Jones picture, as we may call it, with its delicate colour and sweet music (the Sirens speak)—

' So to the pillared house being brought,  
Poor souls, ye shall not be alone,  
For o'er the floors of pale blue stone  
All day such feet as ours shall pass,  
And 'twixt the glimmering walls of glass,  
Such bodies garlanded with gold, •  
So faint, so fair, shall ye behold,  
And clean forget the treachery  
Of changing earth and tumbling sea;'

or this weird incident in 'The Watching of the Falcon,' perhaps the most striking and picturesque of the 'Earthly Paradise' Poems, when the fateful seventh night's watch was nearly past—

'Upon his perch the falcon sat,  
Unfold, unhooded, his bright eyes  
Beholders of the hard-earned prize,  
Glancing around him restlessly,  
As though he knew the time drew nigh  
When this long watching should be done.'

This first indication, in the restless glance of the hitherto motionless bird, that the end was coming, is one of the most 'eerie' things we remember in any fairy tale. Among the author's smaller poems we may call special attention to the splendid little ballad 'The Gilliflower of Gold,' among the poems first published in 1858, but recently reissued in a beautifully decorative volume. The heroic passion of this seems to us worth a good many pages of 'Earthly Paradise.'

'I suppose Morris will have it,' was the remark made during a smoking-room discussion of the Laureateship question. To a suggestion that William Morris was too thorough-going a Republican for that, came the reply—'Oh, I didn't mean Morris the poet, I meant the other Morris.' 'The other Morris,' however, evidently takes himself as a poet very seriously. 'The Works of Lewis Morris' are now accessible to the public in a one-volume edition of nearly five hundred double-column pages of small type, uniform (portrait and all) with the one-volume edition of 'The Works of Alfred Tennyson.' The make-up of the volume is not the only thing about it that is uniform with Tennyson. The poem in six Acts, entitled 'Gwen,' is such a barefaced attempt to imitate the form, the style, and the very turns of expression of 'Maud,' that it is astonishing that even a writer labouring under such evident self-appreciation as Mr. Lewis Morris should have had the assurance to challenge comparison in so crude a manner.

'But however it was, I know  
When we came to the gate, and her little hand  
Slid shyly out, as she wished me goodbye,  
That as I turned to go  
My feet seemed winged on the slope of the hills,' &c.

Like the young man in 'Maud,' the young man in 'Gwen'

thinks it time, now that he is beloved, to have a reverent care of his health :

‘ What is it the village leech  
Tells me of fever and chill,  
And bids me keep warm ? well, perhaps it were wise,  
For I fail to sleep, and my limbs are as lead,  
And a throb of painfulness splits my head,  
And they warned me of this, I remember, again and again.’

We like that ‘ painfulness ; ’ there is an attempt at nicety of definition about it which is scientifically praiseworthy. The speculating father of the young man in ‘ Maud ’ reappears in ‘ Gwen,’ and his schemes give occasion again to the moral indignation of the son, who finds he is likely to be less rich than he expected, and that only a prudent marriage will keep the family house out of the brokers’ hands :—

‘ Ay, and I have learnt besides,  
What I half suspected before,  
By what poor expedients my father has striven  
To keep the wolf from his door,  
Bubble schemes, mine-ventures which came to nought,  
And some senseless bet on some swindling race,  
And I know not what gambling follies beside.’

We remember something like that, too, in ‘ Maud ; ’ but the whole sin cannot be brought out in isolated passages. Let any one who thinks our remarks are unkind try the experiment of reading ‘ Maud ’ in the morning and ‘ Gwen ’ in the afternoon of the same day, and he will probably arrive at a pretty decisive opinion as to what ‘ the other Morris ’ is capable of in the way of annexation.

Mr. Lewis Morris would have done more wisely for himself if he had rested his reputation on ‘ The Epic of Hades.’ To be sure, the style of the versification is all borrowed from Tennyson’s blank verse, but blank verse is a form which in itself is common property ; the sense of imitation, of doing a thing at second hand, is not here so prominently forced upon us ; and there are some original ideas in the ‘ Epic of ‘ Hades.’ There is a new sense of horror imparted to the task of ‘ Sisyphus,’ both from the large scale, so to speak, on which it is portrayed, and the moral agony which is mingled with, and seems to become part of, the physical stress ; while the thought which is the keynote of ‘ Marjyas,’ that it was worth while to have endured the death of torture for the sake of having heard Apollo sing, is really a fine one. Throughout the poem the view taken of the moral aspect of

the different legends has what we may call a respectable substratum of thought, expressed in verse which is up to a respectable literary standard, but no more than that, and with terrible lapses occasionally—c.g. :

‘ Our tale  
Of mutual love was bruited far and wide  
Through Argos. *All the gossips bruited it,*’ &c.

In short, ‘we did think him, for two ordinaries, to ‘be a ‘pretty wise fellow,’ but it will not pass. It is the case of a man trying to become an eminent poet by writing on eminent subjects. Something he has to say on his subjects, but we look in vain for any example of that interpenetration of thought and expression which is the characteristic of true poetry, and which seems to carry the conviction to the mind that this was not only the best but the one way in which the poetic thought could be expressed, that it is not the figment of choice but of inspiration. And this is characteristic of all this author’s large collection of poems. There are many smaller poems more or less suggestive of thought, and some that are sufficiently melodious in versification; but there is hardly a poem, in the true sense of the word, in the whole collection. More than this, ‘the other ‘Morris’ has not properly learned even the mechanism and logic of language. He has not even discovered, for instance, that ‘like’ and ‘as’ cannot be used interchangeably—

‘ Or, like of old, the little coat.  
The white clothes heaped upon the shore.’

He drops into such vulgarity as—

‘ ‘Tis the god of the savage, *is this* ;’

or—

‘ Till I hear their insolent chariot wheels roll  
The millionaires along.’

We presume Mr. Morris says ‘charrot.’ He gives us such mellifluous verse as this (from a poem in obvious imitation of ‘The Two Voices’) :—

‘ Would not the martyr spurn  
The truth you teach, to learn,  
Rot, rather,—burn ?’

or he drops into sheer prose—

‘ You see that tall house opposite ?  
Three times within the fleeting year,  
Since the last summer-time was here,  
*Great changes have gone over it.*’

At other times he seems to have been at a feast of poetry and stolen the scraps:—‘Paten and chalice range in order ‘serviceable’ (Milton); ‘the long day wanes’ (Tennyson), &c. From his manner of sentimentalising over ‘The Organ Boy,’ that pest of London life, Mr. Morris seems as ignorant of the quality of music as of poetry, or he would have known that music is a matter of expression; that nothing worth the name, in however simple a form, can be produced by mechanical means; and that the true kindness to the poor in this matter would be to make bonfires of the street organs and to raise a fund to provide them with some real music. But it is exactly from poet posers that one expects this kind of twaddling philanthropy; it is part of their stock in trade.

Mr. Alfred Austin is another poet who takes himself very seriously, in six or seven volumes of verse (it does not matter counting precisely, for they are all very much alike), admirably printed, with Pegasus on the cover, and everything proper. Mr. Austin writes for the most part in smooth and polished metre, and he does not make any ostentatious attempt to mimic the style of greater poets, except in the portentous array of eight hundred and eighty-six stanzas, under the title ‘The Human Tragedy’ (why this particular story should be *the* human tragedy *par excellence*, Heaven only knows!), which was probably what provoked Browning’s reference to the author as

‘Banjo-Byron, that twangs the strum-strum there.’ \*

On the other hand, Mr. Austin is absolutely without ‘style’ of his own. He has never achieved style, never risen to it; and his volumes, considering that they are mostly fairly written verse and not without pleasing ideas of a simple and obvious kind, are the most absolutely colourless poetry, to have any pretence to be called poetry at all, that we have ever turned over. The matter is made worse by the author’s utter deficiency in the sense of humour—a deficiency which he shares with some great poets (Wordsworth, for example), but which is a peculiarly dangerous defect for a ‘minor poet.’ A sense of humour would have saved him at all events from such extraordinary bathos, for instance, as when

\* The ‘Human Tragedy’ was provocation enough for this, but not for the coarse personality of the preceding line, which Browning should have been ashamed of. There are some things a gentleman should not say—even in rhyme.



the hero of 'the human tragedy' encounters his faithless fiancée:—

'The shop whence they that moment had emerged  
Plainly bespoke their errand up to town' (!!)—

and would have saved him from making himself a laughing-stock in the conclusion of his poem 'At Delphi,' where he professes to have hesitated about crowning his head with the indigenous laurel, lest he should court the fate of Marsyas, but is emboldened by the voice of the god assuring him that there is no ill feeling—

'Take it! wear it! 'tis for thee,  
Singer from the Northern Sea.'

After such absurdities as these it might be thought that it was hardly worth while to bestow another word on the bard in question. But in the class of poem of which 'Fortunatus' 'the Pessimist' is the latest example, and by far the best, he may be said to have evolved a poetic form peculiar to himself, and not without merit; a kind of semi-dramatic, semi-didactic poem, in which moral lessons are illustrated by the action and conversations of personages who for some reason bear mythological names—Lucifer, Urania, Abdiel, &c.—but mostly speak and act like ordinary mortals, and whose moralisings are diversified by lyrics printed in very choice italics. The moral thoughts are tolerably obvious and trite, but are prettily and sometimes effectively put; 'Urania' is a sweet idyllic figure; and, despite some very prosaic pages, we have read 'Fortunatus the Pessimist' with some pleasure. Of the 'lyrical poems' little more can be said than that they sometimes rise to the level of what may be called 'magazine poetry,' and as often sink below it.

'The spring time, O the spring time!  
Who does not know it well?  
When the little birds begin to build,  
And the buds begin to swell.'

It is difficult to go lower in the scale of namby-pamby than this; yet this is the opening of a lyrical poem by a gentleman who appears to seriously expect to be ranked as a poet. But what we like even less than such simple-minded platitudes is the shallow affectation of deeply stirred feeling with which Mr. Austin will commence a poem in memory of some eminent person deceased; on George Eliot—

'Dead! Is she dead,  
And all that light extinguished?'

On a new account of the death of Shelley—

‘What! and it *was* so! Thou wert then  
Deathstricken from behind,  
O heart of hearts! and they were men  
That rent thee from mankind!’

This kind of affected stage start at the opening of a poem is a form of vulgarity that stamps a writer beyond hope of redemption, or at least cannot be atoned for even by far better work than the few readable things to be found among the ‘lyrical poems.’ Among these are some tame but nicely expressed sonnets; a short poem called ‘The Snow-white Lily,’ which is a pretty fancy; and a ‘Te Deum,’ which has a certain force of paradox almost amusing in comparison with the author’s usual parlour morality, as if he would show us for once that he too could say naughty things if he chose, even to the length of thanking God

‘For the bliss of a dewy dell  
Where lover and maiden meet,  
And the venal kisses they sell  
In the shade of the lamp-lit street.’

Truly, ‘we did not think Master Silence had been a man of ‘this mettle;’ it must have cost him a desperate resolution to commit himself to that. Had it not been for this momentary escapade, we could have recommended him as a poet who was at least perfectly harmless, and always ‘sound’ in his views. However, we take leave of Mr. Austin with a kindly feeling; he has made creditable efforts to be a poet; he has produced one pretty poem; his egotism is rather amusing than offensive; and his wish, in his ‘Hymn to Death’—

‘That under trees which have no rootlets now  
But will then be trunk and bough.  
And dome of sheltering leaves, sometimes  
A tender tear shall fall upon my rhymes’—

becomes almost pathetic, if genuine (for poets sham so desperately nowadays), from its very impossibility of realisation.

The elevation of Sir Edwin Arnold to the position of an eminent poet is a more serious joke. The ‘Light of Asia,’ we observe, has gone through twenty-five editions, so that we presume it represents the ideal of poetry entertained by a large section of the English public, unless we attribute its popularity in part to the wave of *dilettante* Buddhism which has recently passed over English society. However that may be, the ‘Light of Asia’ has little more claim to be called poetry

than a versified chronology book. It is simply the legendary history of Buddha done into tolerable blank verse. Sir E. Arnold seems to think that local colour can be given to English poetry on a foreign subject by the introduction of foreign words, which, from a literary point of view, are of course mere jargon when regarded as portions of an English poem. The result of this process in some parts of the 'Light of Asia' is too absurd to be credited without a specimen. The youthful Buddha thus evinces his early acquired learning as to arithmetic:—

'Then comes the kôti, nahut, ninnahut,  
Khamba, vishkumba, abub, attata,  
To kumuda, gundhikas, and utpalas,  
By pundarikas unto padumâs,  
Which last is how you count the utmost grains  
Of Hastagiri ground to finest dust.'

Buddha is equally great on terms of measurement:—

'Be pleased to hear me. Paramânus ten  
A parashukshma make; ten of those build  
The trasarene, and seven trasarenes  
One mote's-length floating in the beam; seven motes  
The whisker point of mouse, and ten of these  
One likhya; likhyas ten a yuka, ten  
Yukas a heart of barley, which is held  
Seven times a wasp-waist,' &c.

We do not say that all the 'Light of Asia' is like this (though there is a good deal more of the same kind), but we do say that no one who had the slightest sense of what poetry means would have defaced anything which he wished cultivated readers to regard as a poem by the insertion of such pedantic jargon. The author in his peroration tries hard to be sublime, and to be the more sublime he prints the lines all in capitals; a species of claptrap which in itself is enough to stamp any one who descends to it as a literary charlatan. When the author leaves India for Japan, he is at the same tricks, writing poems interlarded with Japanese words and sentences, to give local colour. Sir Edwin Arnold might have done better for his own reputation as an Englishman of some mark by eschewing these literary efforts altogether:

'Why did he write? What sin to us unknown  
Dippelt him in ink, his parents', or his own?'

'Poems National and non-Oriental,' published to assure the world that their author does not confine himself to

Oriental subjects for poetry, contains patriotic verses which are just good enough to send to a newspaper, and a longer poem on 'Hero and Leander,' which commences 'Sing, Muse!' introduces those old offenders 'nathless' and 'in sooth,' and treats us to such iambic lines as

'Leander, breathless, came safe to the strand.'

The one poetic thought we have come across in the volume is in the poem called 'The Three Roses,' where the harlot's rose recounts its experiences, and how its poor owner said—

"If we could be

Clean, like spring roses, white again,

Forgetting last year's rain and stain."

Therent our lips and leaves did kiss—

I was as sweet and soft in this

To her as any rose could be—

"God's flowers forgive," she sighed; "doth He?"

We will thank the author for that bit of real feeling—a rare oasis in his voluminous writing. 'Potiphar's Wife,' the poem which gives its name to a recent volume, is a mere piece of stage scenery, and the rest of the volume consists mostly of verses with tag ends of Japanese interspersed, as we also find in 'Adzuma,' where we are not quite sure whether we are reading an English or a Japanese play.

'I now will love you, yes, for life and death,

*Chigo mo kawaranu jujo zo.*

I could not talk so bold only in dreams.'

We can only hope that the grammar of the Japanese line is better than that of the English one which follows it. The final situation of the play is tragic enough, but for that we gather that the author is indebted to Japanese legend; and the last soliloquy of the wife, who exposes herself to death because she believes that only thus can she ensure her husband's absolute belief in her fidelity, under a complication of slanders, is treated with suitable simplicity and absence of rant. What the author can do, however, in the way of scene shaking, we have a taste of in the soliloquy of the seducer—

'I have been plundered of a precious thing;

Illately scorned; set by; shorn of a wife;

I tell thee Death, Hell, Danger, shall yield now

To the awakened fury of my love,

As the thin airs part, and the filmy clouds,

Before the swooping eagle's stiffened wings.

They shall bewail who flouted Morito,

And I will lie with loveliest Adzuma!'

[Exit.]'

This is Ercles' vein indeed. But here we will escape from the polyglot versiculations of Sir Edwin Arnold, hoping that we shall not hear much more about him as an eminent poet.

Two others among the contemporary poets who have published works of some length claim a word of more respectful notice. All Mr. Aubrey de Vere's productions are marked by refined feeling and cultivated literary sense; and we shall find in them none of the vulgarities of thought and blunders of diction which characterise some of the prouder and more pretentious bards of the day; but unfortunately it is literary cultivation without the bright fire of genius, and without that faculty of knowing where to stop which is indispensable to any one who would survive as a poet. His dramatic poems, such as 'Alexander,' appear to have been cast in the mould of the similar poems of his gifted friend, Sir Henry Taylor; but we fear they represent Taylor's length without his breadth. The 'Legends of St. Patrick' are even more formidably voluminous, and hopeless for the reader. Had Mr. de Vere been more fortunate in his choice of subjects, he might have done better, for the pretty poem of more reasonable dimensions, 'The Infant Bridal,' by which the author is most generally known, is well done, and the special interest and character of the subject, combined with its excellent literary execution, may avail to keep the poem alive, if it is not swamped by the weight of its companions. Mr. de Vere would have taken a safer position as a poet if he had confined himself to 'The Infant Bridal' and a selection of his smaller lyrical poems and sonnets, some of which are sufficiently beautiful both in thought and literary expression.

Mr. Coventry Patmore is a poet who merits more than the passing gibe with which the contemporary critic usually dismisses him. We cannot, indeed, read his poetry without thinking of 'A. K. H. B.'s' prose; they seem the natural correlatives of each other; but to say that is not to deny him literary merit within his own lines, and he has the very important collateral merit of entire sincerity and freedom from affectation. Mr. Patmore's latest volume is unsatisfactory and destitute of point; at all events 'The Unknown Eros,' after perusal of the volume, is still 'unknown' to us, though the book is redeemed by two small poems embodying very beautiful thoughts in fit and expressive language—those entitled 'Toys' (which has been much quoted) and 'Departure;' two reflections arising out of what may be called the little tragedies of domestic life. But 'The Angel in the

'House' was an attempt to do what has not before been done in English poetry—viz., to put into poetical form the story of the progress of a happy courtship to a happy marriage, among average English people of the best social type; people among whom affection and passion are chastened, not quenched, by social restraints; and if the style is somewhat naïve, it must in fairness be recognised that this kind of subject could not be treated in heroics; that would be to destroy its reality at once. On the other hand, with all its *naïveté* of expression, the poem is carefully finished, both in general form and in detail; many of the subsidiary reflections on love and life, which are interspersed as interludes to the narrative, contain much suggestion for thought, expressed in very concentrated language; the reticence and chastity of feeling with which the subjects of love and marriage are treated is a quality which has its point at a time when poets are so much disposed to regale us with naked passion; \* and if it be said that some of the best-written passages are morality rather than poetry, it is morality so charmingly expressed as to acquire something of the quality of poetry. To follow up the poem with 'The Victories of Love' was a mistake; it was too much like the same thing over again. But 'The Angel in 'the House,' though, no doubt, it was made far too much of on its first appearance—has a claim to recognition as a poem distinctly original in style and design.

We fear that Mr. F. Tennyson's poems must rank with those which may be defined as scholarly verse rather than poetry; the author is at a disadvantage, no doubt, from the associations connected with his family name, but in any case the five hundred pages of equally spaced and polished verse, of which his last volume consists, can have little chance even of a present, let alone a future. Mr. Tennyson seems to have written verse because his brother wrote poetry. Passing now to those poets who have (perhaps wisely) shunned the temptation to attempt long poems, and whose productions rest their claims on quality rather than quantity, it is a real

\* From a contemptuous observation in an article by Mr. Le Gallienne in the 'New Review' for August, we gather that one of the sins of Mr. Patmore, in the eyes of the new school of poets and critics, is that he regards women as ladies, while they (apparently) regard women as females. A little more knowledge of the world would have taught them that Mr. Patmore is neither so isolated nor so antiquated in his prejudices as they seem to suppose.

pleasure to find in the small volume of 'Poems,' by Mr. W. Watson, some touching a higher range, in which there is a really elevated style, and that fusion between the thought and the language which is the most marked characteristic of genuine poetry. Mr. Watson seems aware that his strength lies in short concentrated poems:

'Not mine the rich and showering hand, that strews  
The facile largess of a stintless Muse.  
A fitful presence, seldom tarrying long,  
Capriciously she touches me to song.'

he says in the Prelude to the volume. His early poem, 'The Prince's Quest,' has been reissued with a preface by his publishers, in which, with characteristic stolidity, they suggest that it may be interesting to those who like to trace the development of a poet's style. Now there is no question of development, as, although these are very notable poems for a youth in his teens, Mr. Watson had not found his style at all then, but was merely imitating Keats, with an occasional dash of William Morris. In the volume we are now speaking of, there is no reflection of the manner of any previous poet, and in the best poems in the book the style is quite perfect in dignity and literary finish, and concentrated pathos. Take this for instance, from the little poem called 'Lux Perdita':—

'Thine were the weak slight hands  
That might have taken this strong soul, and bent  
Its stubborn purpose to thy soft intent.  
And bound it unexisting, with such bands  
As not the arm of envious heaven had rent.

'But thou—thou passed'st on  
With whiteness clothed of dedicated days,  
Cold, like a star; and me in alien ways  
Thou leftest following life's chance lure, where shone  
The wandering gleam that beckons and betrays.'

Here, at least, we find that dignity and pathos are consistent with entire simplicity of language. If Mr. Watson has any literary and poetic affinities, they are with Matthew Arnold, but not in a sense which implies anything like imitation. In the poem, 'In Laleham Churchyard,' there is a suggestion of the sober restrained style of Arnold which is not out of keeping with the subject:—

'There, 'mid the August glow, still came  
Hly of the twice illustrious name,  
The loud impertinence of fame  
Not loth to flee—  
Not loth with brooks and fells to claim  
Fraternity.'

Mr. Watson goes on to suggest that Arnold's love of the lake country, or at least his tune in singing of it, was somewhat artificial—

‘The deep, authentic mountain-thrill  
Ne’er shook his page!’—

which is perhaps true; but if he means to imply in the succeeding stanzas that Arnold was not capable of passion, we would ask him to show us any more passionate poem in the language than ‘A Modern Sappho’ (rather exceptional, we admit, among Arnold's poems). The weakness and the strength of Arnold are finely indicated, however, in these two stanzas:—

‘Rather, it may be, over much  
He slurred the common stain and smutch,  
From soilure of ignoble touch  
Too grandly free,  
Too loftily secure in such  
Cold purity.

‘But he preserved from chance control  
The fortress of his ‘stablished soul;  
In all things sought to see the whole;  
Brooked no disguise;  
And set his heart upon the goal,  
Not on the prize.’

It is thus that Matthew Arnold would have wished to be praised. Among the poems in Mr. Watson's collection, which, small as it is, is of very varied interest, we may draw attention to ‘The Raven's Shadow,’ ‘The Keyboard,’ a charming half-playful poem on the pianoforte; the powerful and gloomy little poem, ‘Life without Health;’ ‘Felicity;’ the short set of poems on Wordsworth's grave; the admirably pointed ‘Sketch of a Political Character’ (easily identified). It is not surprising that a poet who shows such unfeigned yet discriminating appreciation of Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold should be so entirely free from the tinsel of verbiage in his own verse; and we are tempted to quote entire one little poem, ‘World-strangeness,’ as an example of the manner in which Mr. Watson can express a deep and weighty thought in the most simple and restrained language:—

‘Strange the world about me lies,  
Never yet familiar grown—  
Still disturbs me with surprise,  
Haunts me like a face half known.

‘In this house with starry dome,  
Floored with gem-like plains and  
Shall I never feel at home, [scans,  
Never wholly be at ease?



' On from room to room I stray,  
Yet my host can ne'er espy,  
And I know not to this day,  
Whether guest or captive I.

' So between the starry dome  
And the floor of plains and seas,  
I have never felt at home,  
Never wholly been at ease.'

Mr. Watson has not improved his position by the publication of 'The Eloping Angels,' his last work. The idea is pretty, and the poem is apologetically defined as 'a caprice,' but that kind of poetic caprice emphatically demands the highest finish to justify it as literature. 'The Eloping Angels' is written somewhat loosely and carelessly, and contains many defective lines. Mr. Watson has shown that he can produce short poems, at least, which are weighty in thought and perfect in expression. He should be jealous of their reputation, and be satisfied with nothing below their standard.

Mr. Norman Gale is a poet who, in a much slighter manner, has struck a chord of his own,

' And tells us there is Acready  
In leafy Warwickshire,'

as we in no wise question. There is a true country freshness in his lyrics, the birds sing and the breeze blows in them; his Clarindas and other country maidens have the rosy bloom of health and outdoor life, and his verse is musical and finished and free from rustic affectations, unless some may think that his rural goddesses are in themselves a mere poetic fiction. We are not of these, however. One of the most beautiful young women we ever remember to have seen, both in face and figure, was the inmate of a Thames-side cottage in which there was only just room to stand upright; and if any artist had painted her faithfully as a type of an English cottage girl, nineteen out of twenty Londoners would have said he was romancing; so perhaps the poet is not claiming too much at the conclusion of his pretty idyll of 'The Shaded Pool':—

' Did ever Love, on hunting bent,  
Come idly humming through the hay,  
And to his sudden joyfulness,  
Find fairer game at close of day?'

'In the Glade' is a charming little love-idyll, the close of which is particularly graceful and tender; the dream of the lovers' meeting in 'To Sleep' is enough to make lovers of those who are none; so is the 'Pastoral,' in which

' Love played at catch-me-if-you-can  
In Mary's eyes.'

There are touches now and then in a more serious vein, some of them very good; but in general the moral which runs through the little poems is that the country life is sweeter and healthier than any other, 'the country love and country blush' better than those of the *salon*—a healthy one-sided philosophy of life which has not often been more persuasively put. Occasionally the country love gets a little too countryfied, and the author had better have suppressed the suggestion in the second verse of 'Strophon to Chloris,' which is vulgar, not to say worse.

Lord de Tabley's collected poems, got up in a very artistic binding, and with some etched illustrations (by Mr. C. S. Ricketts) which are not quite as good as they pretend to be, are all the writing of a man of culture and poetic feeling, and all readable, though the majority of them do not rise above the level of that kind of poetry which one can read and forget. The soliloquy of 'Jacl,' disgusted and conscience-stricken at her own treachery and cruelty committed in the name of patriotism, gives a new view of the subject, and is the most striking of the longer poems; and 'The Churchyard 'on the Sands' is a pathetic lyric. The book contains, however, two or three of such poems as one may read and not forget: 'The Study of a Spider;' 'Love Grown Old;' 'Rural Evening,' a little sketch which shows a true eye and ear for the characteristic sounds and incidents of village life; and a 'Nuptial Song,' which is singularly tender and beautiful, and quite different from anything else with that kind of title that we remember to have seen: this little poem would in itself give value to the volume.

Both the sonnets of Mr. Marzials and the 'English Poems' of Mr. Le Gallienne have the savour of *fin de siècle* about them—the former more especially, shown in a redundancy and richness of epithet, a certain indefinable pervading melancholy, and a finish of versification sometimes quite out of proportion to the significance of the thought. The sonnets on 'Death's Disguises' deal with different forms and instances of death. The idea is a good one, but the whole are remarkable rather for musical versification than for strength or variety of thought. In the volume are some sonnets on pictures, which, both in conception and style, are evidently an imitation of Rossetti, and others on miscellaneous subjects, of which the most original and

striking is that on the 'Last Metamorphosis of Mephistopheles':—

'Candid he is and courteous therewithal,

He glories in the growth of good, his glance  
Beaming benignant as he bids us trace  
Good everywhere—till, as mere notes that dance  
Athwart the sunbeams, all things evil and base  
Glint golden in his genial tolerance.'

The poet has hit a truth there. Mr. Le Gallienne is a poet of considerably wider range; on what ground he should specially claim the title of 'English' for his poems we fail to see, but from the admonitory verses 'to the reader,' who is told that art 'is now a lazaret-house of leprous men,' and incited to 'hear an English song again,' we presume that Mr. Le Gallienne poses as protesting against the affectations of the *fin-de-siècle* school—we say 'poses' advisedly, for his own wings are limed, and his attitude in rebuke of affectation and artificiality is itself affected and artificial, as is his very self-conscious and mock-simplicity dedication. The first three sections of the book, 'Paolo and Francesca,' 'Platonic Love,' and 'Cor Cordium,' are apparently intended to contrast three phases of sexual affection: passion overleaping social law, passion restrained by social law, and passion sanctioned by social law. The trilogy is a good one, and gives a point to the several sections which they could not have if considered separately. The third section, treating of wedded love, is much the weakest, and does not always escape puerility; that on 'Platonic Love,' touching on the case of two whose love is barred from its natural consummation by the prior and unsatisfying marriage of one of them, is by far the best, and contains some passages of great beauty and pathos.\* 'The Day of the Two Daf-fodils,' 'Love's Poor,' 'A Lost Hour,' 'Regret,' 'Love Afar,' are poignant expressions of different phases of an anguish which is perhaps the keenest of which the human soul is capable; and to say this is to say much. In venturing to treat over again the story of Paolo and Francesca, in a poem somewhat in the manner of Byron, the poet has been fairly successful, and his versification is irreproachable. Of the remaining miscellaneous poems

\* The title, by the way, is a misnomer. 'Platonic love' means passionate attachment apart from desire; not desire thwarted by circumstance.

there are not any which impress us very much, except 'The Decadent to his Soul,' which is a remarkable poem in regard to the idea expressed in it—the deliberate cultivation of the perception of holiness only in order to give greater zest to sin. It is powerfully expressed, too, but the idea is almost too horrible to gloat over in a poetic reverie, and the very choice of such a subject is in itself characteristic of that spirit of the decadence which the author professes to hold at arm's length.

Mr. Bridges might perhaps be classed, as far as his best work, 'The Growth of Love,' is concerned, with the *fin-de-siècle* poets, though this is the case more in appearance than in reality. His classic dramas are modern-antiques which do not interest us very much, though 'Achilles in Scyros' has a certain vivacity and picturesqueness; his translation or paraphrase of the 'Heautontimorumenos,' under the title of 'Feast of Bacchus,' is interesting as an experiment with a form of metre which he describes as 'a line of six stresses, 'written according to the rules of English rhythm . . . a 'natural emphasising of the sense gives the rhythm.' Ex. gr.:—

'At last, Chremes, it came to this: the poor young fellow  
Continually hearing the same thing put so strongly to him,  
Gave in; he thought my age and due regard for his welfare  
Were likely to show him a wiser and a more prudent course.'

Perhaps it may be (as the author's friends told him) that this seems 'like prose when written as verse, and like verse 'when written as prose;' but it is an experiment worth attention for comic drama. 'The Growth of Love' is the title of a collection of sonnets which appear to have no consecutive subject and to have little to do with love, and which are printed in black letter, each sonnet occupying the upper half of a page of which the lower half is left blank. Both this method of printing, and the adoption of a title which has little apparent reference to the contents of the book, are among the æsthetic tricks of the day; and in regard to decorative or archaic printing (of which we have come across several recent examples) we may say that we consider this an affectation entirely out of place for anything which aspires to be serious literature. Poetry is addressed to the mind, not to the eye; and the attempt to arrange it decoratively on the page only distracts the reader's attention, and excites a suspicion that richness of type is employed to screen poverty of thought. This, happily, is not the case with Mr. Bridges;

his sonnets are finely written, manly in tone, and very varied in their range of subject and sympathy; we find one, for instance, on Handel and Purcell, and one on modern steamships. Among the graver sonnets, a very fine one is that commencing—

‘The dark and serious angel who so long  
Vexed his immortal strength in charge of me.’

But there is one in particular that we wish to quote as being (in modern poetry) very unusual in subject and feeling:—

‘Say who be these light-hearted sunburnt faces,  
In negligent and travel-stained array,  
That in the city of Dante come to-day,  
Haughtily visiting her holy places?  
O these be noble men that hide their graces,  
True England’s blood, her ancient glories’ stay,  
By tales of fame diverted on their way  
Home from the rule of Oriental races.

‘Life-trifling lions these, of gentle eyes  
And motion delicate, but swift to fire  
For honour; passionate where duty lies,  
Most loved and loving: and they quickly tire  
Of Florence, that she one day more denies  
The embrace of wife and son, sister and sire.’

There is a defect, of course, in the first line, in which ‘faces’ are made to stand for personalities; but it is refreshing to find that an æsthetic poet, who prints sonnets in black letter on the corners of blank pages, has insight enough to recognise the worth and nobility of that very unaesthetic type of English gentleman to whom the greatness of this country is mainly due—if indeed we are to have any greatness left to us.

It is difficult to know how to classify Mr. Austin Dobson’s charming contributions to contemporary poetical literature. Many of them deal with feelings and imaginary persons belonging to the eighteenth century rather than the present, yet we cannot call them archaic or affected, for the humour and the point of them, though in the dress of another day, are modern enough, and appeal to men and women in all phases of civilised and cultured society. In such productions as ‘Proverbs in Porcelain,’ the author seems as if captivated by the polish and elegance of a certain very frivolous period of society, and making artistic use of its polish without committing himself to its frivolity and heartlessness. Nothing could be more delightfully finished, more delicately turned, than ‘The Cap that Fits;’ while in ‘Good-night, ‘Babette!’ we are surprised by something very like pathos

where we expected only prettiness. Mr. Dobson, indeed, is apt to turn round on us suddenly with a grave thought in the middle of what seems mere artistic trifling, as where, in the highly finished study of 'Une Marquise' in 'Old-World Idylls,' he suddenly rounds off—

' We shall counsel to our Chloe  
To be rather good than clever ;  
For we find it hard to smother  
Just one little thought, Marquise !  
Wittier perhaps than any other---  
You were neither Wife nor Mother,  
*Belle Marquise !*'

The 'Gentleman of the Old School' is a beautiful idyllic picture of the character and daily life of a middle-aged country gentleman, in a day when leisure and retirement were possible blessings. As with the old French society in 'Proverbs in Porcelain,' the best side of the picture is presented to us; we might find old 'Leisure's' life, and his company, if we could go back to it, had drawbacks which are kept out of sight in the poem; but on the whole we are inclined to think the picture a tolerably true one. Of Mr. Dobson's very highly finished little scenes and poems of modern life, if the question be hazarded, 'Are we to class 'this as poetry?' we should say, as the professional cricketer in 'Punch' said of the kind of ball called a 'yorker'—'We 'don't see what else you could call it.' The conception, the thought, in these is certainly of the slightest kind; but there always is a distinct point and meaning, and it is expressed in the most finished and artistic verse, far superior in literary value to Praed's work, which used to be thought so much of. Whether Mr. Dobson's work will pass away from popular recognition in another generation as Praed's has done, we can hardly venture to predict; but he has, at all events, added a pleasure to life in his own generation.

Mr. Lang's 'Ballades in Blue China' are an obvious though very pleasant echo of Mr. Dobson, but to these he adds some good sonnets, notably a very fine one on 'The Odyssey,' containing an image which dwells in the memory like Keats's comparison of the Iliad to the Pacific:—

' From the songs of modern speech  
Men turn, and see the stars and feel the free  
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,  
And through the music of the languid hours  
They hear, like Ocean on a western beach,  
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.'

Another poet who is also a critic, but who has given more serious attention to poetry than Mr. Lang, is Mr. Gosse, whose literary workmanship (as befits a critic-poet) is unimpeachable; we do not think a careless or ill-turned line is to be found in his pages. We ought to be grateful to every writer of poetry who helps to keep up this high standard of workmanship; and if Mr. Gosse's poetry is not strikingly original, it does not appear that he takes himself too seriously; but some of his poems are more than pleasing: 'The Maenad's Grave;' 'Radleigh Coppice,' a sad reflection on the rapine and slaughter among animals and insects in the grove whither we have gone for refuge from the strife of life; 'Euthanasia;' 'Palingenesis,' a fine little poem dwelling on the dissatisfying belief in an ethereal existence after having tasted the passions and sorrows of earthly life; 'The Church by the Sea;' 'Obermann yet Again,' a protest against Arnold's view of Senancour, as too indulgent to his rather unhealthy melancholy.

The spiritual character of the subjects of some of these reminds us to give a word to Mr. Myers, whose 'Renewal of Youth' is perhaps rather philosophy than poetry, but philosophy expressed in fine and fluent verse, lit up by a radiant and soul-felt enthusiasm. In his poems generally Mr. Myers is unequal, from a literary point of view, because he is a thinker first and a poet only in a secondary sense; but some of his shorter poems, 'High Tide at Midnight,' 'Love and Faith,' and 'The Passing of Youth,' are fine both in thought and language, and have the true ring of absolute sincerity of feeling.

Among our poetesses we hold that Miss Ingelow is the best and most true, though she has written a good deal too much, and such poems as 'The Star's Monument' and 'The Four Bridges,' though unfailing in sweetness of verse and sentiment, leave little impression on the mind. 'Afternoon at a Parsonage,' 'Supper at the Mill,' and 'Songs of Seven,' would make bright places indeed on the pages of some prouder bards; but Miss Ingelow's three real poems, her inspirations, are 'Divided,' 'High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,' and 'Brothers, and a Sermon.' The last-named is less concentrated and perhaps a little less spontaneous than the others, though full of genuine pathos; but the other two are perfect and flawless poems, which the world will not let die; indeed, we could fancy 'High Tide' becoming incorporated in the traditional poetry of the country, handed on from generation to generation, even after the name of its author was forgotten. Miss Rossetti, like

Miss Ingelow, has always written well in a literary sense, and like her will be remembered mainly for one or two striking poems amid a good deal that is of only secondary interest; but we cannot place 'The Goblin Market' on a level with Miss Ingelow's three poems; there is an element of the grotesque and the disproportionate in it, and the two girls, like the figures in Dante Rossetti's pictures, are unhuman and unreal. Mrs. Augusta Webster's poems, which have just been partially reissued, are the productions of a more masculine order of mind, and the studies of types of human character in 'Portraits' show an observation of life and a power of dramatic characterisation very unusual in the writing of a woman; yet they impress us as the products of a thinking-out process rather than of poetic inspiration; and this feeling is confirmed on turning to her lyrical poems. These contain some fine thoughts and occasionally fine verses—'Not Love' is perhaps the best—but the fine verses are few and far between; there is none of the magic of spontaneous lyric song in them, and there is evidence that the author's metrical ear is very easily satisfied, e.g. :—

'Sitting as she sat that day,  
Tying to feel that sweet same,' &c.  
'Bent to be it knew not where.  
It had no rest in delay,' &c.

The second line in each of these quotations is intended to be in the same metre as the first. 'Yu-pe-ya's Lute,' as a whole, is Mrs. Webster's best work, and contains passages of real beauty and pathos; but her writing is that of a powerful intellect expressing itself in metrical form rather than that of an inborn poet. The distinction is strikingly illustrated if we compare her 'Castaway' with Rossetti's treatment of the same subject in 'Jenny;' the former is a painfully realistic presentation of fact, the latter raises the subject above mere realism into the region of poetic thought and illustration.

We may close with a few remarks on some interesting poems by writers whose reputation does not rest mainly on poetry. Among these Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, whose 'Love Lyrics' and 'Songs of Proteus,' recently published, includes a reprint of those 'Love-sonnets of Proteus' with which he startled proper people several years ago, professes in so many words that he 'would not, if he could, be called a poet:'—

'I have no natural love of the chaste muse;  
If ought be worth the doing I would do it,  
And others if they will may tell the news.'



Considering this, he has written a good deal of verse, but he seems only to rise into poetry when dealing with the subject of apparently illicit amours; and if it would be 'impertinent,' in the English sense of the word, to ask whether the 'Love-sonnets of Proteus' are autobiographical, it would hardly be so in the Latin sense, for they are the only things he has written which are really poetry; his 'New Pilgrimage' is merely verse-making, good enough as such. The 'Proteus' sonnets may be said to be the only things of the kind since Shakespeare's sonnets which rather remind us of those extraordinary productions, in their largeness of metaphor and in the passionate expression both of love and of moral revulsion. We know not where else to find in modern poetry anything that goes to such a tune as this:—

'What have I done? what gross impiety  
Prompted my heart thus against God and good?  
Was there not joy enough on earth for me,  
That I must scale the Heaven where you stood  
And with my sinful blood pollute your blood?'

Or this plea from the other side, that it were better to say farewell

'Than risk dishonour on a once-loved head,  
Than link all loved ones with my own sole woe.  
I have no claim to bring life's shade on these,  
To mix their pure life's waters with my wine,  
To vex the dead, dear dead, in their new peace,  
With knowledge of my sin and great decline.'

This is Elizabethan passion and Elizabethan metaphor alive again. We do not say that it is very healthful reading, and perhaps there is more satisfaction to be obtained from the less impassioned but more manly writing of another man of action, Sir Alfred Lyall, whose small volume of what he unassumingly calls 'Verses written in India' is, as far as its scope goes, in every way admirable; thoroughly sincere and unaffected, well written throughout in a literary sense, and in some of the poems rising to real power and pathos. Among the class of poems which deal with problems of life we have read nothing for a long time so striking as that entitled 'Theology in Extremis,' the soliloquy of the man who had often read tales of violence and massacre, 'reading it all in 'my easy-chair,' and now found himself face to face (in the Indian Mutiny) with the option of being put to death or denying his country's religion, with no fixed religious belief of his own, no hope either of reward in heaven or posthumous credit on earth, and nothing but the sense of honour

to support him. It is a poem we should like every Englishman to read.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson is to the popular mind a very brilliant romance-writer, but his thin volume of poems (the English ones: for the Scotch ones we care little) proves that it is only through his own reticence that he has not been prominently enrolled among our contemporary poets. Some of these short poems are only addresses in verse to friends, and their interest is too personal for the general reader, but there are a few which are so remarkable for concentrated thought, pure style, and faultless versification, that we cannot help wishing for more. We may mention especially 'The House Beautiful,' an exquisite little poem, full of passion for the beauty of nature; 'The Celestial Surgeon;' 'Our Lady of the Snows,' a nobly drawn contrast between the religion of asceticism and that of cheerful work; 'It is not yours, O Mother, to complain;' and a little 'Requiem,' ending with three lines of 'epitaph' which are almost Shakespearian in their breadth of meaning and musical repose of sound. Small as these things are, poets who can do anything like them are few; take as an example the opening and closing lines of 'The House Beautiful:'—

*'A naked house, a naked moor,  
A shivering pool before the door,  
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,  
And poplars at the garden foot:  
Such is the place that I live in,  
Bleak without and bare within.*

Yet shall your ragged moor receive  
The incomparable pomp of eve,  
And the cold glories of the dawn  
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;  
And when the wind from place to place  
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,  
Your garden gloom and gleam again  
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.

. . . . .

To make this earth our hermitage,  
A cheerful and a changeful page,  
God's bright and intricate device  
Of days and seasons doth suffice.'

Surely from one who can write like this we might ask for another and more serious effort in poetry, as a break in the succession of brilliantly told stories in which the actors are mostly blackguards.

We do not propose to class Mr. Kipling's 'Barrack-room Ballads' as poetry; we cannot allow the name of literature to poems written in what may be called 'cadger's English,' though the spirit and vivacity of some of them are remarkable, and there are touches of real poetry here and there, too, as in 'Mandalay' and 'Kabul River,' the former of which is so vivid in its portrayal of the fascination of the East as remembered by a returned soldier, that one almost catches the infection in reading it. But the 'other poems' in the volume are truly remarkable for the variety and force of thought and language displayed in so small a space; 'East and West,' with its chivalrous picture of the brave hereditary foes who honoured and respected each other; the seaman's description of 'How we threshed the Bolivar out 'across the bay' in the teeth of a gale, with the rivets racketing loose and 'smoke-stark white as snow;' the political satire, 'Cleared: in Memory of a Commission,' with the scathing sarcasm of its final line—

'We are not ruled by murderers, but only—by their friends;'

the analysis of the spiritual status of 'Tomlinson,' who could claim neither heaven nor hell, having done neither good nor evil, but only read about them: these represent a penetration of thought and an incisiveness of speech not to be lightly passed over. If we raise the question, Is all this poetry? we shall, perhaps, be met by the refrain of 'The Conundrum of the Workshops,' which has already become almost proverbial—

'The devil whispered behind the leaves, "It's pretty, but is it art?"'

and while we should be the last among Mr. Kipling's critics to quarrel with him for a retort at once so good-humoured and so witty, we may think that in time he will admit that there is more in the devil's criticism than appears at first sight. But the poem which concludes the volume is of a different stamp, and is a really splendid lyrical expression of that passion for the sea which is one of the national characteristics of England:—

'There's a whisper down the field, when the year has shot her yield,  
     And the ricks stand grey in the sun,  
 Singing "Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the clover,  
     And your English summer's done;  
 You have heard the beat of the offshore wind,  
     And the thrush of the deep-sea rain,  
 You have heard the song—how long? how long?  
     Pull off on the trail again.

. . . . .

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,  
And the shouting seas drive by;  
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and swing,  
And the Southern Cross rides high !  
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,  
That blaze in the velvet blue;  
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
They're God's own guides on the long trail,  
The trail that is always new.'

There is enough in that to show that if Mr. Kipling chose to devote his powers to a volume of sea-lyrics, he might distance anything of the kind that has ever been done before in the language.

The conclusion of the whole matter for the present seems to be that, while there is a good deal of genuine poetry produced by our contemporary poets, the best of this is to be found in the shape of short and concentrated lyrical or reflective poems; that some of the best of these are by the poets who are least talked of and run after by the popular voice; and that most of the fabricators of long poems on high-sounding subjects are either dupes or pretenders—either deceiving themselves or attempting to deceive the public into an exaggerated idea of their own literary importance. Perhaps some of the foregoing remarks may assist them to find their level.

- ART. IX.—1. *Opere Volgari di Giovanni Boccaccio.* Sixteen volumes. Firenze: 1827–1834.
2. *I primi due Secoli della Letteratura Italiana.* Per ADOLFO BARTOLI. Milano: 1880.
3. *I Precursori del Boccaccio e alcune delle sue Fonti.* Di ADOLFO BARTOLI. Firenze: 1876.
4. *Giovanni Boccaccio, sein Leben und seine Werke.* Von Dr. MARCUS LANDAU. Stuttgart: 1877.
5. *Boccaccio's Leben und Werke.* Von Dr. GUSTAV KOERTING. Leipzig: 1880.
6. *Lezioni di Letteratura Italiana.* Da LUIGI SETTEMBRINI. Napoli: 1875.

THE golden age of any given literature may be described as a period illuminated by some conspicuous literary product, both as regards its quickening effect at the time and its illustrative use for ever after. Such an epoch—dominated and chronicled by a single book—can occur only in the earlier developement of a literature, and, so far as our chief European literatures are concerned, its occurrence in the present day would be an anachronism. No single book can now both make and record an epoch. Literary pursuits and interests are too subdivided, and literary men are too completely specialists, to allow of even the possibility of such an event. The sovereignty of letters seems to follow a kind of evolution: starting from a constitutional monarchy, it passes through oligarchy to a republic; or, like living organisms, literature is for ever tending to further complexity and differentiation. It follows that, as ‘one-book epochs’ are rare, the books honoured with such an immortal connexion can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. The earliest example of such a book in European literature is the collection of poems attributed to Homer, the stimulating effect of which on early Greek history is only paralleled by its lasting worth for all after time as a chronicle of the age which it influenced. Another book of the same kind is the ‘Decameron’ of Boccaccio, which first helped to stimulate and popularise the Italian Renaissance. Other books bearing a more or less similar relation to the times which gave them birth are the ‘Heptameron,’ as characterising the French Renaissance; the ‘*Literæ Obscurorum Virorum*,’ as marking and promoting the German religious Reformation; the ‘Apology for Herodotus’ of Henry Stephen, and the

'Colloquies' of Erasmus, as denoting the conflicting relations of culture and ecclesiasticism, the former in France, the latter in Germany; and 'Don Quixote,' assignalling and also contributing to the fall of knight-errantry both in Spain and in the rest of Europe. All these books have common characteristics. Distinguished by literary merits of a high order, flavoured by wit, humour, or satire as the case may be, they all partake of the quickening energies, the creative excitation which in the mental as in the physical world attend upon fermentation. Most of them have a further bond of union in that they are the offspring of periods of transition. The fermentation they denote is induced by the incompatibility of new wine with old bottles. Janus-like, they stand between a dead and a living epoch, between a past grown aged and decrepit and a present just come to the birth, and manifesting the turbulent energies of robust juvenility.

We purpose calling our readers' attention to this—the most permanently interesting—aspect of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' not that its special significance as an epoch-making book is a recently discovered truth, but that the critical labour lately expended on it in Germany and France, as well as in Italy, has given to this significance a force which it never had before.

Comparing the 'Decameron' with Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' Settembrini remarks that the former represents the *real*, the latter the *ideal* world. This is true in respect not only of its contents but of its history. For the 'Decameron' is Boccaccio's ripest exposition of Neapolitan life, whereof his novels are less developed firstfruits. Real in the sense of actuality and devotion to mundane interests, the life of Naples then was such as the life of no mediæval State had ever been, and correspondingly realistic is Boccaccio's representation of it. Both Deotors Koerting and Landau have depicted, with a sufficing wealth of contemporary erudition and illustration, the state of Naples at that time. The former speaks of its exceedingly varied culture—'Mosaikbau der neapolitanischen Cultur'—and probably this is of all others the feature most apt to astound the modern student. The mosaic formation was not only varied, it was heterogeneous and incongruous. The contrasts of form and hue were too abrupt and striking to awaken any other feeling than amazement. In closest contact with classical refinement—a cordial appreciation of the grace and simplicity of Greek art—stood a coarse and debasing

luxury; with the external observances of religion was allied an unscrupulous and unbounded profligacy; chivalric culture and sentiment were elbowed by sensuousness and violence. To the scholarly instincts and æsthetic sentiments which gloated over an ancient manuscript or statue, was joined a hideous savagery of vice and voluptuousness. Proficiency in the poetry and music of Provence was coupled with a ferocity of act and demeanour hard to reconcile with the traditionary influences of those gentle arts. A debased Christianity found a fitting ally in a still more debased superstition. Christ was preached in the churches, but the deities that governed home life were Fate, Fortune, and the rulers of Olympus.

In the Fifth Novel of Day ii. Boccaccio gives us a picture, evidently drawn from the life, of the persons that infested and the scenes not infrequently enacted in the streets of Naples. Probably he also drew largely on his Naples experience for similar descriptions of licentiousness, violence, and rapine in other parts of his work. Courtesans and panders plied their nefarious occupations in the streets and squares in broad daylight. Armed bravos and bullies filled the wineshops, always ready for any deed of violence. Hardly a night passed but a naked and mutilated corpse might not be found in some bye street or in the gardens attached to rich men's houses. Nor were such deeds only the work of hired bravos and assassins: the young nobles formed themselves into associations for the perpetration of deeds of the most shameless lust and violence. Some similar association of young nobles and courtiers it was which, on the night of September 18, 1345, enticed Andrew, the husband of Queen Joanna, from her own bedroom, and, within hearing of his screams for help, if not with her more active connivance, murdered him in an adjoining apartment. Such was Naples as it existed in the fourteenth century, and impressed itself on the reflection and fancy of Boccaccio.

No objection to this theory can be drawn from the admitted fact that in his introduction Boccaccio lays more stress on the romantic and Provençal elements of the Neapolitan Court than on other characteristics which united to form its incongruous whole. The stories which he planned were largely inspired by the literature and music of Provence, and he was far too great an artist not to adapt his stage to the drama he purposed to place upon it. Hence in his introduction he describes the Court of King Robert of Naples,

whence he drew the characters who narrate his stories, in terms which would have well befitted the Court of René of Provence. Probably, indeed, we must ascribe to this prince and to the dynastic ties which coupled Naples with Provence a considerable share of the Troubadour romance with which the former State was so largely leavened. There is no mistaking the Troubadour colouring of Boccaccio's introduction, as well as of the rearrangement and general manipulation of most of his stories. He gives us, for instance, a picture, all the constituents and accessories of which pertain to the highest ideal of troubadour and romantic existence. With the exception of the rivalry, such a reunion of young nobles and well-born ladies for the purposes of recitations, songs, music, and dancing reads almost like a description of one of the fabled *cours d'amour*.

If further proof were needed that the fictitious environment of the 'Decameron' is largely derived from the troubadours of Provence, it is furnished by Boccaccio's novel 'Filocopo.' Written in his youth, many years before the 'Decameron,' this story is remarkable as containing the original germ and plan of the latter work, placed moreover in a similar setting of Provençal life and associations. Here, too, we have noble youths and ladies assembling in a fair garden enjoying 'its pleasant shades and manifold 'delights,' ruled by a beautiful queen distinguished from the rest by her crown of flowers, and employing their time by discussing *questioni d'amore*; while a further and particular feature of interest is afforded by the fact that Florio, the hero of 'Filocopo,' is alleged to have found and partaken of these entertainments during a few months' stay at Naples. That the novel of 'Filocopo' is an old story ('Florio and 'Bianciore') whose events are supposed to have taken place in the sixth century is a wholly indifferent matter, as Boccaccio was as sublimely contemptuous of the exigencies of time as he was of those of space and locality.

In the face, then, of this powerful, albeit indirect, argument, it seems impossible to deny what Dr. Landau—in common with all 'Decameron' critics of modern times—maintains. In his own words, 'Neapel ist also der wahre 'Schauplatz und Erstlungsort des Decameron.' We need hardly remark how important this substitution of Naples for Florence becomes, considered as a clue to the actual surroundings of the 'Decameron,' and the persons ostensibly engaged in its production. It would be an interesting task, and one which we commend to some future critic of the



'Decameron,' to mark out and segregate, as far as possible, the Neapolitan elements from the ideal and sometimes heterogeneous blend of indiscriminated place, time, and tradition with which Boccaccio's plastic genius has surrounded most of his stories. We are persuaded that such purely local elements, all pointing to Naples as their home, and capable of being illustrated by the history of that State in the fourteenth century, would astonish uncritical readers of the 'Decameron' accustomed to accept without question its self-suggested *locale* of Florence.

Naples being then the birthplace of the 'Decameron,' and Naples as Boccaccio knew it during his residence there, we have at once a clue to some at least of Boccaccio's novelists. It were indeed only reasonable to expect that the mask which veiled its real birthplace should be attended by a snitable masquerade of its supposed inhabitants. The confabulators of the 'Decameron' are in point of fact Neapolitans, most of them probably acquaintances of Boccaccio during his residence at the Court of King Robert. Fiammetta, e.g., is transparently the Fiammetta of the novel of the same name—the Fiammetta whose beauty and accomplishments ravish the heart of Florio in his visit to Naples, and who, besides finding enamoured mention in the rest of his novels, is particularly celebrated in the introduction to the Fifth Day of the 'Decameron'—she is, in other words, none else than Boccaccio's mistress Maria, the natural daughter of King Robert. Dr. Landau thinks that Dioneo is meant for Boccaccio himself. He is the recognised leader of the gentlemen whom the ladies choose for their 'Decameron' companions, and most of the laxer stories are placed in his mouth. The chief objection to this identification, though we admit it is not wholly conclusive, seems to us to arise from the laudatory terms in which Boccaccio speaks of him, which it hardly seems likely he would have applied even to a fictitious presentment of himself. The remaining characters are not accurately discriminated either by description of their persons or by such indication of their characters as their stories might presumably furnish. In this particular, the art of Boccaccio seems to us inferior to that of his great disciple and imitator Marguerite of Navarre, whose confabulators in the 'Heptameron' are so keenly indicated both by direct and indirect means as to leave hardly a doubt of their historical identity. This, however, does not render improbable the hypothesis, sustainable by other and equally valid arguments, that Boccaccio intended to describe actual

persons, as well as the social assemblies of which he had himself, during his Naples life, formed a part.

The locality of the original 'Decameron' being fixed, we must offer a few remarks on its time, or the special occasion supposed to have given it birth. At first sight nothing can well seem more forced or inartistic than Boccaccio's expedient for assembling three men and seven women in the same spot and detaining them there ten days. Though more simple and direct, his scheme is just as improbable as the elaborate Quixotic escapades by which the authoress of the 'Heptameron' assembles her fellow-novelists at Our Lady of Serrance. So far as the plague was concerned, there was little to discriminate Naples from Florence. All the Italian towns and States, except Milan and the countries bordering the Alps, suffered to a greater or less extent. From all the stricken cities the nobles hastened to escape to their country-houses, to lose amid lovely scenery, rural pursuits, and recreations not always as innocent as those of the 'Decameron,' the consciousness of the horrible scourge that was raging around them. So far as the main facts were concerned, Boccaccio might have placed the scene of his stories at Naples as well as at Florence. A little consideration will, however, throw some further light on his preference of the latter city. In addition to his determination to disguise the real birthplace as well as the actual narrators of his stories, there were other causes which, in our judgement, may have prompted the selection of Florence as a suitable stage for his ten days' drama.

Like the famous historians of great cities ravaged by great plagues, Thucydides and De Foe, Boccaccio evidently wished to put on record, with all the literary ability he could command, the results of his own personal experience and observation of that dire event. Whether that experience was gained at the real Florence or the fictitious Florence Naples,\* seems open to question, his own profession (in the Introduction to the 'Decameron') of having been an actual eye-witness of the plague ravages in the former city being flatly contradicted by a passage of his Dante Commentary, stating that he remained in Naples while the plague at Florence was at its height. In itself this is a confirmation of the theory that Naples, and not Florence, was the true birthplace of the 'Decameron.' At the same time, it can be shown that Boccaccio was at Florence (recalled thither by his

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\* Dr. Kocrtng's discussion of the point is worth reading; cf. p. 179.

father's death) in 1349 or 1350, when the frightful havoc caused by the plague, as well as its moral and social results, must have been even more painfully visible than during its baleful energy in 1348. Thus we probably have in the Introduction to the 'Decameron' the artistically blended results of Boccaccio's personal observation of the plague actually raging at Naples, and his after contemplation of its stupendous effects in the wreck in which it involved Florence. In no other town of Italy could the physical and moral effects of the plague have been observed on such an enormous scale, in none was the contrast between its former splendour and prosperity and its present devastation and misery more marked. Before the incursion of the famine in 1316-7, followed by the still deadlier assault of the plague in 1348, Florence was the largest and fairest of all the Italian cities—'egregia città di Fiorenza, oltre ad ogni altra *'italica bellissima,'* says Boccaccio, whose testimony is amply confirmed by contemporary historians. Here, in addition to the victims of the famine, the stupendous number of 100,000 lives, or, on a moderate computation, about nine-tenths of the whole inhabitants, perished by the plague. Irrespective of other reasons, Boccaccio was too great a literary artist not to perceive the advantages, as the ostensible stage of his greatest work, of a place and events absolutely without parallel in the history of Italy or the world. It gave him an opportunity, of which he availed himself to the full, of sketching the progress and symptoms of the disease as well as of narrating what he had himself witnessed of its rapidly fatal progress. It ministered to his sense of artistic contrast—discernible also in most of his stories—by furnishing a peculiarly dark and lurid background for his, on the whole, pleasant and merry stories, thus enhancing the effect of his gaily coloured painting by its sombre frame and melancholy accessories. Boccaccio was especially struck by the consequences of the plague as he observed them in Florence, *i.e.* not so much the physical as the social and moral effects. Not the uninhabited houses, the deserted streets, the tokens of misery and mourning everywhere discernible struck Boccaccio's observation as much as the relaxation of all ordinary ties and restraints. For the time being, men felt and spoke as if the laws of decency, the natural reserves and restraints of civilisation, had been temporarily suspended. Now this demoralisation furnished Boccaccio with a fitting scene for his human drama. He desired at starting to find a locality and surroundings which would harmonise

with his intent to recast and record the broad and free stories, *fabliaux*, anecdotes, &c., with which the courtiers of King Robert had been wont to beguile their leisure. Probably he did not want a stage of which demoralisation was the normal and continuous product—that indeed he might have found to a great extent at Naples—he wanted one wherein the demoralisation, though great, was in theory exceptional, due to accidental causes, and likely to pass away when the agency of those causes should have expended itself. That this was Boccaccio's design seems proved by a little-observed passage at the end of Novel 10 (Day vi.), wherein Dioneo, after suggesting as the subject of the next day's stories a somewhat licentious theme, supports his suggestion by the following argument:—

‘Il tempo è tale che, guardandosi e gli uomini e le donne d'operar disonestamente, ogni ragionare è conceduto. Or non sapete voi che per la perversità di questa stagione gli giudici hanno lasciati i tribunali; le leggi, così le divine come le umane, tacciono; e ampia licenza per conservar la vita è conceduto a ciascuno? per che, se alquanto s'allarga la vostra onestà nel favellare, non per dovere nelle opere mai alcuna cosa sconsigliata seguire, ma per dare diletto a voi e ad altrui, non veggio con che argomento da concedere vi possa nello avvenire riprendere alcuno.’

Now whether Dioneo be, as Dr. Landau thinks he is, intended to represent Boccaccio or not, the importance of this passage as affording a clue both to the intent of the ‘Decameron’ and the selection of Florence during the plague as its befitting, though fictitious, *locale*, can hardly be questioned. Nor does the passage stand alone. In his Introduction Boccaccio lays especial stress on the demoralisation caused by the plague, regarding it, however, not as permanent, but as temporary. Writing some years after the event, when the moral laxity induced thereby had in his opinion passed away, he employs the increased stringency of manners as a reason for not mentioning the names of the ladies who, he says, were engaged in the ‘Decameron.’ His words are noteworthy: ‘Essendo oggi alquanto le leggi ristrette al piacere che allora, per le cagioni di sopra mostrate, erano, non che alla loro età, ma a troppo più matura, *larghissime*.’ ‡ We must also bear in mind, as having a direct bearing on the case, Boccaccio's compunction in after life for the license he had permitted himself in the ‘Decameron.’ It is true that these reflections may have been—nay, in all probability were—prompted by the morbid pictism of his latter days. However that may be, our reasoning remains unaffected by this

fact, and it is equally untouched by Dr. Landau's argument that the deterioration of morals in consequence of the plague must have been proportionately as great in Naples as in Florence. All we contend for is that such effects in the case of an enormous and splendid city such as Florence must have been of a more searching character, such as would inevitably have attracted Boccaccio's artistic instincts, and that he was induced by this fact, as well as by considerations of morality and decency, to adopt as the fictitious scene of his lax book a city wherein all moral laws were (*ex hypothesi* only) temporarily suspended, and thus to confine the laxity which he describes and expresses to certain defined limits both of space and of time.

Having so far discussed the real and ostensible birth-places of the 'Decameron' and the reasons which induced Boccaccio to connect his Neapolitan drama with the temporary demoralisation which attended the plague at Florence, we proceed to the next subject of interest suggested by the book—in other words, to the sources of the 'Decameron' stories. Of late years these sources have been investigated with a breadth of research, a keenness of insight, and an amplitude of erudition which may be said to have exhausted the subject. To the older labours of Mauni, Dunlop, Du-Meril have been added the still completer investigations of Landau, Liebrecht (in his notes on Dunlop), Bartoli, and D'Ancona. So completely garnered is now the harvest, that it may be doubted whether there is a single stray ear left worth gleaning. Indeed it has not only been gathered, but tied and stacked in the neatest and compactest manner possible, as the reader may find for himself in Signor Bartoli's 'I Precursori del Boccaccio,' wherein the origins of all the 'Decameron' novels, so far as they are clearly assignable to extrinsic sources, are set forth in a neatly tabulated form.

Of the authors named at the head of this article who have investigated the sources of the 'Decameron' novels, Signor Bartoli bears the palm for the combination of antiquarian research and philosophical caution needed for its successful prosecution. In the two works above mentioned he traces, whenever possible, the 'Decameron' stories to their fountain-head, with the result of showing that Boccaccio's indebtedness to prior sources has been exaggerated, more especially by Le Clerc and other French critics, who have set themselves to prove that not only Boccaccio, but Ariosto and other poets of the Italian Renaissance,

derived the bulk of their narratives from French fabliaux. Bartoli conclusively proves that as a statement of fact this is not true. The source from which Boccaccio seems to have drawn most largely was the common popular folklore of Southern Europe. Even when he borrowed from collections of legends—fabliaux already published—his obligations are shown to have been of a partial and diversified kind, oftentimes limited to a single, perhaps subordinate, incident or feature. In all cases he amplified or otherwise manipulated his materials with the utmost freedom and independence, as well as with the largest faith in his own constructive powers as a novelist. Like Shakespeare in his dramatic restorations of the stories which he found in ‘Holinshed’ and North’s ‘Plutarch,’ Boccaccio takes the crude, formless, coarse, and inartistic tales of legendists and fabliaists, reshapes them by his plastic genius and sense of beauty, and further investing them with fresh buoyant life and vigorous movement, he effects what is, from an artistic point of view, a new creation. Even in the extreme cases—comparatively few in number—where the complete skeleton of his novels can be shown to be derived from prior sources, Boccaccio fills out the framework so obtained with new flesh and shapely muscular tissue, remodelling the whole structure in harmony with the dictates of natural beauty and his own cultivated sense of symmetrical truth and proportion.

But while the sources of the ‘Decameron’ novel are so diversified as to be in truth cosmopolitan, the fact recalls, and is intimately blended with, the political and general condition of Italy in the fifteenth century. During this and the preceding centuries the most marked feature of that condition was the rise of the free communes and the enormous activity not only in commerce, but in fresh thought and speculation, to which the new institutions gave birth. Their growth in civic freedom and foreign intercourse was accompanied by an interchange of intellectual and literary products almost eclipsing their material traffic. We must go back to the early history of Greek colonisation and its effect in stimulating mental activity and speculation for an adequate parallel to this coequal advance of intellectual and political developement.

Now this stir of foreign intercourse and commercial activity is abundantly illustrated by the ‘Decameron,’ though mostly in an incidental manner. The geographical range of the one hundred stories is commensurate with every portion of the then known world, and the extent of Italy’s foreign

commerce is no less clearly signified as being varied and widespread. The pages of the book bristle with the names of foreign countries, and there is hardly a record which does not allude to trade and commerce. Indeed, as behoves the Italy of the period, most of the lay characters in the stories are merchants or persons connected with trade. There are comparatively few allusions to feudalism, chivalry, the usages of knights and nobles. The contrast in this respect between Boccaccio's work and the '*Heptameron*,' the outgrowth of feudal France in its decline, is sufficiently marked.

The objection may of course be raised that, inasmuch as Boccaccio selected his novels from all quarters, they would present for that reason a more or less cosmopolitan aspect, but the allusions to foreign countries are both more numerous and more pointed than could be thus fairly accounted for. Oftentimes the effects of this foreign intercourse are depicted in unfavourable colours. It was the alleged cause of the importation of the plague from the East. It increased the number of money-lending Jews and Lombards. It filled the streets of the free maritime towns with foreigners of all classes. It evinced a tendency to make merchants avaricious and dishonest. It helped to diffuse an enervating luxury among clerical orders, even among those vowed to asceticism. It induced among merchants a fashion of aping the pomp and style of the nobility. It spread a corrupting laxity of life and manners among the lower orders. But, besides these drawbacks, the '*Decameron*' alludes to what we know from other sources was a wide-spreading effect of foreign intercourse—namely, the creation of an absorbing geographical interest in foreign lands, such as overran Spain during the rule of Ferdinand and Isabella, and stirred so many English hearts in the reign of Elizabeth and James I. It was only reasonable that the young merchants of Pisa, who had been sent as agents to the numerous factories which that city possessed on the Black Sea, should come back to Italy with inflated reports of the countries wherein they had sojourned, the beauties of the Bosphorus or the marvels of Constantinople; or that the young traders of Amalfi should have carried home with their importations and curiosities strange reports from the Levant; or the Genoans from Palestine and Asia Minor; or the Venetians from the Crimea or Central Asia. One obvious effect of these tales of foreign enterprise, carefully prepared for home consumption, was to induce not merely a feeling

of geographical interest, but of unquestioning credulity, on the part of home-staying Italians—precisely the effect indeed which the discoveries of Columbus and his companions produced on the minds of untravelled Spaniards. Nor were these the only stimulating causes of foreign interest and excitation in Italy: the streets of the great commercial cities were thronged with foreigners, ‘marine monsters,’ as a version of the twelfth century terms those who thronged the streets of Pisa. Probably it is of a similar condition of Naples that Boccaccio speaks (viii. Nov. 3): ‘Nostra città la qual sempre di varie maniere e di nuove genti è stata abbondevole.’ There was in truth little need for Boccaccio when collecting the plots and outlines of his popular stories to have recourse to already existing collections of any kind; he probably found in the wine-sellers’ or barbers’ shops of Naples and Florence a superabundance of the raw material adapted to his purpose, freshly imported from every country in the then known world. Even his interest in the language and literary products of classical Greece is shown to have been dependent on local stimulant. Dr. Landau has pointed out that Naples and Calabria were closely connected with Greece by ties of commerce as well as by a reciprocal interchange of more intellectual commodities.

We are thus enabled to realise with greater vividness Boccaccio’s humorous illustrations of the undue advantage which travelled Italians were wont to take of their home-staying friends and the lavish embellishments with which they adorned their alleged adventures. There are two especial places in the ‘Decameron’ where Boccaccio satirises the geographical credulity of his countrymen, e.g. in the Tenth Novel of Day vi.: he makes ‘frate Cipolla’ (Father Onion) describe the marvellous adventures which resulted in his obtaining his two useful relics, a feather of the angel Gabriel, and some of the coals that roasted St. Lawrence (‘Op. Volg.’ iii. 164).

‘Di Vinegia partendomi e andandomene per lo borgo de’ Greci, e di quindi per lo reame del Garbo cavalcando e per Baldacca, pervenni in Parione, donde non senza sete dopo alquanto pervenni in Sardigna.\* . . . Io capitai, passato il braccio di san Giorgio, in Truffia e in Buffia, paesi molto abitati e con gran popoli; e di quindi pervenni in terra di Menzogna, dove molti de’ nostri frati e d’altre religioni trovai assai . . . e quindi passai in terra d’Abruzzi, dove gli uomini e le femmine

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\* These supposed foreign countries are only names of the streets in Florence, Op. Volg. iii. 165, note-1.



vanno in zoccoli su pe' monti, rivestendo i porci delle lor buscechie medesime; e poco più là trovai genti che portavano il pan nelle mazze e 'l vin nelle sacca. Da' quali alle montagne de' Bachi pervenni, dove tutte l' acque corrono alla 'ngiù,' &c.

Doubtless this grotesque journey contains many allusions and double meanings which are now lost, but enough remains both of its humour and satire to illustrate this characteristic vein of Decameron pleasantry. Whatever the simple inhabitants of Certaldo—which we must not forget was Boccaccio's home, though here as elsewhere he delights in passing his joke on the stupidity of his fellow-townsmen—may have thought of Father Onion's journey in distant lands, ordinary readers of the story are aware that their foreign-sounding names are in reality those of streets and places in Florence, which he traversed 'not without 'thirst.' This is probably the solitary fact in the whole geographical fiction, unless we award, from a similar standpoint of personal vraisemblance, some credibility to the 'mountains of Bacchus,' where water had acquired, in more than one sense, the property of running downhill.

The other passage in which there is a similar burlesque of the prevailing geographical excitement, is found in Day viii. Nov. 3, where Maso del Saggio beguiles the greedy and credulous Calandrino with the marvels of 'Berlinzone, a 'city of the Bacchi, in a country called Bengodi'—a land of such rare plenty that the inhabitants 'tie up their vines 'with sausages, and you may buy a goose for a penny and 'have a gosling thrown in into the bargain;' where there is 'a mountain of grated Parmesan cheese, on which live 'people who do nothing else but make macaroons and 'forced-meat balls boiled in capon broth, and a river of the 'best Malmsey wine, without one drop of water.' But though these are the chief passages in the 'Decameron' bearing on the national eagerness for foreign exploration and the credulity it engendered, there are many incidental touches and indirect allusions of a similar tendency. Thus we can hardly suppose that the description given of herself by a Venetian lady that she was the handsomest woman to be found 'in the whole world or within the lagoons' ('nel 'mondo o in maremma') was not intended as playful banter of the estimate which was inclined to regard the world as an appanage of Venice, in a sense somewhat similar to that in which the famous 'urbi et orbi' was employed by Rome.

Geographical interest, however, was for the most part allied with, even if it was not engendered by, another

interest of an absorbing kind. There was in those days no general desire in Italy, any more than in England or Spain, to penetrate into foreign countries from motives of enlightened curiosity or thirst for knowledge. The *primum mobile* in these enterprises was commerce—desire of gain by foreign traffic—though, no doubt, the stranger the gain, the more novel the merchandise, the better. There seems, indeed, to have been a rivalry among the maritime and commercial towns of Italy in respect of rare and curious commodities—imports like those of King Solomon's 'ivory and apes and 'peacocks.' In the novel already alluded to of Father Onion's adventures, Boccaccio speaks of parroquets ('pappa-galli') as having been comparatively unknown in Tuscany within living memory, and contrasts the subsequent period in which the Eastern or Egyptian luxury ('le morbidezze 'd' Egitto') 'flowed in upon Italy to the ruin of the whole 'country.' This spirit of eager competition and mercantile adventure permeated all classes alike, nobles and clergy no less than merchants. Even in his time Dante had satirised the nobles of Italy as descendants of barterers and pedlars; and Boccaccio, with one of the covert allusions of which he is such a master, makes Father Onion's motive for starting on his supposed journey the order of his superior to discover the secrets of a foreign manufacture 'e fummi commesso 'con espresso comandamento che io cercassi tanto, che io 'trovassi i privilegi del Porcellana,' for the thoroughly mercantile reason, 'li quali, ancora che a bollar niente costassero, 'molto più utili sono ad altrui che a noi.' The allusion is doubtless to the manufacture of majolica ware, which was then in great demand in most European countries, and the secrets of which were long preserved by the Arabs in Spain before they became known to the natives of Majorca, the centre of the manufacture in Boccaccio's day.

But this mercantile unrest finds further expression in the 'Decameron.' It is followed into its social and ethical results. For more than a century the rich merchants had been supplanting the nobles, and, with his keen insight into the causes of the social deterioration of his time, Dante bitterly resented the change. It tended, in his opinion, to substitute a sordid meanness, a keen eye to personal advantage, for more generous impulses and altruistic motives, and was destructive of the comprehensiveness and breadth of view upon which alone true patriotism could be based. Not unfrequently the daughter of a once wealthy and illustrious but now declining house was given in marriage to a rich mer-

chant, with the object of recovering in part the family's ancient splendour. The occasional consequences of such ill-assorted unions are vividly illustrated in the 'Decameron,' Novel 8. of Day vii., where a merchant who has made an ambitious match of that kind discovers his wife in an intrigue; but, being outwitted by her ingenuity, is reproached by herself and mother, in terms which throw considerable, though incidental, light on the social relations of the higher classes in Italy. On the wife's suggestion that her husband should be pardoned, her mother denounces, in violent and contemptuous language, the mercantile and plebeian character of her son-in-law, whom she designates as 'a little four-penny pedlar.' We have in this scene a vivid exposure of the ambition of the Italian merchant, together with its occasionally attendant results. But the ambition to ally with noble houses, so as to share the coats-of-arms and the famous deeds '*di casa mia*,' however ignoble, was not the worst feature of the trading interest which absorbed the Italy of Boccaccio's day. Avarice and fraud obtained, as we also learn from independent sources, such a preponderance as to be recognised a distinctive attribute of the merchant class, doubtless asserting all the more force inasmuch as religious restraints were almost wholly inoperative. The description by Father Onion of Maso del Saggio, 'a great merchant whom I found cracking nuts and selling the shells by retail,' is Boccaccio's sly allusion to the customary division of profits in the retail trade; while the friar who confesses Ser Ciappelletto demands of him, on hearing that he had been a merchant, '*Ingannasti tu mai persona così come fanno i mercatanti?*' That this deterioration of manners was a process traceable within living memory we have already noted. Boccaccio particularly mentions it in Day vi. Nov. 9: '*Dovete adunque sapere che ne' tempi passati furono nella nostra città assai belle e laudevole usanze delle quali oggi niuna ve n' è rimasa, mercè dell'avarizia che in quella con le ricchezze è cresciuta, la quale tutte l' ha discacciate.*' There was, however, another and compensatory side to this mercantile zeal and the social and moral deterioration which attended it. As already remarked, the traffic of the Italian maritime towns with all the countries on the Mediterranean seaboard gave an impulse to the interchange of new thought and thought products. Hence the cosmopolitanism of the 'Decameron' is not merely geographical and mercantile; it is humane and intellectual as well. The growing traffic in foreign curiosities found a literary

counterpart when foreign literature was imported from Constantinople and the Levant in the following century, as well as from Magna Græcia, in order to sate the recently created cravings of Italian scholars. Italy, and especially Naples, was at that time the centre towards which converged every stream of novel speculation. The ships of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice 'loaded out' with Italian wares—wine, oil, saffron, heavy timber, &c.—but their importations were not restricted to the physical and artificial products of the countries to which they traded. Not the least precious portion of their homeward cargoes, even from a mercantile point of view, consisted of the Greek manuscripts they procured in Constantinople, Arabic works from Egypt and the Levant, Hebrew manuscripts from Palestine and Syria. Such were the nobler *curios* which shared with strange animals and birds, Oriental carpets, silks, drugs, and perfumes, the holds and more secret repositories of the merchant vessels bound for Italy. Doubtless the traffic here mentioned, both material and intellectual, dates from a period posterior to the time of Boccaccio. It was vastly increased after the fall of Constantinople in 1453, and its culminating point may be set down as the middle of the fifteenth century. We have already noticed some of its many effects on Italy, and others will meet us further on—especially the enlarged toleration of foreign peoples and religions, among which the Arabs and Mohammedans occupy naturally the chief place.

The effect of the rise of the communes and the increased wealth and influence of the merchant classes on the power of the feudal princes and nobility has already been touched upon. It is clearly marked in Boccaccio's work. The terms and usages—the external forms and technicalities—of feudalism and chivalry still find a place in the 'Decameron.' Boccaccio, to take a single instance, describes (v. 9) a Florentine youth in language which pertained to chivalry when in its prime: '*in opera d' arma o in cortesia pregiato sopra ogni altro donzel\* di Toscana;*' and similar allusions abound elsewhere, but such language has hardly more vital meaning than the cast-off clothes of one who is dead and buried. For that matter, chivalry, as is well known, never took root in Italy as it did in the rest of Europe. The fact is easily explicable on racial and historical grounds. At the same time, Italy was not unmoved by feudalism if it escaped the profoundest of its social and other effects, and even in the storm and stress of its

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\* 'Donzel' was the technical term of chivalry for 'esquire.'

most exciting episode, the Crusades, it could not avoid a certain infection and sympathy with such a wide-spread institution. If it was not actually tossed by the waves of the moment, it could not escape the surf and spray which they occasioned. For dynastic and historical reasons Naples was the Italian State of all others in which the influences of feudalism enjoyed most scope. Up to the close of the fourteenth century the feudal government introduced by the Normans, and strengthened by the Angevin princes, still continued to exist. To this primary condition of the developement of chivalry must be added the secondary agencies of Provençal customs and Troubadour poetry which the connexion of Naples with Provence so readily furnished. Hence, at the time of Boccaccio's acquaintance with it, chivalry of a bastard kind was a largely influential factor in Neapolitan life. Jousts and tournaments still formed the recreation of young noblemen, in which, however, every element of courage, unselfishness, devotion, and martial ardour was conspicuously wanting. Boccaccio must have witnessed many of those burlesque imitations of knightly encounters which he describes in his 'Fiamretta.' He also, as we know, evinced much interest and borrowed very largely from the fabliaux, contes, and songs, which were almost as indigenous to Naples as to their native soil of Provence. An interesting illustration of this is afforded by Signor Bartoli, who shows that some eighteen or nineteen of the 'Decameron' stories are traceable to Provençal sources, a number which he rightly regards as 'molto ragguardevole.'

Before leaving this part of our subject, we must point out the most curious as well as the most significant survival of chivalry which meets us in the 'Decameron' as well as in the other works of Boccaccio. To a certain extent, indeed, it may be said to permeate the early literature of Italy. We mean the indiscriminate blending of the deities, institutions, and ideas of classical with those of Christian times. This was partly the result of the indiscriminating ignorance which received all alleged truths with the same passive acquiescence, and made no distinction between demonstrable knowledge and the grossest superstition; but it was chiefly the outcome of the policy of the Church to confine all human knowledge within her own ecclesiastical limits and sanctions. Once granted that there could be no other learning than what the Church authorised, it became inevitable that classical erudition would be at once incorporated into ecclesiastical knowledge,

and regarded as inseparable from it. However incongruous therefore it might seem to us to find Christ described as the Son of Jupiter and Pluto as the fallen archangel—to have the celestial council and scheme of redemption such as we find it in Milton's 'Paradise Lost' transmuted into an Olympian consultation such as we have in Homer—the contemporaries of Boccaccio found nothing strange or unseemly in such a juxtaposition. Nor was the grotesqueness more apparent when the Hellenic deities were regarded as the presiding powers of the ecclesiastical and political Italy of the fifteenth century, when the Pope himself figured as the Vicar of Rome, to whom his spiritual mistress was accustomed to send in due Homeric fashion the goddess Iris as the bearer of her mandate. The novels of Boccaccio are full of such grotesque anachronisms. In the 'Decameron' the same phenomenon assumes another and, if possible, a still stranger and wilder form, where biblical personages are represented as feudal princes and signori. Thus in ix. 9 we have King Solomon described as a feudal lord surrounded by his barons, and a similar conception was held of Christ and his Apostles, the latter being regarded as the knights of a feudal lord. The 'Heptameron' calls them, in almost the identical terms in which Boccaccio speaks of them, 'les glorieux chevaliers de Jésus-Christ.' The ascription of these feudal attributes to St. Antony, which is made by Father Onion (vi. 10), may be accounted for in another way. We are reminded by Settembrini that many of the Italian bishops, as indeed those of mediæval France and Germany, were, by hereditary descent, feudal princes exercising feudal jurisdiction over a part or the whole of the diocese of which they were spiritual rulers. Father Onion, therefore, did no more than transfer to the founder of his order the privileges which were claimed by many of its abbots and bishops—a very slight and pardonable anachronism compared with those we have just noticed.

Besides chivalry there was another and far more potent influence, which had once exercised overwhelming sway in Italy, but which is represented by the 'Decameron' as on the decline. We mean what may be best described under the general term Romanist Christianity, understanding by it not only the actual institution, ecclesiastical and political, of the Church of Rome, but the general body of belief and teaching which pertained to Christianity itself. Probably this is, next to its undeniable licentiousness, the most notorious of the 'Decameron' tendencies. From

the first publication of the book it was recognised and employed as an arsenal of anti-Romanist weapons, not so much of a ratiocinative as of an indirectly humorous and satirical character. This effect is the greater because it was wholly unintended. The 'Decameron' was never meant as an indictment of Romanism taken as a whole. It was not even actuated by the accidental animosity of a 'bow drawn at a venture.' To conceive of Boccaccio as deliberately planning or preparing to enact the rôle of a religious reformer, a kind of Italian Wiclif or Hus, is to ludicrously misinterpret his character. He had neither the firm religious conviction nor the stern temper and determination of a controversialist. Indeed it may be doubted whether he had the moral courage even to give effect to the conclusions of his undoubtedly keen logical insight and his unsurpassable common sense. His genius differed *toto cælo* from that of the Protestant reformers, with which however certain writers have not scrupled to compare it. Certain qualities of mind and method he may be said to have possessed which assimilated him to Erasmus, though he did not possess a tithe of even his firmness and determination. As in purport so in essence, the 'Decameron' is simply a mirror of Boccaccio's time taken as a whole, i.e. with all the affairs and interests pertaining to it, into which the concerns of the Church enter necessarily, but at the same time only incidentally. It describes, as by way of innocent unconscious reflection, the effects which the abuses of the Church produced chiefly in the higher classes and the jocular satire-loving spirits of the age. If the satire was severe, it was not more so than Italian satire of whatever kind is apt to be, and certainly not more so than the abuses of the Church merited. Not that Boccaccio gave the slightest heed to the justice of the matter, or was inclined to regard it from a lofty ethical standpoint. He was merely enacting, with the mixture of unconsciousness and love of mischief characteristic of such a rôle, the part of the *enfant terrible*, who likes to make unpleasant disclosures even of the relatives it loves. We know that no one was more astonished than Boccaccio himself when he found that his exposure of the hypocrisy and greed of the Church, and especially of the religious orders, was construed into an attack on religion and Christianity. All he had done, from his own point of view, was merely putting on record the jokes and satires, the anti-ecclesiastical facetiæ of his time. He forgets, or was too care-

less to recognise, the fact that by recasting these stories, oftentimes of sordid and disreputable origin, reinvesting them in his own choice Tuscan, and embellishing them with the various literary adornments, the keen wit and point, the delicate irony and satire, which he knew so well how to bestow, he imparted to them a vitality which made them immortal.

Although the friend of Petrarca and a devoted admirer of Dante, it seems doubtful how far Boccaccio shared their political standpoint in reference to Romanism and the relations of Church and State typified by it. It was just one of those strong mental positions which Boccaccio was averse to taking, at any rate *ex proprio motu*. He had neither the wide outlook nor the moral grasp needed for the appreciation, still less for the establishment, of a pure logical position whence to oppose papal aggrandisement. His own standpoint, in complete harmony with his nature, was a sentimental dilettante antagonism to the extreme abuses of Rome, doubtless engendered by his respect for the fundamentals of religion and morality, but largely fostered by intercourse with stronger and freer minds than his own, and allowing scope for his favourite weapons of satirical invective and grotesque humour and raillery. About the Holy Roman Empire as the political counterpart and complementary power of the Papacy, the magnificent but Utopian dream of Dante and Petrarca, he cared little. Indeed all his writings, even those which touch upon the politicians of classical times, display a very weak grasp of even the most elementary questions in political science, and Dr. Koerting points out the kindred indifference which he manifests to jurisprudence, although he had studied it in his youth, and was entrusted at different times with negotiations and embassies in which a certain amount of acquaintance with it must have been absolutely needful.

But while the directly political aspect of the issue had no interest for Boccaccio, he was alive to the diminution of ecclesiastical influence which was being gradually effected by classical Humanism. While he had no great sympathy for Petrarca's political hopes, he fully shared his literary yearnings. He saw that the gulf which had hitherto separated sacred and profane learning was being filled up. Here was a counterbalancing power to the spiritual autocracy of Rome whose potency could not be denied, and which was already exercising an immeasurable sway, while the Holy Roman Empire had no more substance than an apocalyptic



vision. To the trained intellects of Petrarca and Boccaccio there could be no such irreconcilable antagonism between the best products of classical and Christian learning as ecclesiastical obscurantists insisted. The consignment of all the great pagans to hell was a dogma against which Boccaccio openly protested, and in complete harmony with this same final destiny of sacred and profane writers was the coequal position they occupied in his works. We have already noticed how the Olympian divinities were blended with the Persons of the Trinity in his earlier writings, and the same indiscriminating equality was extended to biblical and classical writers.

The outcome of this equalising tendency is discernible in two especial novels of the 'Decameron,' viz. i. 3 and vi. 9. The first of these is the celebrated story of the Three Rings, in which Judaism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity are placed on precisely the same level of excellence. Here, indeed, Boccaccio attains an extreme of tolerance which verges on indifference. We have no reason to suppose that even Petrarca, whose liberal tendencies were as a rule more developed and mature than those of Boccaccio, would have assented to an equality which, however generous, seemed open to the imputation of lax discrimination; while Dante, who placed Mohammed in the ninth bolgia of his 'Inferno' together with the schismatic's punishment, so truly *infernal*, would have repudiated such a juxtaposition with indignation. Whatever may now be said of the moral of Boccaccio's story, especially since its artistic reproduction in Lessing's drama of 'Nathan the Wise,' there can be little question of the signification it had for Boccaccio when he gave it its 'Decameron' recast (the story itself having much older variants). It certainly implied that the exclusive claims of Christianity must suffer abatement by means of its comparison with the alien modes of thought which were becoming known. We must at the same time observe that Boccaccio carefully guards himself from admitting that Judaism and Mohammedanism are absolutely on the same plane of excellence as Christianity. The Father when the two counterfeit rings are presented to him *scarcely* knows how to distinguish the original ring. It may be that Boccaccio distinguished, as Lessing undoubtedly did, between the absolute merit of the religions regarded in themselves and the relation each bore to its own adherents. From the former standpoint Christianity was supreme, from the latter the three 'Laws' stood on precisely the same level.

The inferential relation of Christianity to alien creeds and philosophies indirectly glanced at in this story is more distinctly set forth in the other novel above mentioned. This relates an anecdote of Guido Cavalcanti, the well-known poet and natural philosopher of Boccaccio's time. Refusing to join a certain club, partly literary, partly social, founded by Messer Betto Brunelleschi, he was once intercepted by its members while walking under the marble arches which at that time surrounded the door of St. John's Church. They said to him, 'Guido, you refuse to belong to our club, but 'when you have discovered that God does not exist, what 'will you have done?' Guido replied: 'Gentlemen, you 'may address me as you please on your own premises;' and, vaulting over one of the arches, he made his escape, leaving the club in a state of bewilderment at his answer, which they regarded as foolish and irrelevant. Messer Betto, however, divined the satire, and, turning to his more 'clubable' followers, said: 'It is you who are foolish if you 'do not comprehend that he has nobly and in brief terms 'addressed to us the severest possible satire. Because, if 'you well bethink yourselves, these arches are the abodes of 'the dead . . . and he calls them our premises to show us 'that we and other foolish and unlearned persons are, in 'comparison of himself and other men of science, worse 'than dead men, and therefore, being here, we are on our 'own premises (a casa nostra).'

In its estimate of Romanism as a decaying power the 'Decameron,' however, is not content with general statements; it descends to particulars. Like Dante and Petrarca, Boccaccio does not spare Rome as the centre both of Christianity and its declining influence. The story of Abraham the Jew (i. 2) is a humorously satirical comment on the unholiness of the holy city, whose force it is impossible to exaggerate. Its accuracy as a representation of Rome in the time of Boccaccio has been generally allowed, though few commentators have noticed the incidental and ironical reference it bears to the difficulty of making converts either from Judaism or Mohammedanism to the depraved Christianity of Romanism. The vehement and outspoken Boccaccio lashes this Papal corruption in terms which are, indeed, not exceeded by the invective even of a Luther, Wiclif, or Latimer. Rome is 'pithily described as 'having once been the head, whereas it is now the tail, of 'the world' (v. 3); and its indisputable right to occupy the latter position is set forth in the story above mentioned

of Abraham the Jew. The corruption of the head has, of course, assailed the members. The clergy also, and especially the monastic orders, had grown worse. At their first foundation they were models of voluntary poverty and self-sacrifice; now they are exemplars of self-indulgence, greed, and profligacy. Nor is it only the clergy and the religious orders that are attacked; all the chief, or at least the most characteristic, of the doctrines of the Church similarly fall under Boccaccio's unsparing lash. The corruptions included by the 'Decameron' embrace the following teachings and usages: spurious saints and their manufacture, the Inquisition and its method of dealing with alleged heretics, the worship of angels, current notions of heaven, purgatory and hell, confession, miracles, prayers for the dead, religious vows, relics, legacies to the Church, fasting, almsgiving—all the doctrines and usages, in fact, which mediæval Romanism had been able to convert into sources of wealth.

There were in the time of Boccaccio two main currents of anti-Christian thought which pervaded Italy. One was the direct outcome of the revival of classical studies which bore the name of Epicureanism, but which was in reality derived from the materialistic thinkers of antiquity then known. The other was Arabic and Averroistic. Though occupying to a considerable extent the same non-Christian standpoint, and sharing similar sympathies and conclusions, they seem to have preserved a certain geographical distinction. In central and northern Italy Averroism chiefly prevailed, while Platonism, Epicureanism, and similar outcomes of independent Humanism pervaded southern Italy. As a Humanist Boccaccio is chiefly concerned with the latter. He alludes in two of his 'Decameron' stories to what he terms Epicureanism, understanding by that term the denial of the eternity of souls (i. 6 'quasi costui fosse stato Epicuro 'negaute la eternità delle anime'). The other allusion is contained in the anecdote already mentioned of Guido Cavalcanti, the great friend of Dante (vi. 9).

Some notice must be taken in passing of Boccaccio's relation to the increasing influence of classical literature and art. It appealed to every species of culture or serious human concernment in the life of the time. The politician looked back from the shameless misgovernment of the Church, or from the dissensions of the various Italian States, to the Greece of Perikles, the Roman Empire of Augustus, as to a political paradise long since closed to humanity. The re-

ligious thinker of whatever type gazed back from the degradation of the Papacy to an era when, if men were not nominally Christians, they at least recognised the elementary claims of ethical and social duty. The artist turned his longing eyes to the days of Pheidias and Praxiteles, whose recently discovered works, however fragmentary, formed a ravishing vision of grace and beauty which none of his contemporaries could hope to equal. The man of letters, the man of science, the philosopher, each found his models and standards both of thought and action in an age far remote from his own. The poet copied, often slavishly, his Virgil, Horace, and Lucretius. The orator went for models of persuasive eloquence to Tully and Quintilian, even if he did not always rise to Cardinal Bembo's enthusiasm, who declared he would rather speak like Cicero than be pope. All of these were persuaded that the golden age of humanity was to be found in the civilisations of Greece and Rome, all united to deplore the decadence of an age in which by an untoward fate their own lot had been cast. That the sentiment was largely diversiform and vagrant does not in any way detract from its power. As we have already seen, the question of formulating the passionate impulses and wild tendencies of the classical Renaissance of the fifteenth century so as to secure greater results never even suggested itself to the leaders of the movement. They might have deemed it sufficiently strong without any such systematisation. While, so far from discriminating between the very different conditions of thought and life which animated the Greeks of the Periklean or the Romans of the Augustan age, and those which dominated the Italy of the fifteenth century, they were rather inclined to postulate an unreal similarity between them, as we have already noted.

But while it would not be easy to overstate the pagan spirit of the 'Decameron,' it would be quite possible to overrate Boccaccio's acquaintance with classical writers, which in fact belonged not to the fourteenth but to the fifteenth century. Nothing indeed is more marvellous in the case of Boccaccio than the small amount of pabulum directly derived from classical authors which as it would seem sufficed to elevate, expand, and, in a word, to regenerate and re-humanise the sensitive minds dieted on it. Surprise has often been expressed that Keats was able to acquire his profound knowledge of and feeling for Greek culture by perusing Chapman's Homer; but there are instances just as remarkable among the Italians of the fourteenth century of

deep and genuine classicalism similarly nurtured on small and inadequate aliment. Dr. Koerting has set himself to investigate the extent of Boccaccio's classical knowledge, basing his researches on the magnificent and exhaustive work of De Hortis, '*Studi sull' Opere Latine del Boccaccio.*' His general conclusion, which he adequately establishes, is that Boccaccio's knowledge of classical authors is superficial and mostly derived from second-hand sources. This is true not only of Greek\* but even of Latin authors. Judging from the direct references in the '*Decameron*,' the philosophers best known to Boccaccio were Epicurus, Aristotle, Cicero, and Seneca, while Cicero and Quintilian were the linguistic standards whose classical diction he endeavoured to incorporate into the growing framework of his own Tuscan language. It is interesting to note that Boccaccio connects Solomon with Aristotle and Seneca as a philosopher—a proceeding highly characteristic of the indiscriminate erudition which blended sacred and secular learning into an indissoluble whole—to which we have already alluded.

Dr. Koerting admits that the prime characteristic of the '*Decameron*' is 'paganism.' Invernizzi puts the same conclusion in other words when he calls it 'worldliness.' Settembrini's definition of the '*Decameron*' object as 'the 'Real'' may seem to be more complimentary; but in truth it amounts to the same thing, the reality of those days was worldliness which adopted paganism as its religious and literary expression. But, whatever the verbal definition, there can be no question as to the thing signified. The '*Decameron*' is permeated through and through by the essential spirit of pagan thought. Its conceptions, interests, desires, prospects, have no other basis and no further reach than those of heathendom. The superficial Christianity loosely incorporated with it, and consisting largely of gross and ridiculous superstitions, merely serves to accentuate the pagan spirit which constitutes its vital principle.

When we consider the part which naturalism and Averroistic science play in the '*Decameron*,' we find other sources of positive faith which helped to vindicate the authority of morals. We may point out the stress which

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\* Boccaccio's knowledge of Greek has generally been an accepted tradition by all writers on Italian literature, from Tiraboschi downwards (Lett. Ital. v. 691). He certainly was a pupil of Leontius Pilatus, the Greek master of Petrarca, as well as himself. But Dr. Koerting shows convincingly that his acquaintance with classical Greek must have been exceedingly superficial.

some of the novels of the 'Decameron'—those especially of Day x.—place on human duty in the sense of friendship, and the disinterestedness which true friendship is calculated to inspire. Few can have read Novels 4, 6, 7, 8 of Day x., setting aside the hyper-romantic character both of their incidents and sentiments, without being impressed by the remarkably high character of their ethical standpoint in respect of self-abnegation. They serve to remind us that the magnanimous generosity which distinguished chivalry in its prime still continued to find echoes in the popular sentiment. The stress on friendship as an elementary human duty, and quite apart from sensuous passion or religious obligation of any kind, is indeed a particular feature of the Italian writers. Boccaccio has given the sentiment its most eloquent description in his magnificent conclusion to Novel 8 (Day x.), where friendship is placed at the head of all human ties whatsoever.

We shall not attempt to follow the commentators of Boccaccio into their speculations about his philosophical opinions, and whether they were derived from the faint traditions of the Greeks that may have reached him or from the pantheistic naturalism of Averroes, which had begun to penetrate into Italy. In our opinion Boccaccio was a very superficial philosopher, and probably thought nothing of the abstruse subjects which some writers of our own day think they trace in his works. It must be remembered that he lived in an age when these subjects were little known, and that what is properly called 'Humanism' dates from a century later. Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Chaucer were morning stars shining on the fringe of the middle ages, and they shone the more brightly because they preceded the dawn.

Whatever may have been the beliefs or disbeliefs of Boccaccio, there can be no doubt that he recognised some supreme energy, whether personal or impersonal, under which to place the vicissitudes and destinies of men. Closely allied with this conception of nature and of fortune, as presented in the 'Decameron' and elsewhere, are the numerous superstitions which have as their object the ascertainment of her decrees. Boccaccio was a firm believer in astrology. Dr. Koerting tells us that his favourite science was astronomy, and astronomy in the fourteenth century, not only implied astrology, but was largely identical with it. We need, therefore, feel no surprise at Boccaccio attributing the plague at Florence to planetary influences ('per operazion de'

'corpi superiori') as at least one possible cause. He also believed fully in magic, necromancy, divination, charms, dreams, &c. Indeed, these superhuman agencies are continually alluded to in the 'Decameron,' and are made in several instances the framework and plot of the novels. Some of these magical tales are clearly of Eastern extraction—e.g. v. 8, x. 5, x. 9—and were probably derived from Arab sources; but Boccaccio draws also on his humanistic learning for this occult wisdom, some of his wonderful stories being traceable to Aristotle, Pliny, and Solinus. At the same time minor superstitions, such as the deadly nature of a sage plant infected by a toad (iv. 7), the possibility of transmuting one animal into another (ix. 10)—doubtless a variant of the well-known belief in the transmutability of metals—and faith in charms and dreams, may have had their origin in the folklore of Italy, where, indeed, they are not extinct, any more than they are in rural districts of England, even in the present day.

The meaning of the Renaissance, we need hardly remind our readers, was a return to nature from ecclesiasticism, mediæval asceticism, and the gloomy views of the world and humanity which these influences engendered—to nature not merely as a synonym for natural phenomena, for fair aspects of earth and sea and sky, but to nature as represented by art and revealed by science, as embodied in literature. It abounds in the 'Canzoniere' and Latin works of Petrarch, but it attains its most seductive climax in the 'Decameron' and other works of Boccaccio. The former may be compared to Orcagna's 'Dream of Life,' where the charms of nature are depicted with a severe formal conventionalism, while Boccaccio's views reveal a force and energy which remind us of Botticelli's famous allegory of 'Spring' in the Gallery of Fine Arts at Florence for their free, graceful *abandon*. The very locality of the 'Decameron' is surrounded, like a halo, with the tender glow of lovely scenery, just as its personages live in an atmosphere of joyous, sensuous existence. This would no doubt be all the more charming if we could quite forget the lurid background of the plague-stricken Florence. But then we are reminded that Nature herself has endued man with the instincts of self-preservation: 'Natural ragione' è di ciascuno che ci nasce, la sua vita quanto può aiutare e 'conservare e difendere' (Op. i. 24); while nothing can be more attractive than the proposed 'Decameron' surroundings: 'Quivi s' odono gli uccelletti cantare, veggionvisi ver-  
'deggiate i colli e le pianure, e i campi pieni di biade non

‘altramente ondeggiare che il mare, e d’alberi ben mille ‘maniere e il cielo più apertamente.’ These fair, delightful scenes are invested with still more joyousness by their human accessories. Fair youths and maidens, owning no other restraints than those imposed by natural reason and good manners, employing themselves in continual rounds of rising and sleeping, washing in crystal streams under shady trees, sitting in verdant and flowery meadows, eating and drinking at luxurious and refined repasts, weaving chaplets of bright flowers for each other’s heads, dancing and singing to the accompaniments of lute and harp, make up a scene of nature in her happiest terrestrial as well as human moods which it would not be easy in respect of mere sensuous beauty to excel. Doubtless it is a picture of sheer unmitigated worldliness, absolutely void of any ennobling object or inspiring motive, differing only in the seductive graces of high culture and refinement from the swinish existence of the votaries of Circe; but, such as it is, eminently characteristic of the Italy of Boccaccio’s age, and a fitting and natural background to the ten days’ drama of the ‘Decameron.’

But against this pagan paradise must be set off the pagan vices which bring us face to face with the gross and persistent immorality of the book. This has shocked all manly and decent-minded readers from the time of Boccaccio to the present day. It was a feature deplored by the author himself at the end of his days, and most of his commentators have done their utmost, on one pretext or another, to excuse it. Some of these appeals for an arrest of judgement must be allowed no small force. The youth of Boccaccio, which has been thoughtlessly adduced for this purpose, cannot for a moment be admitted, inasmuch as he was at least forty years of age when he wrote the book. Greater validity belongs to the argument that it merely represents the speech and manners of the time, and that the ‘Decameron’ is not more offensively indecent than the works of Chaucer, the Book of the Knight of La Tour Landry, and other more or less contemporary productions. To assess ‘the nicely ‘graduated less or more’ of indecency pertaining to these various plain-spoken works is probably needless in the present day. At least it is a task for which we have no inclination. The true point of view from which to regard the license of the ‘Decameron’ is that it is an inevitable outcome of the standpoint of the book. It is the naturalism of the ‘Decameron’ carried out frankly to its conclusion. Regarded either from an artistic point of view with reference



to the book itself, or as a picture of contemporary manners, and eschewing all ethical considerations, we are compelled to admit that the book would have been incomplete without this its least agreeable characteristic. When nature was regarded as the sole and prepotent ruler of all human concerns, when sin in the mere sense of sexual passion was considered purely from this aspect, and when, owing to the degradation of the Church, religion and ethical restraints had ceased to be effective, then most of the licentious language and feeling of the 'Decameron'—even if not by any means justifiable—falls into its place as an inevitable result of a complex state of society.

We might point to a portion of the literature of a neighbouring country at the present day which, from similar causes, presents the same offensive qualities of excessive profligacy and indecency, which are exhibited by the realists of France, but without an approach to the grace and wit of the great Italian novelist. The fault is not so much in the writers as in the base passions of a corrupt age which inspires them, and in the detestable taste of a public which accepts them as a picture of human life. Boccaccio drew his characters with infinitely more seductive grace and refinement as well as a far deeper insight into the times in which he lived.

The 'Decameron' is a mirror too clear to be misread, and too honest to be unfaithful. It represents the many-sided life and thought of the rejuvenated Italy of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; her mercantile eagerness and unrest, her cosmopolitan intercourse with foreign countries, her new literary interests and avocations, the fresh and vigorous municipal life of her free communes and maritime cities, her varied intellectual energies and products as represented by the many writers, of whom Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio are recognised leaders. There, as images in the 'Decameron' mirror picture, are discernible for all time the corruption and venality of the Church, the relaxed moral fibre of the State, the debased tone of popular and family life, while, as a set-off to these pernicious outcomes of a degraded civilisation, we have indicated, with a visibility not less distinct, the occasionally independent stress on natural reason, virtue, self-denial, the claims of human friendship and sympathy, regarded not as authoritative and extraneous, but as autonomous and self-regulative standards of conduct. Nor is it only large movements and tendencies which the 'Decameron' reflects with such admirable fidelity. Though

the framework and incidents of the novels are borrowed from all quarters, their characters are evidently drawn from actual life; even its foreigners are Italianised by their passage through the mental laboratory of the storyteller of Certaldo. His Turks, Jews, Syrians, French, Spanish, and the other occupiers of his cosmopolitan pages, are all Decameronised into Neapolitans and Florentines as he knew them. For the geographical art of making his foreigners speak and think in harmony with their country Boccaccio did not care so much as for the profounder and humaner art of describing all his characters in harmony with their nature. Hence it is that the 'Decameron' is a gallery of typical personages, including every class and calling that filled with their bustling life the Italy of the Renaissance.

There are other characteristics of the 'Decameron' with which we have purposely forbore to deal; its style, its literary excellence, the place of the book in the evolution of the Italian language—the features of all others, let us remark, which has the greatest historical interest—its rare humour, sparkling wit, and delicate satire, its occasional pathos and sentiment. These form the subjects of many works devoted to their consideration. All that we have attempted is to show that the 'Decameron' is the true literary exponent of the worldly life of the fourteenth century, as Dante was the grand representative of its Catholic faith, and Petrarch of its learning and aspiration for the future.

**ART. X.—1.** *The Debate on the Motion for the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords.* ‘The Times,’ 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th September, 1893.

**2.** *Speech of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., in Edinburgh.* ‘The Times,’ September 28, 1893.

**I**s or is not the British Constitution the property of the British people? Has the nation a right to be informed when it is intended to make sweeping changes in that Constitution, so as to be enabled to pronounce upon them approval or disapproval before they are passed into law?

To have asked such a question with any seriousness before the year 1886 would have been impossible or absurd. The people of the United Kingdom, if they believed anything at all, assuredly believed themselves to be in these later days a self-governing people. When, as in the years 1832, 1867, and 1884, considerable modifications were to be made in our constitutional arrangements, no one supposed that they ought to be carried into law before the wishes of the immense majority of the nation had been clearly expressed in their favour. In 1832 the Reform Bill was virtually supported by the nation against the opposition of a privileged minority, whose power depended upon the privileges which were to be swept away. In 1867 Mr. Lowe was without allies in any part of the House of Commons when he opposed, with great eloquence, but in vain, the democratic proposals of the Conservative Ministry. In 1884 the principle of the extension of the franchise was accepted by a considerable proportion of the Conservative party, as well as by the large majority of the House of Commons which followed Mr. Gladstone. The County Franchise Bill of that year was not seriously opposed upon the merits in either House of Parliament, and the most difficult part of that Reform Act—viz., the redistribution of seats—was the joint work of the leading statesmen of both political parties.

The year 1886, however, saw a great change, not less in the principles of Liberal politicians than in the methods of British statesmanship. When Mr. Gladstone embraced the Home Rule policy of Mr. Parnell he appears to have conceived the extraordinary idea that his new policy could be carried through Parliament by the party votes of his followers unsupported by the general opinion of the public. He had appealed to the electors of the country in 1885 as a Unionist statesman. He had implored them to give him a

British majority sufficient to make him independent of the support of the Irish Nationalists—men who were bent on destroying, so he declared, the integrity of the Empire by enlisting on their side all whom a policy of plundering the landlords would attract to the Home Rule standard. The first object of the Irish Nationalist leaders, according to Mr. Gladstone, was sheer robbery; their ultimate end was the dismemberment of the Empire. When the General Election was quite over Mr. Gladstone's tone changed. He had no longer to deal with the wishes of the people: what now concerned him were the votes of members of Parliament. Having appealed to the electorate as a Unionist, he addressed their representatives as a Home Ruler. His change of front won him eighty Irish votes. In spite, however, of every pressure and temptation which could be brought to bear on British Liberal members, nearly one hundred of his former followers adhered to their principles, and voted against him. He had endeavoured to carry his measure through the House of Commons by surprise. He had pushed his Home Rule policy behind the backs of the electors. Having failed in forcing through the second reading of his Bill, Mr. Gladstone was compelled to dissolve. Then and there the British people emphatically condemned, by an overwhelming vote, the policy which had been sprung upon their representatives, whilst at the same time they vindicated their right to be consulted in advance before any fundamental revision of our constitutional system was carried into effect.

The *modus operandi* adopted in 1893 closely resembles that of 1886. Before the General Election of last year neither the taunts of his opponents nor the entreaties of his few inquiring followers could extort from Mr. Gladstone any indication of the main outlines of his intended scheme. Mr. Gladstone's appeal to the constituencies was virtually a request to the electors to return 'Gladstonians.' It was to be the duty of 'Gladstonian' members, if returned, to accept as a whole and in detail any Home Rule measure which Mr. Gladstone might present to Parliament. Home Rule was to be carried, not by the conversion of public opinion to the merits of a Home Rule scheme, but by the exertion of party pressure upon members of Parliament, who were themselves kept studiously in the dark as to the coming Bill till after they had been elected and till it was actually laid upon the table of the House of Commons. Tactics such as these could hardly have been attempted had

not Mr. Gladstone believed, and we are afraid believed with justice, that the relations between his parliamentary following and himself were of a quite different nature from those which have hitherto united a leading statesman with his party.

The new methods have, as was inevitable, tended to discredit the House of Commons. On the part of the majority there has not been even the pretence of debating a Bill which, good or bad, involved as momentous consequences as any Bill ever laid before Parliament. It is, we believe, without precedent that during weeks and months of committee on a great Government measure no proposal of amendment or improvement should be made by any supporter of the Government. The new Constitution sprang complete and perfect from the brain of Mr. Gladstone. It would have shown a sad want of reverence for its great author had any of his followers seriously questioned, even as to details, the matured scheme of an almost inspired statesmanship. We say seriously questioned, looking for evidence of earnestness to the vote given as well as to the speech made. Once or twice, when human endurance could stand repression no longer, a Gladstonian member may have riddled with ridicule some fundamental portion of the Bill. Shortly afterwards the vote of the would-be rebel was sure to be recorded for the Bill; or perhaps, on some very rare occasion, a desperate courage may have induced him to give no vote on either side, and to show his independence by absenting himself when the bell rang for the division!

Nevertheless the Bill did not reach the House of Lords in the shape in which it was first presented to the House of Commons. It was materially altered as regards the financial arrangements to be made between the two countries, and as regards the provision for retaining at Westminster eighty Irish representatives, with powers equal to those of British members, to control the executive government of Great Britain, to impose British taxation, and to make British laws. These changes, however, did not result from parliamentary debate. Before indeed the clauses of the Bill bearing upon these two subjects were reached in Committee the mind of the Cabinet was changed. It is contrary to the whole 'plan of campaign' of the Home Rule Ministry that the Home Rule Bill should be shaped by public debate. What takes place in the Cabinet—what Minister supports what proposal, what are the reasons given on the one side or the other—of course no one outside the Cabinet can tell. The Ministry

having changed its mind, it is for the Gladstonian majority to register the new decrees. Mr. Gladstone knows his men, and they do as they are bid!

We have discussed the subject of Home Rule too often in recent years to make it necessary at the present time again to turn the attention of our readers to the causes which render it impossible to reconstruct the Constitution upon the theory, that the people of the United Kingdom form politically two nations. The fact is that they are not two nations. Theory and fact are diametrically opposed. Still it may be worth while to notice in a few sentences one or two of the principal features of this Bill, which the House of Lords has rejected. It establishes, on the ground of Irish nationality, a democratic Irish Parliament with an executive Government dependent upon it. Is it conceivable that English Liberals do not know that such a Parliament must claim to be, and must tend to become, a sovereign Parliament? In these days of democracy it is Parliaments that are sovereign. To sever the Parliaments on national grounds is to sever the real sovereignty of Great Britain and Ireland; and, if such a policy were possible and could endure, the ultimate changes which would result would be as important as would have followed three centuries ago from the establishment in Ireland of a different line of monarchs. How little men can understand the times in which they live when they prate lightly of 'the checks' which are to tie up a national democracy out of deference to the interests or sentiments of another nation! The Bill involves the abandonment of nearly two million Irishmen, who are claiming to remain upon the same footing before the law as Englishmen, to the rule of men declared by Sir William Harcourt and Sir George Trevelyan, and proved before three English judges, to have been aiming for years at the treasonable object of founding an entirely separate and independent nation, and to have been employing, in order to gain that object, the means of criminal conspiracy. In order to start the new system, the Bill imposes upon the British people additional taxation; and, in order that the Irish question may be always with us, we are to retain at Westminster the eighty gentlemen from Ireland to whom we have already referred. They are to be elected by the householders of Ireland for reasons, we presume, unconnected with Irish affairs, which are, according to the intentions of the framers of the Bill, to be dealt with at Dublin.

In the Ireland of the future, according to our marvellous

Ministry, there are to be three distinct parliamentary electorates. The poor Englishman has to be content with only one. In Ireland the 201. householders are to elect a Legislative Council, forty-eight in number; the existing parliamentary electors in the existing constituencies are to elect a Legislative Assembly, one hundred and three in number; and the existing parliamentary electors—combined, however, in differently arranged constituencies—are to elect eighty members to represent them at Westminster. The first set of gentlemen are to be elected for eight years; the second set for five years, or till the Irish dissolution; the third set for seven years, or until the English dissolution. A people must indeed be thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of popular representative institutions, and understand their efficacious working, if they are to do justice to such a Constitution as this. Yet we have read of the doings of Irish town councils, boards of guardians, and vestries, not to mention Irish experiences in the old days of the Dublin Parliament, or in more recent days at Westminster, which make us doubt Irish superiority in this respect over Englishmen and Scotchmen, amongst whom the system of popular representation has never, of course, reached such a development as this Bill contemplates.

For years past every statesman has declared that the Land question is at the root of Irish discontent. The Bill leaves that question alone: or, rather, it suspends for three years all Irish land legislation, whilst it puts into the hands of Irish Nationalists the power of enforcing or not enforcing, at their own pleasure, the existing laws. How can any House of Commons have brought itself to pass such a Bill?

It is long since the House of Lords has summarily rejected, on the second reading, a measure representing the principal policy of the Ministry of the day, supported at every stage by a majority of the House of Commons. Yet the British public, far from being indignant with the Upper House, does not dream of asking why it was rejected. Another question is propounded on every side—a question which takes precedence of the other: How, in the name of common sense, can such a Bill have passed the House of Commons? In a moment we will turn to the House of Lords. We have still a word or two to say with regard to the House of Commons.

Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Courtney have literally turned inside out the Bill which, according to its title, was only 'to Amend the Provision for 'the Government of Ireland,' but whose clauses would un-

doubtedly have effected mighty changes in the working of the British Constitution. The means by which it has been carried through the House of Commons have, as it is, brought to confusion all our cherished conceptions of parliamentary procedure. That a great constitutional measure can be passed without, as to three-fourths of it, having been discussed in detail by the representatives of the people is a startling reminder of the arbitrary power of a majority when not influenced by the constitutional spirit with which hitherto not merely our statesmen but a large proportion of members of Parliament have always been imbued. It is as easy for a majority to pass a whole bill by the closure as a part of it. If a Minister is unscrupulous enough, and his following servile enough, a bare majority of members can substitute a system of passing bills *en bloc* by resolution for the time-honoured custom of parliamentary debate. The result, of course, would be that the House of Commons would surrender its character as a legislative chamber, and that legislation would be shaped only by private discussion in the Cabinet instead of by public debate in Parliament. The function of the House of Commons would be limited to registering as a whole the legislative decrees of the Ministry of the day. That by the hand of Mr. Gladstone, whose own past and whose own fame are bound up with the greatness of the House of Commons, such a blow should have been struck at its independence adds additional melancholy to the mischief that has been done. Unfortunately, the mischief will not pass away as quickly as the Ministry which has caused it. An evil precedent has been established.

‘And many an error by the same example,  
Will rush into the State.’

It will be difficult, indeed, henceforward for any leader to resist the clamour of hot-headed partisans who urge him to stifle debate by the mere force of a mechanical majority.

Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have been charged most unwarrantably with obstructing unfairly the progress of the Bill. Hitherto no Prime Minister has attempted to force through Parliament great constitutional changes against a minority which comprised very nearly half the House of Commons and a decided majority of the representatives of Great Britain. To recast the relations between Great Britain and Ireland against the will of the majority of representatives of the former is a project predestined to disaster. If we were to criticise at all the splendid manner in which for so many



weary months the opposition to the Bill has been led, instead of complaining of obstruction, we should be inclined to question whether resistance sufficiently desperate and prolonged had been offered to the imposition of the so-called 'Gag.' Two days' debate, speeches of great power from the Opposition leaders, and the deed was done. We all remember how Mr. Parnell, with his small band of followers, resisted overwhelming numbers. It was in the power of the Opposition undoubtedly to have made a much more desperate fight than it did. As against the Home Rule Bill, such a fight it was not worth its while to wage. Evidently the Bill must go to the Lords, and must go thence to the country; but, for the sake of the House of Commons itself, it may be doubted whether submission to so disastrous an innovation was not too easily procured.

Men are apt to forget that when violent measures are resorted to, even by majorities, there is real risk lest some breaking-point be reached when the quiet submission of those who are suppressed can no longer be safely counted upon. It is unpleasant to contemplate such a possibility. Had, for example, the whole Opposition refused to leave the House for the division on the first imposition of 'the Gag' when ordered to do so by the Chairman of Committees, what would have happened? This was the course followed a few years ago by the Irish party to the number of twenty or thirty, who were all promptly suspended, after which the House proceeded to conduct its business without them. It is impossible to suspend an Opposition which contains a majority of all the members from Great Britain. A crisis would have been reached which would have put to the test in a most undesirable manner the efficiency of parliamentary methods of government. Such a crisis would at least have shown that the Ministry had lost authority in the House of Commons, and a new Ministry, or a new House, would have been immediately necessary, if the equilibrium of the State was to be regained. It might, however, have proved a good deal more than the mere inability of a particular Ministry to lead along constitutional paths the representatives of the people. As it is, the Opposition has been led by cautious though determined statesmen, imbued with the old traditions of the House of Commons, anxious always, in the interests of order, to defer to the authority of 'the Chair.' For this reason, and for this reason only, an acute crisis has been avoided; and though lamentable scenes have occurred, in which individual mem-

bers on one side or the other have, by loss of their own self-control, brought discredit upon the House of Commons, there has been no offence committed by the Opposition as a whole, against either the spirit or the forms of our traditional parliamentary system. Still, men must remember that if a Ministry and a majority exercise their authority in flagrant defiance of the constitutional spirit, the day may come when an Opposition will be almost forced into equal recklessness. A bare majority of members of Parliament, especially when unsupported by a strong public opinion, cannot govern like an absolute monarch. It must conciliate, it must meet argument with argument, it must endeavour to show that it is actuated by a desire to bring benefits upon the State; in short, that the spirit of patriotism, rather than that of mere party, is influencing its counsels and its leaders. In the matter of the so-called 'Gag' Ministers have been playing with dangerous tools—more dangerous perhaps than some of them have at all realised.

There is another way in which the House of Commons during the late Session has lost ground in public estimation. Again and again Ministers have been found voting in absolute silence in a direction diametrically opposed to their own most solemn utterances. It is a new and unpleasant experience to find English statesmen contented to listen to their own words quoted against them from some carefully considered speech, or from some article in a review, and to have nothing to say in reply. It is unnecessary to give instances or to name names. Those of our readers who have followed the recent debates must have become painfully convinced that some Ministers, at all events, were intentionally shutting their eyes in order that they might vote with their leader. It is not easy to overestimate the effect thus produced in lowering in the public mind the moral standard of statesmanship. The House of Commons is not a mere voting machine. It is the arena of national debate, where it is *the duty* of our public men to discuss in public their differences on affairs of State.

It is a peculiarity of the situation that the strange expedients to which the Ministry have had recourse were not resorted to for the purpose of enabling the Bill rapidly to become law. By its own terms, indeed, it was not to come into effect till September, 1894. More than this, every one felt, after once its provisions had been made public, that the Bill would have to go before the electors, whom Mr. Gladstone at the last General Election had purposely kept in

the dark. As Mr. Balfour in one of his speeches well put it, there was no parliamentary necessity, whatever party necessity there might be, for refusing to allow the House of Commons to discuss the Bill fully before it passed it. The party necessity, of course, consisted in the supposed indifference of Mr. Gladstone's followers in the country towards his Home Rule Bill, and their supposed enthusiasm for other articles of the Newcastle programme. Before the end of this first Session of the present Parliament is reached the Ministry wish to show that they are really in earnest as to matters in which the British electors take some interest. Otherwise that terrible juncture may be reached which the Home Rule Ministry dread to contemplate—a dissolution upon their Home Rule Bill! Was there ever in the history of this country a Liberal Ministry so distrustful of the people, a democratic party so much afraid of the democracy?

Being what it is, passed by the Commons in the manner we have described, this ill-starred measure at last reaches the House of Lords, where its rejection is moved by the most eminent and the most experienced Liberal statesman amongst the Peers—the Duke of Devonshire. The debate was a great one, worthy of the best days of parliamentary oratory. The speeches made by the Duke of Devonshire, by the Duke of Argyll, by Lord Selborne, and by Lord Salisbury established two points—the mischievous character of the Bill and the duty of the Peers to reject it, in order that the electorate might themselves pronounce upon its merits. The Peers have made a firm stand on behalf of the right of the people to decide upon the character of their own Constitution, a right which Mr. Gladstone has twice endeavoured to usurp for his followers in the House of Commons. The Liberal party in the House of Lords followed the Duke of Devonshire. The minority of Home Rulers consisted only of those whom Mr. Gladstone had himself made, for the very purpose of carrying Home Rule, either Peers or Cabinet Ministers, or under-secretaries, or lords-in-waiting, together with some dozen other Peers whom it had been found possible to induce, in one way or another, to give a silent vote. The only Peers, not in office as Mr. Gladstone's subordinates, who could be persuaded to speak a word in favour of the Bill were Lords Swansea and Thring!

What is to follow? The Peers, professedly acting as the guardians of the rights of the people of the United Kingdom, and in accordance with the wishes of the people of Great Britain, as evidenced by the votes in the House of Commons

of a majority of British members of Parliament, have rejected Mr. Gladstone's Bill to create entirely new relations between Great Britain and Ireland. The country asks, What next? It has been contrary to Mr. Gladstone's whole scheme of carrying Home Rule to lay his plans before the electorate. His method has been to get, in any way he can, by means of inducements of every kind offered to every section of the people, a Gladstonian majority. To please the Dissenters of Wales, he has promised to disestablish, within a limited district, the Church of England. To please the more militant of the Dissenters of Scotland, he has undertaken to disestablish the Presbyterianism of that kingdom. The Newcastle programme was not the enunciation of the policy of a great statesman. It was but too clearly, even on the face of it, the production of the electioneering skill of politicians whom no one would think of describing as statesmen. If Gladstonian members were returned, on whatever ground, Mr. Gladstone knew his men well enough to feel sure that he would have no trouble about Home Rule in the House of Commons, for *any* Gladstonian member would vote for *any* Home Rule Bill. To this has a once great party fallen!

The Prime Minister is now confronted with the House of Lords. The constitutional course is clear: Mr. Gladstone should dissolve, in order that the people may themselves decide by their votes at a General Election whether they are for or against Mr. Gladstone's measure. As yet Mr. Gladstone trembles at the prospect before him. The leader of 'the masses against the classes' doubts on which side numbers will be found. But what alternative has he to dissolution? His followers say that it is not for the House of Lords to force a dissolution, and that the Gladstonian Ministry will go on as if nothing had happened. Hitherto, no doubt, the loss of the principal measure of a session has entailed on the Minister resignation or dissolution; but that is because the self-respect of the Minister has prevented him wishing to continue in office after he had become powerless to give effect to his policy. If Mr. Gladstone thinks he can carry his Home Rule Bill through the present Parliament, he may be right in continuing in office. If, on the other hand, he knows, as he must know, that another attempt to pass it will be met with another rejection, he is flying in the face of all precedents, and ignoring the recognised custom of the Constitution, if he refuses either to appeal to the people or to leave the government of the country to men who are able

to give effect to the political principles which they hold. It is quite certain that the Home Rule Bill will not pass till an appeal has been made to the people. Why, then, should the appeal be delayed?

The public was assured in advance and upon high authority that the Prime Minister would neither resign nor dissolve. The events foreseen have come to pass, and it is now seen that if the Prime Minister adopts the course recommended he must for a time drop Home Rule. The theory of his English supporters is that his followers in Great Britain are 'thirsting' for advanced Radical measures—the Disestablishment of Churches, the suppression of intoxicating liquors, and the payment of members of Parliament. Let him then put forward one or more of these, and make it, or them, the principal work of next Session. If he acts upon this advice, it will be to substitute for Home Rule some great question of internal British policy which, in all probability, for years to come will 'hold the field.' In short, to withdraw Home Rule from the first place in the party programme even for a time is to abandon it. That in itself would by no means render the proceeding less attractive in the eyes of many Gladstonian members. Mr. Gladstone is, however, dependent for his majority upon the Irish Nationalists, and, though the latter have little left of the independence of English parties that they showed in Mr. Parnell's day, they cannot abandon Home Rule even to keep in office the present Prime Minister.

The threats which are here and there uttered against the House of Lords are hardly worth noticing. In rejecting the Bill the Peers not only did their duty, but did the duty that the country expected them to do. The agitation which is to be got up against that House, if Gladstonian caucuses can fan one into life, will have nothing genuine or spontaneous about it. The Lords on this occasion are not fighting for privilege: they are asserting the rights of the electorate. No democrat can denounce them without at the same time being false to his democratic principles. Most unintentionally has Mr. Gladstone placed the House of Lords in the most favourable position it has occupied for generations in the eyes of his countrymen. It is the unexpected in politics that happens. Who would have dreamt that in the year 1893 Mr. Gladstone would have acted so as to degrade the House of Commons and add to the popularity and power of the House of Lords?

It would be largely to miss the service rendered to the

public by the recent debate in the House of Lords to leave out of sight the speeches made in defence of the Bill by Gladstonian statesmen. Let any one first read over the Home Rule Bill, and then turn to the three speeches made by Lord Spencer, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Herschell. Was so weak a case ever made to justify such a gigantic and grotesque experiment in constitution-building? Lord Spencer hardly seemed to realise what great consequences towards both countries his measure must entail. Its necessity he principally found in an alleged coquetting in 1885 between Conservatives and Nationalists as to the dropping of the 'coercion' policy. Unfortunately, the 'coercion' cry has, in past days, been utilised by each party in turn when in opposition; and there have been occasions when each on succeeding to office has found circumstances too strong for it, and has been compelled to recognise that the duty imposed upon an administration of enforcing the law was paramount to every other consideration. It was the recollection of this vacillation that induced Lord Salisbury's Government to take the statesmanlike course of substituting for such arbitrary 'coercion' as Mr. Gladstone had introduced an improved system of criminal procedure—largely founded, indeed, upon the ordinary criminal practice of Scotland—and to make the Act continue in force till the wisdom of Parliament should see fit to repeal it. Lord Herschell appears to have made very light of the 'supremacy of Parliament' so far as its control of the Executive Government is concerned. Indeed, he denies that this supremacy is properly a parliamentary one, asserting that, such as it is, it belongs only to the House of Commons. This is hardly so. The great departments are represented in the House of Lords; and constitutional custom requires that when the administration of affairs by any Minister is there challenged, due explanation and defence shall be there made. It is, however, more worthy of notice that the legal acumen of the Lord Chancellor entirely failed to shake the truth or diminish the importance of the observation made by the Duke of Devonshire, that what is meant by 'the Government and 'the supremacy of Parliament in the United Kingdom is 'the direct Government of these islands by the Parliament 'of the United Kingdom.' It is fully admitted by the Lord Chancellor that, under the Bill 'there will no longer be the 'same control over the Irish Executive.' Exactly so. There is to be, for the first time in our history, a separation of the National Governments of the two British Islands. Even

during Grattan's Parliament the government of Ireland was carried on, like the government of England, by the advisers of the Sovereign at Westminster, who were responsible to the British Parliament; the Irish Executive having been then, just as it is now, a branch of the British Administration. Is it possible to make light of so fundamental a change in the system of governing the United Kingdom? Yet Lord Rosebery deems an Irish Parliament of less importance than a London County Council!

The speech of Lord Rosebery is chiefly interesting from the light that it throws on the attitude of mind of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues towards the Home Rule Bill. Their feeling on the subject may, perhaps, before long have more weight in the counsels of the party than it has had of late years. Lord Rosebery does not pretend to think the Bill a perfect one. He is 'not an enthusiastic witness' even in favour of the Home Rule cause. He invites a compromise, and suggests that the Peers would do well to cut the Bill to pieces by introducing amendments, and that then a compromise between the two Houses of Parliament might well take place. This is the point to which, after seven years of controversy, the Home Rule question has advanced. We must remember that this almost pathetic cry of impotence comes from a statesman second only to Mr. Gladstone in the Home Rule Cabinet. Lord Rosebery may have been the last man in his party to accept the Home Rule Bill. He certainly has been the first to drop it.

What meaning should be attached to this proposal of Home Rule statesmen to 'compromise' upon the Home Rule question with Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists, and on whose behalf does Lord Rosebery make the proposal? It is perfectly true that it has often happened in our political controversies that a middle path between the policies advocated by extremists on the one side and the other has enabled the country to escape out of a difficult situation. In many, perhaps in most, of the demands made by a reforming or a Radical party the question of more or less enters largely into consideration. When this is so, compromise is comparatively easy. Other cases do not admit of it. James II. and William III. could hardly have compromised their claims to the sovereignty of Ireland. Mr. Bright spoke the plain truth when he declared that the question with him was 'not one of more or less of a Parliament in Ireland.' The policy of Home Rule for Ireland cannot be a question of degree. Unionists have

already shown their readiness to grant to Ireland local government practically as wide as that enjoyed in England, and for the most part identical with that which exists in Scotland. But local government is one thing and Home Rule is another.

Are the people of the United Kingdom, in their Parliament assembled, to govern Ireland and to legislate for Ireland with an authority equal to that with which they govern England and legislate for England? They are sovereign here. Is some other sovereign to be set up there? That is in truth the real question, and the whole question. Lord Rosebery must try to make up his mind whether he is a Unionist or a Home Ruler, for, with the very best intentions, he will find it impossible to be both.

Did Lord Rosebery speak only as the mouthpiece of a scanty band of Home Rule Peers? That those gentlemen wish to 'compromise' is probable enough. They cannot like the measure for which they vote. But they are without power, and with them it is not worth while for Unionists to treat. The Irish Nationalists are of course the soul of the Home Rule cause. Has Lord Rosebery authority on their behalf to endeavour to effect a compromise with Lord Salisbury or the Duke of Devonshire?

It is perfectly clear that Mr. Gladstone cannot carry his Irish Bill during the existence of the present Parliament. To reintroduce his Bill a second time would be to make himself and his colleagues ridiculous in the eyes of men. The two courses that remain to him are, either to dissolve on his Irish policy at the conclusion of the present session, or to meet Parliament again next year without his Home Rule Bill, but with some popular legislative programme in support of which the lagging energies of that British minority which he calls the Liberal Party may be roused. If he adopts the latter alternative he may pick and choose from that collection of promises known as the Newcastle Programme; or he may boldly assure the country that the House of Lords blocks the way, and may make the groundwork of his ultimate appeal to the country an attack upon that branch of the legislature. Supposing that in February, 1894, the first place is given in the Queen's Speech to the partial disestablishment of the Church of England—*i.e.* to the disestablishment of that Church in Wales—what, at the best, would Mr. Gladstone be able to expect? He might with the assistance of the Irish vote carry the second reading of his Bill by a small majority. It is exceedingly



unlikely it would survive the ordeal of committee and third reading, or ever reach the House of Lords. Assuredly, if it passed the Commons in consequence of the exercise by the Minister of the same unconstitutional violence as that by which the Home Rule Bill was passed, it would meet and it would deserve a similar fate in the House of Lords. In the meantime, in the agitation of such a question the feelings and the passions of the people would be deeply stirred. Who would remember to care about Home Rule? In every part of Great Britain men who value the principle of a National Church would make common cause. The struggle of sentiment would not be limited to Wales. The friends of the Church of England would stand shoulder to shoulder with, possibly, a majority of Scotchmen, determined to do battle for the national establishment of their own Presbyterianism. The accomplishment of Home Rule would necessarily be postponed till Disestablishment had been carried. Mr. Gladstone, so far as he personally is concerned, may just as well abandon his Irish policy at once as postpone its accomplishment to such 'a dim and distant future.' In short, we repeat that to make the policy of Home Rule stand *second* to any other policy is to take the first step towards dropping it altogether out of the party programme.

How will it be, then, if Mr. Gladstone announces a crusade against the House of Lords as a necessary preliminary to carrying Home Rule? The same arguments apply with increased force. To reform fundamentally the constitution of the House of Lords, or to abolish that House, if it can be done at all, must be the work of many years of fierce political controversy. To undertake such a crusade in order that at some future time, after the House of Lords has been got out of the way, Mr. Gladstone may have *carte blanche* in providing the nation with a new Constitution, may be a proposal to draw cheers from a Gladstonian meeting, but it is not practical politics. There is only one way in which Mr. Gladstone can carry Home Rule, and that is by enlisting in its support British public opinion. By substituting for his Irish policy some other policy, or by coupling it with some other policy of greater interest to the British electorate, he merely postpones the final decision of the people upon the Home Rule question. Without such a decision in his favour Mr. Gladstone is powerless, and he knows it.

In this position of affairs and some three weeks after the rejection of the Bill by his House of Lords, the Prime Minister addresses in Edinburgh a select body of his own

constituents. Mr. Gladstone, almost for the first time in his life, has to confess that he sees no way of escape from the *impasse* into which he has led his party. His followers are to take comfort in the recollection of previous conflicts between the Houses of Parliament; for Mr. Gladstone 'cannot produce for their satisfaction any cut-and-dried solution of the present dilemma.' 'Cold comfort this! But is there any dilemma at all? On one side the Prime Minister sees the House of Commons chosen by an electorate of six millions; on the other side he sees only a body of five hundred gentlemen—at least, this is all he says he sees. In language of mere bombast he assures his followers that 'the nation will not be baffled by a phalanx of five hundred peers. If the work of the country is done in the House of Commons, if the deliberate will of the nation is expressed in the House of Commons, if the House of Lords are irresponsible, whereas we hold a commission for which we must give an account, then I say we cannot give way to the House of Lords, although they bear high-sounding titles, and although they sit in a gilded chamber.' But 'there is much virtue in an "if."' To frothy rhodomontade of this kind has a great statesman sunk. If the nation is on one side and only five hundred gentlemen on the other, the situation is hardly so serious as to constitute a dilemma.

Surely, were Mr. Gladstone right in his reading of the situation, public indignation against the Lords would find expression! As the Unionist Peers quitted their 'gilded chamber' for the public streets, after rejecting the Home Rule Bill, they received the cheers of the populace. In the North of Ireland the news was welcomed with the blazing of bonfires and the ringing of church bells. The House of Commons is not usually too meek in spirit, when in conflict with the House of Lords. Yet, on this occasion, in the People's Chamber, no voice was uplifted in remonstrance. In short, the action of the House of Lords has been received, so far as we can judge, with general approval. It is worthy of notice that Irish Home Rulers themselves have shown little more than formal regret at the loss of the Bill. All the zeal of the Nationalist leaders on the one side and the other is being consumed in internecine warfare amongst themselves. Apart from the Irish Parliamentarians, the Bill has not at any time called forth in Ireland any popular enthusiasm whatever, and no surprise need therefore be felt at the absence in that country of any general manifestations of regret at its loss. In England a glance at the represen-

tation of the large towns in the House of Commons shows how little reason the House of Lords has to fear any condemnation by public opinion. The '500 gentlemen' have behind them London and Liverpool, Birmingham and Brighton, and many another flourishing centre of English life. Mr. Gladstone cannot claim the support of either Manchester, or Newcastle, or Bristol, whilst his majority in Leeds or in Bradford is hardly safer than in Midlothian. In what direction, then, does he look for approval? We only know he does not, when he might, turn to the people!

What have the Lords done? They have prevented the carrying into law by means of party manœuvring a great change in the Constitution—a change disapproved by the majority of the British people. The Home Rule scheme was deliberately withheld from the electors, lest they, knowing what it was, should vote against it. The Bill was, it may be presumed, discussed in private by the Cabinet, but as to two-thirds of it, it was never debated by the House of Commons. Such an abject surrender of its great privileges assuredly no previous House of Commons could have been forced or persuaded into making. Mr. Gladstone has steadily pursued one course in his treatment of the Home Rule question. He has sought to carry it by parliamentary management, not by enlisting public opinion in its favour. This is a new departure, and an unpleasant one, on the part of British statesmanship. Thanks to the House of Lords, these tactics have failed. We have escaped at last from the atmosphere of the Lobby. We already breathe the fresh air of free debate and public discussion. The preposterous retention of eighty Irish members at Westminster to vote on British affairs was advocated by the Prime Minister on the ground that such was the express desire of the British people. He did not suggest that this strange plan was any preference of his own. Inquiry had been made in the Lobby. The Tadpoles and the Tapers had assured him that to retain for all purposes eighty Irish members in the House of Commons would best satisfy the desires of his followers—gentlemen who had a natural disinclination, no doubt, to part in perpetuity with their prospect of forming part of a parliamentary majority. Mr. Gladstone asked no more. He announced that the voice of the people was on his side, and the ridiculous provision in question became part of his new Constitution.

We wish that we could feel sure that this miserable manœuvring was at an end. The Home Rule leader, unfor-

tunately, seems to be as far as ever from any intention of frankly trusting the people. At Edinburgh he did not say, for he dared not say, that he would appeal from the peers to the people. Next Session, we gather from the Prime Minister, Home Rule 'will again appear above the waves in which, for the moment, it has appeared to founder.' By these words he has certainly given no promise that he means again to introduce his Bill. It will be in conformity with the system of the last eight years if the Home Rule policy once again drops the concrete character in which it has been invested by Mr. Gladstone's Bill. If he is compelled to consult the electors, he will endeavour first to get back to the old state of things when Home Rule was a mere cry for which Irish Nationalists and English Liberals with totally different objects in view might vote. We are convinced that of one thing Mr. Gladstone is determined - viz., that the electors shall not be directly consulted upon the new Constitution which he intends to give them. Vague resolutions of the House of Commons in favour of Home Rule would suit his purpose better, and to these he may very likely have recourse. Home Rule Bills only make their appearance after the electors have voted. They can only be forced through by pressure upon members of Parliament, and by means of expedients opposed to the free spirit which has hitherto been the boast of the House of Commons. The Prime Minister's experiences in 1886 and in 1892 have taught him that his colleagues in the Ministry will accept anything that he puts before them. A separation bill, a double-majority bill, a bill which is to render the British Parliament largely subservient to representatives of Ireland, have alike enjoyed the approval and support of his Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone is wise in fearing that the British electorate may be less accommodating. It is impossible that Ministers willing to be responsible for such a scheme of government as that which they have laid before Parliament can enjoy the respect of the intelligent public. The eyes of the people have been opened by the events of the present year. They have no longer faith in the wisdom of the Prime Minister, and they have ceased entirely to take his colleagues into account.

It is now generally recognised that the policy so lightly taken up eight years ago is something far wider in its scope and more fundamental in its character than the mere improvement of the Irish administrative system. Logically the policy of Mr. Gladstone towards Ireland necessitates the

adoption of a federal system of government for the United Kingdom ; but, as a matter of fact, the materials for the construction of a stable federation do not exist. It has now, in addition, become clear that the policy of the Prime Minister, revolutionary as it is, can only be accomplished as a sequel to prior revolutions. In order to carry Home Rule it is necessary first to attack and vanquish the House of Lords ; in order to attack the House of Lords it is necessary to get together a more democratic House of Commons ; and this is to be done by manipulating electoral qualifications and by offering inducements to tempt every sectional interest to elect 'Gladstonian' members. Mr. Gladstone at the age of eighty-four is not putting the finishing touch to the political work of a lifetime. He is rather asking his countrymen to embark on a policy of reckless danger, the character of which he has not weighed, and the effect of which will last for generations.

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